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Walter E. Packard

LAND AND POWER DEVELOPMENT IN CALIFORNIA,
GREECE, AND LATIN AMERICA

With an introduction by

Alan Temko

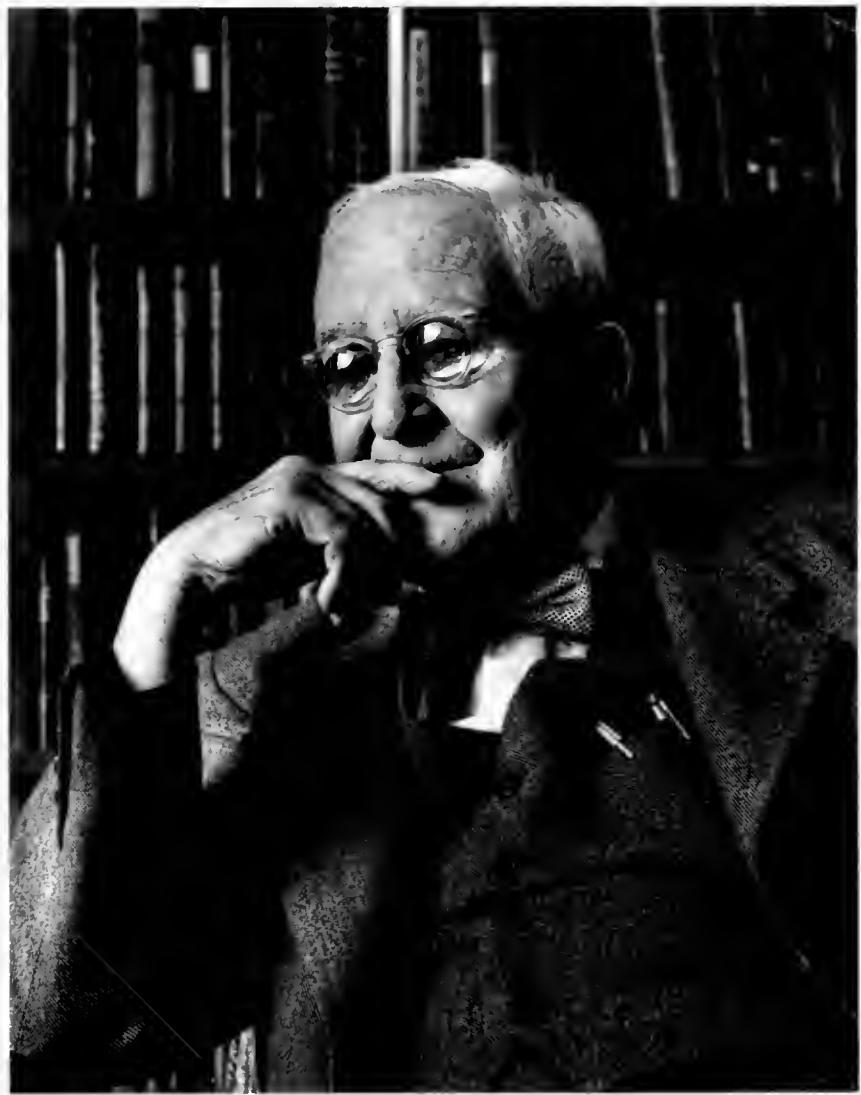
An Interview Conducted by
Willa Klug Baum

Berkeley
1970



Walter Packard

1961



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INTRODUCTION

BY ALAN TEMKO

I first met Walter Packard in the late Nineteen Forties through his daughter Emmy Lou, who was my friend, and I was delighted to find at the time -- when I was relatively young and most of the artists and intellectuals in North Beach considered themselves dashing radical -- that her father was more radical than any of us. He seemed to have pierced to the heart of all the problems that later preoccupied me, long before I was fully aware of their complexity; and these ranged from the cleansing and conserving of the national environment to social justice at home, to international justice and peace, plus the conservation of world resources. I had never met anyone who had so comprehensive a grasp of interacting social and economic and physical forces. In this sense he's one of the great fathers of modern planning.

Walter Packard was one of the first Americans to think on the appropriate physical scale -- that is, a continental scale -- of development. I'm not speaking in any simplistic sense of manifest destiny, but rather in terms of the full national future and the true fulfillment of the American people which he saw not only in terms of the land and water and energy, but also in terms of global order: a new sort of global order. In this he wasn't too different from many visionary nineteenth-century American radicals. He was in a great tradition, and it's a tradition we've lost to some extent.

There are, I think, among the present generation of young people many who are trying to revive the high principles and tremendous social commitment of people of Walter Packard's generation. But in my own generation I feel that it is rare, partly because of the mood in the world, but also partly because of upbringing. So, I've always been very happy for my own children to have known Walter and Emma Packard as well as Lewis and Sophia Mumford; people like that. People whose like I don't think we'll ever see again in America, because they knew what their responsibility was to the Republic and also saw it in terms of the larger world. While they were not fanatics, they didn't compromise and they were also remarkably free from the wrong kind of egotism.

Walter Packard had magnificent self confidence, but he was free from what the young people today call an "ego trip." He saw certain issues far before his time, although they were of course recognized by others, too. The conservation movement, like democratic land legislation in this country, is, after all, more than one hundred years old. The great Reclamation Act was passed in 1902. The Morrill Land Grant Act, which provided sites for the great public universities, was passed in Lincoln's administration.

We've had good land legislation (although it has been weakly enforced),

but what Walter tried to do was put together the mosaic of seemingly disparate elements in a profit-motive economy which is not a laissez-faire economy, as he realized, but a mixed economy which -- to borrow a phrase from Charles Abrams -- works as socialism for the rich and capitalism for the poor. That is, government intervention almost always subsidizes the rich and the powerful, especially the great landowners, and abandons the weak and the landless to go it alone in our economy.

Maybe I should go back. I first met him when I was quite young in San Francisco in the '40's, just after the war. I guess in '48, when I was a cub reporter on the Chronicle and Emmy Lou, his daughter, was my friend. She was then living in a wonderful studio in San Francisco. She is a remarkable person in her own right, an extraordinary person and gifted artist, and I knew she must have come from remarkable stock.

What delighted me, when I met both of her parents, was their wonderfully upright posture before a world that seemed in grave difficulties and Walter's boundless optimism and confidence in human reason at the same time that he was dismayed at the human folly he saw about him.

He had long experience which proved to him that even a modicum of rationality would yield tremendous dividends to people everywhere. This started in his first experiments in the Central Valley, at Delhi in the early Twenties. Although they did not work out altogether well, these now seemingly utopian experiments, in fact, were motivated by the highest kind of realism. Because he realized that what was necessary was to set into motion processes which eventually could transform the whole of our environment. In other words, you wouldn't want a Moses to lead the people out of the wilderness at a single stroke because some false Moses could lead them back. What you wanted were processes that transcended individuals because they were based on principles of social and economic justice which regarded land and water as commonwealth. Furthermore, these principles were not anti-urban or anti-technological. Now, this is one of the things that distinguishes Walter Packard from the Jeffersonians. There are many people in the older generation who might be described as Jeffersonian idealists who believe in the family farm and small units of settlement. Mumford, to some extent, thinks in these terms. Walter Packard was one of the first, however, who pointed out that a hundred and sixty acres, or three hundred and twenty acres in the Central Valley of California, which might be worthless without water but are worth a minimum of a thousand dollars an acre with water (sometimes two, three thousand dollars an acre). Thus, thanks to publicly subsidized water, a husband and wife might have three hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of land. That's not a "family farm," and to work such a farm you'd need another hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of mechanical equipment, raising the total capital investment of three hundred and twenty irrigated acres to half a million dollars.

Well, if you could combine such units in a still larger marketing unit, as indeed agri-business does, you would have substantial dividends. The trouble with Delhi, in retrospect, would seem that it was under-funded;

it was probably not big enough; and they also ran into some hard luck. I think they got enough results to show that the experiment was worthwhile. Whenever Walter was able to implement his programs on a proper scale, and his supreme triumph was, of course, in Greece, the rewards were astounding to everyone except Walter who foresaw that they would pay off in this way.

This has long been one of the canons in the bible of socialism, but Walter's socialism was not at all reverential. Still less, of course, was it fanatical or totalitarian. It was a deeply personalized concept of socialism...well, at one level you could say it was to turn the world into a gigantic Berkeley Co-op.

But why was that? Because he believed that the consumer, rather than the producer, was the unit for planning. Now, in Marxist theory there should be an identity of interest between producer and consumer. The fact is, however, that if the producer decides to produce heavy steel girders rather than light steel for a toaster or some other convenience for a housewife -- suppose, for instance, that a socialist government is more interested in making locomotives than washing machines -- the consumer may not feel that his interests are being represented in the short run. There's not necessarily an identity of interests.

This gets very complex in agriculture and Walter formulated a complete system to overcome its theoretical difficulties. In his last years he tried to write it again and again in a rather unwritable book because it would have taken the equivalent of the French Philosophes, the encyclopedists of the 18th century, writing continuously on many fronts, to deal with the full complexity. But it was all in his head. By his theory, as I understood it, you would reorganize the world economy on a truly third world basis which followed neither the American nor the Soviet model, still less the muddling, the losing-through of countries like India. Not "winning-through" but the "losing-through." What you would have was a socialist organization of the economy based on consumer needs. You would plan for the needs of the people. This would mean that you would not only plan to feed them but to feed them in such a way that the land, water, and other resources would be husbanded at the same time.

In principle such planning would be no different, say, from good public education. You would do everything in behalf of people, or rather the people would do things in their own behalf, and then the system of production would somehow fall into line.

He had not the slightest question that this was the most rational organization of society. Unfortunately, not too many people even were at this conceptual plane. Very few planners really grasp the dichotomy between the consumer-oriented economy and the producer-oriented economy.

What made this so significant to me was his bringing in the quality of environment into the dry science of economics. Now, other people, such as Galbraith, have done this very brilliantly, but Galbraith has done this as

a pragmatist, a Keynesian. Walter was not a Keynesian economist. He was a logical theoretician who had a complete socialism of his own. He argued that even if you could apply parts of his system, for example in Greece where he thought primarily of the people as consumers -- very deprived consumers -- human happiness would be greatly increased. He thought the same way in Mexico and Puerto Rico, wherever he worked. I should add that beyond being a brilliant theoretical economist, he was an excellent agricultural scientist. He knew the land. This paid off tremendously in Greece where he understood the soil. He was a first-rate agronomist, and his competence in other technical and scientific fields was really impressive.

For example he was deeply interested in metals which are relatively scarce, such as manganese, and that the United States with less than a tenth of the people in the world (really only seven percent of the people in the world) was consuming ninety-eight percent of some of these metals. We probably consume ninety percent of the world manganese supply. Certainly far out of proportion to the American population.

He saw imperialism in its most naked aspect as the seizure of resources by force and as soon as the countries whose resources were being seized were no longer supine, or at least no longer ignorant, they would seek to recover these resources or at least resist being bled. Walter could see an area like the Congo very accurately and understood why Katanga was made a separate province. He was quite aware of the Rockefeller interests, the Belgian mining consortium. For a man who in personal manner belonged to the nineteenth century with its warmth and goodness and charm -- its almost rural charm, the charm of an Iowan from that generation -- he was certainly well-informed about the corporate intricacies of the twentieth century.

He was educated at Ames, and if you've ever been to Ames, you know what a gracious place it is. Iowa is a great civilization, and both in Iowa and New England the Packard family had wonderful ancestors. One Mrs. Elizabeth W. Packard, Walter Packard's grandmother, the woman who was the great reformer for mental illness. She was for women's liberation and she was of the same generation as Margaret Fuller, Buckminster Fuller's aunt.

And you know, there's a great similarity between Bucky Fuller and Walter Packard -- these fearless American intellectuals who are willing to tackle everything on a global basis and who have tremendous faith in science as well as in properly applied technology. Walter was much more sophisticated than Buckminster Fuller about politics, but they both had this rare personal kindness as well as profound conviction. They came out from the same Protestant liberal tradition or radical tradition. I think it's correct to call it radical. If I recall rightly, her husband tried to commit Walter's grandmother to a mental institution, and she was among the first to insist on proper legal safeguards for the mentally ill against being wrongly confined to institutions against their will, especially if sometimes they just had radical ideas rather than any great trouble with their brain.

To appreciate this heritage one must go to Iowa and see these old Protestant communities with their liberal arts colleges. Beneath the dome of the Iowa state capitol, the rotunda, the balustrades and pavements and walls of the great

space, are inscribed with the names of the Iowa dead in the Civil War and you are staggered to see the carnage which this little agricultural state endured. It is poignant even now to see all these names. And then you look up and in the dome there's a great eagle carrying in its talons a ribbon which says, "Union and Liberty, Now and Forever." That an agricultural society did this for union and liberty -- made such a conspicuous sacrifice -- not for the industrial north but for the agrarian west -- is very moving to me. Iowa with its rich farms is outwardly a conservative state, but there has always been much healthy ferment in Iowa and the Packards represent its finest nineteenth century values.

Then, too, they knew California when it was still largely unspoiled. I remember Walter telling me of riding, on horseback of course, from Pasadena to Orange County. This must have been the 1890's when he was a young man. The splendid valley below the San Gabriel Mountains, the great valley that goes past Riverside out towards San Bernardino, was then totally unspoiled and he told me of sleeping beneath the stars and he had this feeling for the land wherever he went. He could go to Mexico, Puerto Rico, Greece, or any place in the United States, and feel the veracity of the earth. He knew that men could violate the dictates of the earth at their gravest peril. That is, you could modify the earth as he did in Greece. You could heal the earth where it had been wounded; you could restore it. You could work with the earth, but you could not plunder the earth. You had to farm it rather than mine it, and I think if he had had a chance to do so in Puerto Rico he would have had a grand coup. Probably the present Supreme Court would not have declared his programs unconstitutional, but Walter and Rex Tugwell had to contend with the "Nine Old Men" of the Thirties.

Another significant contribution was his work for the Farm Security Administration. No one felt more deeply the tragedy of the Oakies and Arkies than Walter Packard. He understood the entire process that had driven these unfortunates from their farms and across the continent to California where they worked not as independent farmers but as migrant pickers or laborers. The maltreatment of the land during and after the World War I wheat boom, the almost institutionalized greed in farming for a boom market of this sort -- literally ruined the land, and nature struck back as it will when it's wounded, as we're finding out it does all over the world now. Walter, moved by civilized compassion for these people, acted powerfully to help them.

One of the things he did was put them in the best low-cost rural housing in the history of modern architecture. At this time his daughter Emmy Lou was married to a brilliant young architect named Burton Cairns, who was to die in a tragic automobile accident. Cairns was the partner of Vernon DeMars, who has since designed the student center at the University of California, and who has considerable importance as a social architect.

DeMars, Cairns, and other excellent young architects and planners who either had been Walter's students or were Emmy Lou's friends, joined his staff, and some who did not actually work for him participated conceptually in the problems confronting him. It was characteristic of Walter that gifted young men were always clustered about him, and many of them are ornaments of the design professors and of the faculty of the University of California today. They are

now in their fifties. Garrett Eckbo, Vernon DeMars, Francis Violich, Jack Kent (T.J. Kent, Jr.) and others formed a group called Telesis. Today the word "futurism" is very common, but it was not in the Thirties when these men were young and Walter was in his prime, and they thought of the whole future of man's habitat. It was the first movement of its kind that elevated California environmental theory to the highest international level. Elsewhere there had been groups such as CIAM -- the International Congress of Modern Architects -- which issued its charter of Athens in 1933. There was the MARS Group in London -- they all had initials or trick names. But never before in California had there been environmental thought at this level. Although there had been some planning, there was not school of planning at the University. Jack Kent started the Department of City and Regional Planning after the war. He was a friend of Emmy Lou's, of course, and of the Packards. They didn't live too far away from one another on the north side.

But, Walter Packard was the soul of this Telesis Group. He got his son-in-law (I don't know if he was then already his son-in-law, but he was soon to be) and DeMars and other young architects, all from the Bay Area pretty much, to do the Farm Security structures which to this day in our country remain unsurpassed for dignity and economy in housing for poor, rural people.

These buildings of uncompromising modern architecture gained international renown. They made Vernon DeMars' reputation. People like J.M. Richards put them in his History of Modern Architecture. There are still some of those housing complexes left and they look very good thirty years after, considering how little money they cost, which was less than war housing a few years later. What a margin the public got!

These buildings were just like Walter Packard himself. They were straightforward, they were at home in nature, they were as cordial as they could be within the budget allowed and they did not design down to poor people. They demonstrated that poor people should have the best of design within the resources available. This was Walter's spirit.

Walter had a way of communicating his enthusiasms. I was a member of his group that was going to try to free Berkeley from its servitude to P.G. and E., and persuade the city to establish its own public power system in cooperation with several other Bay Area communities. This was when he was in his later seventies. To his last day, of course, he was the staunchest advocate of public power. He believed it should belong to the people. And of course, Palo Alto and other cities have gone far to do this even without public ownership. Palo Alto buys power wholesale from P.G. and E. and then retails it at low rates to consumers. Berkeley, lacking such intelligent policy, allows P.G. and E. to retail power.

What Walter wanted to do was liberate several Bay Area communities, including Santa Clara and Palo Alto from any connection with P.G. and E. Together they could build their own nuclear reactor. Now, it was typical of Walter that he was very early receptive to the idea of a nuclear reactor in the Delta. He had not the slightest doubt that technical difficulties could be overcome, and I was a member of that group and I remember how exhilarating his enthusiasm was. He was, of course, deeply critical of any private manipulation of public investment in water or power. He rightly saw that energy, together with water and the

land itself, is the key to the wealth of any community.

For this reason he was irreconcilably opposed to the unwise State Water Plan, which will enrich large landowners at the expense of the poor. The Washington Post published his strong views on the subject in an article that should be reprinted because of its relevance today. I was involved because I asked the editors of the Post to give prominence to Walter's views and they suggested a dialogue or debate between him and some worthy opponent, and they found Senator Kuchel. The Senator's views occupied one half of the pages and Walter's the other with a map of California dividing the two articles, but an entire philosophy of life separated the two. Kuchel was not a bad senator. But he was very bad on water policy as were leading men in both political parties in California, and the state is now regretting it. Walter foresaw in 1962 or '63 all of the difficulties that we are in today. He also clearly discerned the unconscionable enrichment of the large private land owners through the circumvention of the 1902 law. What the State Plan proposed is illegal. If the Reclamation Act were enforced properly, as Walter said it should be, there could be no violation of the 160-acre limitation by a separate state system whose waters intermingled with Federal waters. Paul Taylor, who was Walter's student, keeps on with that fight, and he has succeeded Walter as the great man of land and water conservation in California. Between men of Paul Taylor's age and the present generation of young people who are just starting to learn that this is their fight, too, there are relatively few people who have shared in this struggle, and they belong to organizations whose names we have almost forgotten, like the Grange. But the new generation, I'm sure, will not give up the fight.

One of my happiest thoughts is that my children have known Walter and Emma Packard. I remember a beautiful incident that occurred when Walter was quite old. It's interesting that both he and Lewis Mumford were rather grieved that my children did not know much about gardening and farming. We were all to have dinner at my house, and we wondered where Walter and the children were, and we found him out in the garden on his knees teaching them how to plant potatoes. They were planting potatoes together. It was very, very beautiful. He said, "Don't stop now that they know how to plant potatoes." It made a deep impression on the children and they loved his spirit. I remember his indomitable spirit after his automobile crash. You know, he had this little sports car with bucket seats, my cousin Henry Brean was one of the doctors who patched him together after the accident and my cousin said, "Everything he could break, he broke." Walter was about eighty, but his courage and vigor led him to an astounding recovery. I remember he had a triangle above his bed he was supposed to work out on, and he also had a bar, a metal bar, on which he was to exercise and recover the movement of his limbs. He had a nurse whom he didn't think came quickly enough, and he'd BANG on this great triangle to the delight of my children. He also experimented with the remote control of the TV -- then a novelty -- and just delighted them.

But he was always filled with the most marvelous irreverent humor, and, although he was a man of remarkable personal fastidiousness and refinement, he had a heartiness to him that was most winning. He once told me that as a born troublemaker himself, one of his favorite quotations in all history was Luther's remark, "When I break wind in Vienna they smell me in Rome."

Walter was a great reformer in the highest sense, in the Protestant sense. Protestantism that is worthy of our own age and which is out of fashion now among the people running our country. But it's now out of fashion among the young people and I think that the great march for People's Park last spring, with the students carrying green banners, and flying green kites, and defying everything that was ugly and repressive, in a sense vindicated the gay spirit of Walter. How he would have liked that green paper helicopter that was such a wonderful satire of the Army helicopters, bedecked with flowers and flying the kites that fouled the rotors of the military helicopters. How that would have appealed to his sense of merriment! But, as all these young people marched, Walter was marching with them. He was a very great man.

The greatest teachers are not professional teachers. Although Walter did teach, I think at Stanford and Harvard, he was primarily a man of action who understood the real world from a solid intellectual base. He had something to say, and he quickened to any subject. His range was so wide and his confidence was so deep that he had this extraordinary power of elucidating the most knotty problems of our time, and young people warmed to this particularly when they saw he shared a radical position.

Alan Temko
Lecturer in Social Science

Introduction tape-recorded
2 February 1970
650 Barrows Hall
University of California at Berkeley

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF WALTER PACKARD

by Carey McWilliams, Editor, The Nation

Without checking through files and records, many of which are in California, I would be unable to say when I first met Walter Packard. But I knew him for many years in an on-and-off manner, with infrequent but always memorable meetings, and occasionally we exchanged letters. But we had other modes of communication, as when I read something he had written or heard of him and about him from mutual friends. As a matter of fact I knew of him long before we met.

There was a Walter Packard legend in his lifetime. The qualities that the legend stressed were real enough but he was an even finer human being when you got to know him than the legendary Walter Packard. My impressions can be summed up simply. He was a good man. Goodness pervaded every aspect of his life. He radiated goodness. There was no malice in him -- none that I could ever detect -- and no pettiness. He was a very wise man too. Sometimes he kept his wisdom in check, that is you felt -- I felt -- that he could have said more about some person or some situation if he could have done so without appearing to be unkind.

I feel sure that his great qualities -- his remarkable qualities as a human being -- were a prime factor in his social achievements in Greece. The villagers with whom he worked knew that this was a good man -- a person they could trust. He won their cooperation because he had their confidence and also because what he wanted -- and they knew this -- was their cooperation, not their compliance with directives.

His goodness was infectious; so was his optimism, his good cheer, his sense that this could be a better world for everyone. For all that we say we are "democrats" and believe in democracy, it is remarkable that one meets so few Americans who really understand democratic principles and try to apply them and who have confidence that, if tried, they will work. Walter Packard was such a person. He was one of the few individuals I have known who had thought deeply, steadily, and acutely about what democracy means and what it does not mean. His social philosophy was profoundly democratic.

We were not intimate friends -- we exchanged no confidences. But I shall always cherish my memories of this great and good man.

Carey McWilliams

New York
August 25, 1969

LETTER FROM MICHAEL W. STRAUS, COMMISSIONER
OF RECLAMATION, TRUMAN ADMINISTRATIONHotel Grande-Bretagne
Athenes, Greece

April 26, 1962

Dear Walter Packard:

With this report on my Hellenic Hegira are transmitted officially the greetings of a considerable section of the Greek Walter Packard public. In fact, I am beginning to feel as if through you I am in on the birth of a new saga of Greek Mythology, whereby 2000 years from now Walter Packard will have moved into the legends of the gods along with Achilles, Hector, Theseus and the children will no longer hear of the Labors of Herakles but of the Work of Walter.

Anyway, after landing at Patras, motoring to Olympia, Delphi, and Athens, joining up with my shipmates for a week of charter-boat sailing among the Aegean Islands (most successful despite very rough seas) Mary and I got rid of most of our companions and started down the Packard trail in Athens. I called on and identified myself to Professor Pezopolous of the Public Power Authority, John Paleologue, head of Greek Reclamation, George Papadopoulos, head of Greek Reclamation and Frixos Letsas. In each case, long and interesting conversations followed but only after they demanded (and I happily supplied) a report on your present welfare, health and activity.

I should judge your Greek National Power System is the outstanding success of the American-Greek program. I saw new transmission lines all over the country and the Greeks are wasting kilowatts all over the country with illuminated advertising signs and similar manifestations of progress as well as power into remote rural settlements such as the Rural Electrification Administration would have passed up at home. This month the Greek Public Power System finished the take-over of the Athens-Piraeus old British concession corporation system (at what I suspect was too high a price) and the program for which you fought and bled has most definitely won out. In fact, I know no other spot on the globe where by American activity such a public power program has become so firmly established with such success. Congratulations!

At the Reclamation service office of John Paleologue there immediately appeared George Papadopoulos and Frixos Letsas and we held old home week. Papadopoulos in particular, knew all about me as he was a former U.S. Reclamation trainee from Greece. In addition to Walter Packard's introduction the others there were naturally familiar with U.S. Reclamation. First came the inquiries about and the report on Walter Packard followed by a long and very interesting session on water development in which they asked me more questions than I asked them. Also, I told them my life would not be complete until I saw the Anthili project and the graven image of Walter Packard in the town square.

Which to the best of my knowledge is the only one to an American engineer in any aid program overseas, as most other American engineers were

eventually told "Yankee, Go Home" instead of having local statues in their honor.

The next day in one car supplied by myself and one by Paleologue with a fine young English speaking Reclamation official Vasilios G. Karavias as escort (he is an ex-Bureau trainee) we made the long and fascinating trip to Anthili all in one day instead of stopping the night at Delphi as you suggested as we had earlier visited Delphi and we took with us my Chicago Surgeon brother and his doctor wife. It took us about 14 hours including stops and visits to two Reclamation regional headquarters en-route. It was worth while as we got into Greek territory and activity never found on the archeological and nautical circuits.

At Anthili as per directions, Mary greatly enjoyed distributing a bushel of candy in the plaza in front of your statue to a mob of children and in her best Greek proclaiming it came from you who had not forgotten the kids. They got the idea O.K. -- and the linguistic feat was made easier by first pointing at the marble bust, then the candy, and then the kids.

I went all over the rice project -- an obvious success -- and the Greeks roasted a lamb for us, we had dinner and we all made we-love-you speeches to each other. Among the other things I told them that if they did not clear the heavy weeds out of their deep drains you would be back to haunt them -- an idea that only drew unsolicited and unexpected applause.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Letsas, Mr. and Mrs. John Paleologue and Mr. and Mrs. George Papdopoulos threw a dinner for the Dr. Strauses, Mary and myself in an Athens taverna that was strictly social and a howling success. A message to you, a testimonial and signatures are enclosed. Pictures will follow in a few months when we get them developed.

Thank you, Walter for the Greek introduction that was so fruitful. I can understand why you look back with such justifiable pride on your Greek experience.

Shortly we leave Greece for Jugoslavia, Austria, Central Europe, then Scandinavia and home -- or at least an island off Maine for we rented our Washington house until September which we took care of our own instead of everybody else's business. I feel like a deserter from the CVP fight but will re-enlist again on my return.

As ever,

Michael W. Straus
Commissioner of Reclamation in the
Truman Administration.

INTERVIEW HISTORY

Walter E. Packard was interviewed for the Regional Oral History Office as a part of series on agriculture, land, and resources development for which Paul S. Taylor, Professor of Economics, served as faculty advisor.

Start of Interview

Because of his long and illustrious career in California, the United States, Greece, and Latin America as a pioneer in combining land, people, and the available natural resources into a productive unit, Walter Packard was asked in 1962 to participate in the interviewing program of the Regional Oral History Office. At that time Mr. Packard was busily engaged in preparing a manuscript on the economic theories he had evolved from his experiences and the interviewing was postponed.

In February of 1962 Mr. Packard was hospitalized because of an automobile accident. Although almost no funds were then available, it was decided to go ahead with interviewing as soon as Mr. Packard was able, using his papers as the major source of background material. The interviewer visited Mr. Packard in a convalescent home where the outlines of the interviews were established, and subsequently spent many hours with Mrs. Packard going over papers and getting the Packard chronology from her.

Upon Mr. Packard's return home, the weekly interviewing began. At the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Packard devoted much time to sorting and arranging their papers preparatory to depositing them in The Bancroft Library. Mr. Packard worked at these two tasks with increasing vigor as he recovered from his accident.

Time and Setting of Interviews

Eight interview sessions were held in April and May 1964; one final recording session was held August 15, 1966, two months before Mr. Packard's death. Present were Walter E. Packard, Mrs. Emma Packard, and the interviewer, Mrs. Willa Baum.

The interviews were held one afternoon a week, at the Packard home at 773 Cragmont Avenue, Berkeley. The tape recorder was set up at the dining table, next to a large window overlooking the Bay. On one side of the table, with notes, was the interviewer; on the other side, Mr. Packard with a large pile of illustrative papers, and Mrs. Packard next to him to aid him in reading the materials his eyes could no longer cope with. Mr. Packard always started with a prepared text, sometimes handwritten in full, sometimes only minutely planned by means of copious notes, with materials to be read at the proper points. He confessed to 'mic fright' often and

his remarks were always more formal during the interview than in the times when he and the interviewer were rummaging around in the papers he had in his garden study.

Mrs. Packard was more apt to speak informally and to add the personal dimension to the narrative, and her remarks have been retained throughout.

Midway through each interview session, there was always a break when Mrs. Packard would serve the weekly bake of oatmeal cookies with coffee. Then the interviewer would take a few minutes to admire the mementoes of Greece and Mexico on the shelves, the paintings and prints on the walls, many by daughter Emmy Lou Packard, or to note the new blooms in the terraced garden in the back.

Editing

There was a delay of about a year in transcribing, due to lack of funds. During this period Mr. Packard worked on sorting his papers for deposit in Bancroft Library, and on rewriting his economic philosophy book. As his strength returned, he devoted more and more time to work for public power, and was instrumental in organizing the California Power Users Association. In January 1965, UC Extension held a showing of Ed Murrow's movie of Mr. Packard's work in Greece, which was attended by many faculty members in the agricultural fields and by friends of the Packard family.

The transcripts of the interviews were returned one by one in June and July of 1965. Mr. and Mrs. Packard each went over every interview carefully and did considerable revising and adding of material. Some sample documents were added to the transcript -- all the other documents were placed in The Bancroft Library where they may be consulted by researchers. Editing work by the Packards continued through the summer of 1966.

At that time Mr. Packard became ill and had to withdraw from his public power work. He wished to record that phase of his work which had taken place after the close of the interviewing, and that brief interview was recorded on August 15, 1966, but Mr. Packard was not well enough to relate his work in as much detail as he would have liked. He was able to complete the corrections on that brief interview just a week before his death in October 1966.

It had been Mr. Packard's intention to review the manuscript in its entirety one more time. Mrs. Packard took on that job after his death and reread and checked the whole thing, but made no changes except to correct names.

Final Typing and Completion

Again the work was halted through lack of funds. The faculty members whom Mr. Packard had worked with in the early days of the Resettlement

Administration -- "Walter's boys" as Mrs. Packard called them -- Garret Eckbo, Francis Violich, Vernon DeMars, and especially a younger admirer, architectural critic Alan Temko, were eager to see the Packard manuscript completed for research use. Through their efforts, funding was obtained from the Department of Landscape Architecture for final typing, and a check from the Western History Research Center of the University of Wyoming made possible the final photocopying. Alan Temko prepared an introduction.

Willa Klug Baum, Head
Regional Oral History Office

486 The Bancroft Library
University of California at Berkeley
2 April 1970

FAMILY, CHILDHOOD, AND EDUCATION

Packard Forebears

[First Interview - April 13, 1964. Subsequent interviews are not dated because Mr. Packard rearranged and revised the material substantially from the original interviews.]

Packard: It seems to me that, in recording my life story, I should begin by mentioning what we in the family call "the Packard conscience". I don't know what the psychologists would name it. But, in any case, it was very real. It appeared first as a dedication to religious beliefs, which dominated the personal character and social behavior of my forebears. Their beliefs were not always consistent or rational, but they were held with a tenacity which gives meaning to the "Packard conscience". In my own case, this inner impulse has, over the years, led me to choose employment on public enterprises designed to serve the general welfare rather than being dedicated to individual profit making. This does not mean that I was a "do gooder" or that I lacked an inner urge to make money. It means, rather, that my controlling impulse was conditioned by the "Packard conscience". My story, therefore, is not the story of one who started out with a well-established philosophy of life, but rather the story of a neophyte or "innocent

Packard: "abroad", who, through experiences--good and bad-- and through continuing study, has developed a democratic philosophy-- economic, social, and political--which to him seems to make sense.

The Packards were originally the Piccards in France; they were French Huguenots who moved first to Holland and then to England and in the moving their name was changed to Packard. Samuel Packard of Windham, Norfolk County, England, was the father of the Packard family in the United States. He moved from England in 1638 with his wife and family and settled in Plymouth colony eighteen years after the landing of the colonists at Plymouth Rock. He moved to Bridgewater in 1664, and became an officer there. He and his sons were engaged in the great Indian wars of that period. He was more interested in political liberties than he was in religious liberties; he was primarily interested in freedom of expression.

My great-grandfather, Theophilus Packard, D.D.,-- this was four generations later--was born in North Bridgeport, Massachusetts in 1765. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1796. (Reading from a genealogy of the Packard family)*

"He was ordained in Shelburne, Massachusetts, February 20, 1799. He was on the Board of Trustees of Williams College from 1810 to 1825 and was on the Board of Overseers of the Fund or Trustees of Amherst College from 1821 to 1854. He represented Shelburne in the state legislature from 1829, 1830, and 1839. He received a doctorate from Dartmouth College in 1824."

*Genealogies of Samuel Packard and of Abel Packard, by Rev. Theophilus Packard, Jr., 1871, G. W. Wheat & Co., 1871.

Packard: His son, Theophilus Packard, Jr., was my grandfather.

(reading):

"Reverend Theophilus Packard, Jr., was born in Shelburne, Massachusetts, February 1, 1802; died December 19, 1885, at Manteno, Illinois, and married Elizabeth Parsons Ware, May 21, 1839, daughter of Reverend Samuel Ware, who was born in Ware, Massachusetts. They had six children."

The astonishing character of my grandfather's religious beliefs is expressed in various quotes from his diary.

Here is what he wrote about his first son. (Reading from diary of grandfather, Rev. Theophilus Packard, Jr.)

"Seventeenth of March, 1842. My first child was born Thursday, about the middle of the forenoon. We called his name Theophilus after his father and grandfather. On the day of his birth I retired to a private chamber and with deep solemn emotion of heart I consecrated him to God by prayer, earnestly beseeching God to recreate and renew him by the Holy Spirit and make him a Christian. On the first of May, 1842, Theophilus was baptized in church by my father, and on the evening of that day my father and mother gave me \$2 to be given to him to secure some good book for his benefit with the charge that he should in time to come, look on their graves and remember them and this, their gift to them and prepare to meet them in heaven. About twenty-five years afterwards I sent Theophilus the money, then \$10, and gave him the instructions and charge of his grandparents, and may God use the same for the eternal welfare of my first-born son. Oh, what painful anxiety I felt for the soul of this dear son. From early childhood he has been prayed for day by day and has been interested in the matter of personal piety and has been taught to pray himself, but all this will not save his soul. Oh God, make him a Christian!"...

"My third son [my father - W.P.] was born November 29, 1847, whom we called Samuel Ware after his grandfather Ware and the ancestor of all the Packards in this country, who came over from England in 1630. My son Samuel was baptized by the Rev. Samuel Day, who preached for me on that Sabbath. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that this son Samuel may become a Bible-Christian and serve God faithfully."

Baum: You must have had quite an illustrious family to have a whole book of genealogy about them.

Packard: Well, the Packard family is rather proud of its heritage.

My grandfather occupied the pulpit in Shelbourne for a number of years and then due to ill health resigned over the protest of his parishioners, and moved first to Ohio where he remained for a year, and then to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he was pastor for two years. He then moved back to Illinois and settled first in Manteno, but lived in Chicago part of the time.

His wife had a very different personality from my grandfather. She was reported to have been a very beautiful woman and very popular in the neighborhood. It was said that Henry Ward Beecher was one of her suitors. She had a very active mind and was not inclined to accept the complete orthodoxy of her husband. She was influenced by the Unitarian doctrine and soon became quite active in the Unitarian Church. This difference of opinion increased the separation between the two, and it culminated in Manteno, where she became so active in propagandizing her own ideas against the teachings of her husband in the church that the parishioners petitioned that she be sent to a mental hospital in Jacksonville, Illinois.

Over her violent protests, and the protests of some others who took her side in the controversy, she was taken forcibly to the state hospital where she remained for

Packard: three years. She was finally released as an incurable patient, according to the testimony of the director of the institution. While there she was well taken care of, but she created quite a lot of disturbance because she was still a propagandist. She resisted being in the sanitarium. When she was finally released she was sent to an insane asylum in Kankakee, again over her protests. She had to be carried out of the train and forcibly carried into the institution. She was placed in common wards with people of various degrees of insanity.

Finally, by getting letters out, she got the attention of some leaders on the outside which led to her final release. Upon her release she became a very active propagandist for laws that would protect a person from being sent to an asylum without a legal hearing. The extent of her influence is shown by the following quote from research made by Dr. Francis J. Gerty:

(This is from a clipping from the newspaper, the New Mexican, in 1958, and it's headed, "Plight of Mentally Ill Aided by Three Nineteenth Century Women". This is from a report to a big conference, and we wrote to Dr. Gerty after a niece sent this clipping.)

"Ever think to yourself, Boy, what would I give to get rid of my wife for a year or so. Well, you're living a hundred years too late. Back in the 1850's it was easy. All you had do in some states was to report that your wife was acting crazy, sign commitment papers, and have her whisked away to the state insane asylum. But things are different now, and behind the legislation to protect the distaff side, at the expense of adding considerably to domestic battles, was the wife of a long-suffering Presbyterian minister.

Packard:

In the words of Dr. Francis J. Gerty, the new president of the American Psychiatric Association, she was, "a crackpot who could look awfully good fighting for a cause." Dr. Gerty, head of psychiatry at University of Illinois Medical School, has made a scholarly study of legislation concerning the mentally ill. According to him, three women played major roles in this area. They were: Dorothea Lynn Dix, a strong-willed social worker who brought about the establishment of many state hospitals for the insane in the 1840's; Mrs. Elizabeth W. Packard, who was put away by her minister husband in 1860 and following her release battled successfully for personal liberty laws which gave everyone a right to trial by jury before being committed; Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of the sixteenth President of the United States. Because of Mrs. Packard's crusade, Mrs. Lincoln was forced to undergo humiliating public trial before commitment. Her case helped bring about legislation by which people could be committed more quietly."

In carrying on her campaign, Mrs. Packard moved to Chicago where she purchased a house and kept two of her children for a while and all of them later on. She supported herself and her family by the writing and publication of books, eight or ten books, dealing with various facets of the same problem.* There is one in the University of California library. Many of them were on her own experiences. She took in nearly \$50,000 [Theophilus Packard's Diary says \$10,000 - E. L. P.] from the sale

Packard: of these books and financed a campaign whereby she successfully established legislation governing the commitment of people to insane asylums in seven [or twelve - E. L. P.] different states. On two occasions she was invited to the White House to interview President Grant in connection with getting his support, which she did.

Baum: How did her husband feel about all this? I suppose they were separated after that.

Packard: He was, of course, greatly disturbed. He moved back to Massachusetts for a while, then returned to Manteno, where he lived with a sister until he died in 1885. My grandmother secured a divorce and supported the family.

Parents, Samuel Ware Packard and Clara Fish Packard; Brother & Sisters

Packard: My father, who was born in Shelbourne moved west with the family. Now Emmy, will you read from that sketch about my father? [See copy of article.] After establishing a profitable practice in Chicago, my father's office was destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871, so he took time off for a trip to Denver, Colorado. On his way the train to Denver was stopped on several occasions by herds of buffalo crossing the tracks on their trek south. He spent most of his time in Colorado in hunting buffalo. The stories of the Chicago fire and of his exploits with Mudeater and Prairie Dog Dave of buffalo hunting days, used to thrill us children as often as they were told. If my father had not been so deeply religious he would have been quite a gay

Packard: character. He disguised his speculation on the stock market as investments, rather than gambling.

The influence of my grandfather's religious teaching is evident in some of these stories because he made attempts to convert both of these buffalo hunting characters.

During his time in the West his father was writing to him about becoming a minister instead of going into the law. My father considered this very seriously and I think all during the rest of his life felt rather guilty for not having taken up the ministry as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had done. But he went back to Chicago and resumed his law practice there.

In a letter to his mother three years later he said, "Fortune seems to smile on us.(the partnership) Our business is wonderful -- I hope to have at least \$100,000 salted down-- so that I can move to a better climate and there devote myself to carrying on some great or noble reformation, as you do." In the same letter, he said, "I hope to get married to a young lady of nineteen that I met about nine months ago. She is a good Christian girl, sensible, true, refined, and I love her with all my heart."

The following account of the wedding appeared in the Chicago Legal News.

"On Tuesday, the 23rd instant (1874) at Lombard, Ill., Samuel W. Packard Esq. of the law firm of Cooper, Garnett and Packard of this city was married to Miss Clara A. Fish, a most esteemed and popular young lady of the former place. The ceremony was performed in the Congregational Church of Lombard. The Rev.

Packard:

Charles Canano, the pastor, assisted by the Rev. Theophilus Packard, Jr., father of the groom, officiated at the services which took place in the presence of a large group of the friends of the bride and groom from Lombard, as well as many members of the Chicago bar and their ladies, for whose accomodation a special train was provided."

After a brief honeymoon on a lake trip, the newly-weds settled in a large two-story house on Holly Court, in Oak Park, Ill., where I was born. In a letter to his mother, my father describes the place as follows, "The house I have rented is a very fine, large square house with two bay windows, two sides, and is heated by a furnace."

Although my mother was a professed Christian and a member of the Congregational Church, she never accepted my father's fundamentalism. The conflict of beliefs between my grandfather and his wife was reflected in a somewhat similar conflict between my father and mother. My father served as deacon in the Oak Park Congregational Church for many years, while my mother's interest was centered in social service work of various kinds. Among other things, she organized a reading room for use by servant girls on their days off. The going rate of pay for a servant girl at that time was \$3.00 per week. My mother was the first president of the 19th Century Club in Oak Park, Illinois, and was a very active supporter of women's suffrage and of Jane Addams' work at Hull House in Chicago. She became interested in the labor movement and served on

Packard: a State Commission to investigate the causes of a mine disaster where many miners were killed.

Baum: What was her maiden name again?

Packard: Her name was Clara Adelaide Fish. I remember her mother well, as a gentle, white-haired grandmother who lived with us for a while... I never knew my maternal grandfather, who was a postal employee, and whose forebears went back to pre-Revolutionary days. My mother was eligible to membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, but never chose to join because she was out of sympathy with their activities. She had two sisters, whom we knew as Aunt Ida and Aunty Ellen.

Mrs. : One reason, I imagine, why your mother worked for woman's Packard suffrage was that Aunty Ellen bucked the prejudice against women in politics. She had a broken marriage. She married a much older man who was a doctor, which got her interested in the medical field. After the breakup of the marriage she decided to become a doctor and was the first woman graduate from a medical school in Chicago. She told stories about the early days when young doctors couldn't afford to buy all of the things they were supposed to have, so they made sugar pills and used a good deal of early psychology.

(Laughter)

Packard: After the death of her first husband, Mrs. Pierce, my maternal grandmother, moved to Lombard, Illinois, where

Packard: my father met my mother.

Baum: What did your father feel about the conflict between his father and mother? It sounds like he was loyal to both.

Packard: Well, he was greatly disturbed by the conflict. He admired his mother's work for women's rights, but he adopted his father's religion and became a complete fundamentalist, which was strange because in his law practice he was a very practical man. His arguments were governed by logic but in his religious life, he was completely conditioned to an acceptance of the Bible as the Word of God. He said "blessings" before every meal and the family knelt for morning prayers after breakfast without fail. We children would take turns reading extracts from the Bible and each would offer a prayer.

Baum: How many were there of you?

Packard: I had three sisters and a brother. I was in the middle. My oldest sister, Stella, bore the brunt of my father's religious training with its emphasis on hell-fire and heaven. Although she was a very attractive young lady, she never married. She had my mother's interest in social work. After taking some courses in domestic science at the Armour Institute in Chicago, she went to Smith College. She worked with Jane Addams in Hull House (Chicago) for some time. After graduation she went into social work in New York and remained in that field until she died of cancer in 1945.

Packard: My next oldest sister, Laura, was a completely dedicated person, possessing some of the intensity of her grandmother. She started her college career at Oberlin, but graduated from Vassar. While there, she became a socialist, which interestingly enough, disturbed my mother until some years later, when she herself became a strong supporter and friend of Upton Sinclair. Laura married Edward Redman, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Dartmouth. They had three girls, Esther, Elizabeth, and Barbara, all of whom are filling important, but divergent roles in life.

My youngest sister Esther graduated from Smith College and became a very successful social worker in New York State, appearing before the state legislature in Albany on various occasions in support of social legislation. During the early part of the First World War, she married Philip Chadbourn, soon after he had returned from an assignment with Herbert Hoover in Belgium. He brought presents from the Belgium children to President Wilson and presented them to him at a formal ceremony. Through Esther's associations in New York, she secured an appointment for Phil as a special representative of the State Department in Russia. His assignment was to represent German and Austrian interests in Russia until we got into the war, when, of course, they had to return. They came back through Finland and went to California to live, temporarily, in the family home in Pasadena. The stories

Packard: they had to tell were exciting in the extreme. More about that later on. They have three children, Philip born in Petrograd, during the first week of the Russian Revolution, Jane, born in Pasadena, and Alfred, born in Symrna, at the very height of the Greeks' exodus from Turkey during the Greek-Turkish war.

John, my brother, graduated from the University of Southern California and followed Father into the practice of law. I remember two episodes when he was a youngster which have always stayed with me. He would sing 'When I'm big I'll be a soldier, that's what I will be.' Mother would pretend to cry and he would laugh. At another time when he had done something particularly bad, Mother told him to go out in the yard and bring her a switch. He came back crying and dragging a baseball bat as long as he was tall. Mother just burst out laughing and it was all over. John and I were very close, as brothers, throughout his life. Although he followed Father into the law he became a socialist, in part because of me and in part because of Mother's interest. He married Rose Marie Hutcheson, whose friendship with the Upton Sinclairs helped John politically in his work both as a member of the National Committee of the Socialist Party and as an active member of the Democratic Party during the New Deal days. In 1936, John was Roosevelt's campaign manager in Southern California. John helped organize the Civil Liberties Union in Southern California

Packard: and was very active in the work of the organization throughout his life. On two occasions when he had gone to Imperial Valley to defend arrested agricultural workers who had been on strike, he had to be escorted out of the valley by motorcycle police for fear of attack by vigilante groups. John and Rose Marie had two children, John Jr., and Virginia, each of whom is filling an important role in life.

Childhood

Packard: This brings me to my own role as the first son. Although I recall living in the Holly Court house, most of my memories are associated with our home on Lake Street, in Oak Park, Illinois, across the street from the Congregational Church, where the Oak Park Post Office now stands. I was born on February 22nd, 1884. Oak Park at that time was a rural village with dirt streets. We had outside privies and kerosene lamps and later substituted electricity for gas. And I can remember, also, very clearly when we had the first telephone installed, and when our furnace was replaced by a community heating system which piped hot-water into our radiators.

As I remember it, I enjoyed school as a youngster. But I was inclined to break the rules. My first memorable offense occurred when I was in the second grade. John Tope, my closest friend as a boy, had a seat at one end of the front row in school while I sat at the other end.

Packard: One time when the teacher announced that we would have five minutes recess but could not leave our seats I leaned forward and called out, "Hello there, jackass." I was sent home with a note telling Mother what I had done. On another occasion I took a mouse to school with a string tied to its tail. When the teacher was not looking I would let the mouse run on the floor to frighten the girls in the class. Again I was sent home. Kindly Mr. Hatch, the principal of the grammar school, whom I remember with affection, told my mother that I had given him more trouble than any other child, a fact which I can hardly understand because I never had any malicious feeling and never did anything that I thought was really harmful. Or, on reflection, did I? I recall the time when a policeman appeared at our door charging me with breaking the windows in a neighbor's barn. I had to admit that I had done it with a slingshot which I had learned to use quite accurately. My only memory of a real good spanking though, was when the family for some reason was sitting on the front row of the balcony in church. I insisted on putting my feet on the rail in front with complete disregard of my father's orders to put them down. I figured, I suppose, that I had him at a disadvantage. But I was mistaken. My father picked me up and carried me all the way home, where I was vigorously convinced that he was boss.

Packard: When I got old enough I was given responsibility for taking care of the furnace which included the very dirty job of taking out the ashes. I also learned to care for my father's very spirited team of black geldings. We had a large lawn which I had to mow and water. Both of my parents were very understanding people. I always had a dog--sometimes three or four at a time. I taught a St. Bernard to drive, I had a dog cart for summer and a sled with wooden shafts for winter; and also a four-wheeled wagon with a large box attached which I built for peddling sweet corn which I raised on a vacant lot belonging to Father on the edge of town.

I was taught how to handle a gun and, in addition to having a 22-rifle, I was free to use my father's 10-gauge shotgun when I wanted to hunt ducks on the North prairie or rabbits and squirrels in the woods. My hunting trips provided little food, but that fact never lessened the fun of tramping over the prairies and through the woods, which were the main rewards. The prairie swamps provided good skating in the winter and yielded pussy willows for my mother in the spring. These areas are now covered by high-rise apartments. I learned to swim in the skunk hole in the Des Plaines River, graduating in due time to the dangerous sand pit with its deep water and steep sides. One time when the spring flood had topped the riverbanks, I swam across and back on a dare which in retrospect was

Packard: very foolhardy.

On two succeeding summers, following my eighth grade year, I organized camping trips to the lake country in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. Four boys made up the first group and six the next. Each time we built a two-wheeled cart using bicycle wheels and a large box in which we packed our blankets, tent, cooking utensils, and food. We took turns pulling the cart and took two days to make the final camping spot on a lake where we fished, swam, hunted, and played "fox and hounds".

The following summer I bought a horse for \$50.00, out of money I had earned peddling papers and went on a 600-mile trip through northern Illinois, Wisconsin, and into the pine woods of northern Michigan. My companion on this trip was Irving Updike, who rode a beautiful gaited Kentucky riding horse given to him by his father, a wealthy member of the Chicago Grain Exchange. We camped out every night and cooked most of our meals.

My father's association with us children was enriched by two practices which remain in my memory as valued experiences. One was the Sunday afternoon walks into the north prairie where we would collect pussy willows, pick wild flowers, or just sit on the grass while my father told us Bible stories. He was a wonderful story teller, always interpreting Bible stories in words and plots which kept us keenly interested. The second practice included

Packard: the occasional Saturday drive to Salt Creek, Lombard, or to Lincoln Park to see the animals. Some summers we would take the longer two-day drive to Manteno to visit our Dole cousins who lived on a farm. I think the pleasant memories of those visits had something to do with my wanting to be a farmer.

On one of these trips we stopped overnight in Joliet, where we visited the state prison and got a view of a man who had robbed our house one winter when we were in California. We children believed that the man would want to shoot my father when he got out. At any rate a year or two later a strange looking man appeared at the door wanting to see Father. Laura and I were the only ones at home. We said that Father would be home about six o'clock. Instead of leaving he wanted to stay. So we invited him into the parlor where he proceeded to tell us that he was the man who robbed our house. He had just been released from prison and wanted to make a courtesy call.

I went to my room, put shells in a 22-pistol, put it in my pocket and went to the station to meet Father. I told him what had happened but said nothing about the pistol, which I held in my pocket all cocked and ready for action. Our guest explained that he had become a Christian in prison and wanted to make restitution for his sins as best he could. This, of course, pleased my father, who invited him to stay for supper, where he entertained us

Packard: with stories of his life in prison. And then for three years after that every time it snowed he'd come around to the barn and get a snow shovel and shovel off all our walks, put the shovel back in the barn, and walk off and never say anything. In the summertime he'd sweep the side-walks occasionally, and then he disappeared and we never knew what happened to him. But during that time he was back at his old job of washing windows and he would give Mother as a reference.

When I was a child we spent two winters in California staying with Uncle Ira in San Diego part of the time and with the Wares (my father's cousin) who lived on Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena. I was only a year old on the first trip but have very vivid memories of the second trip, when I was nine. I loved to accompany my Uncle Ira over the dry, brush covered hills of San Diego County, where I would look for trapdoor spider nests, while he hunted quail. We drove by horse and buggy to La Jolla, Point Loma, and Old Town, always carrying a lunch along to be eaten at some secluded spot on some beach. The Ware lot in Pasadena ran down to the Arroyo Seco where my sister Laura and I, with two Ware dogs, built sand dams and waded in the water. I once drove from Pasadena to Santa Ana in a one horse buckboard with my father and his brother Theophilus. It took us two days each way. We camped out along a river at night where we heard coyotes barking.

Packard: The whole stretch of country was completely undeveloped. My father's cousin, Edward Ware in Garden Grove, was a pioneer walnut grower in Orange County.

Another winter we spent in Biloxi, Mississippi. There I had an experience that affected me for years. The family was living in a hotel and I was down at the beach one day, I came back to the hotel and nobody was there--the family was gone. They had gone out on an afternoon ride in a buggy. And I suddenly felt that I was left alone, they'd left me, abandoned me. And I just made a terrific scene. The guests at the hotel tried to comfort me and say my parents were coming back, but I didn't believe them. I just thought I was abandoned. And when they came back it didn't make a parcel of difference. It still had a terrific influence on me. And it lasted, oh, for a long time. I remember after we got back to Oak Park one day, Father said he was going to drive Mother out to Lombard, and so I skipped school, came back and hid in the barn. When he started out I ran out and caught hold of the back axle of the buggy. I was going to hang on there all the way to Lombard because I thought they were going to run away from me again.

Baum: How old were you?

Packard: Well, I was in the first grade in school. I must have been six.

Baum: Did your father usually go somewhere in the winter?

Packard: Well, yes...he always tried to, yes.

Baum: To get away from the cold, is that the idea?

Packard: Yes, yes. But--these three big trips are the only ones I remember. In the summertime we'd always go on vacations, in Wisconsin or Michigan at some lake resort.

Baum: Does this indicate you were fairly well-to-do?

Packard: Yes, we were fairly well-to-do. My father was a successful lawyer. He had the second largest private law library in Chicago. He was considered to be an exceptionally good trial lawyer. He never took divorce or ~~criminal~~ cases, only civil suits. But we were never rich. Our yard in Oak Park must have covered an acre and a half or two acres. We had fruit trees of all kinds and a large garden. It was a wonderful place for us children. The memory of sitting in the branches of an apple tree in full bloom and of following the plow to pick up angle worms when the hired man was preparing the garden for spring planting is still vivid. Father had some carpenters build a toboggan slide in the side yard at the beginning of winter---a thing we enjoyed until we were old enough to go skating.

I was ten years old when the Chicago World's Fair was staged. I was taken to the fair several times. Seeing Sitting Bull in person was one of the thrills I remember. But my sharpest recollection concerns the loss of the half dollar I had been given to spend during the day. I watched a man in a diving suit walk around the bottom of a tank of water. He

Packard: would pick things up from the tank to demonstrate his skill. So I threw in my half dollar, fully expecting him to return it. But he didn't. And my day was spoiled.

Although my parents were very free and understanding with anything relating to my love for the out of doors, we children were not allowed to dance, play cards, or go to the theater and the Sabbath Day was observed with strict obedience to the mores of the time. There was one exception to these restrictions. Whenever Buffalo Bill's show came to Chicago, Father took us all and would regale us again with stories of his buffalo hunting days. Restrictions were sometimes tempered by reason. The prohibition on smoking, for example, was restricted. So long as I promised not to smoke tobacco I could smoke cornsilk, rattan, or what have you. My first lesson in plant breeding resulted, unexpectedly, from my first summer's experience in smoking cornsilk cigarettes. That summer I harvested all of the cornsilk from my father's prize plot of sweet corn just as soon as it appeared. I had it all laid out on newspapers on the barn floor to dry when my father came home from the office. What I learned in the barn that night I have never forgotten.

(Laughter)

Baum: You ruined the year's crop?

Packard: I sure did.

As a boy I was never much of a reader. J. Fenimore Cooper's Indian stories, the Henty novels, Tom Sawyer and

Packard: Huck Finn, Peck's Bad Boy, the Life of Buffalo Bill, comprised my range of books. But not entirely. John Tope and I read dime novels, frowned upon by our parents. We read them by the light of a candle, in a room we had dug out under the barn which we reached through a tunnel. It might be well to add that the barn never caught on fire.

Three incidents relating to gun powder might be worth recording. The first resulted from my desire to have small shot to throw in the schoolroom. I had unloaded a shotgun shell and didn't know what to do with the powder. So I loaded a toy cannon, took it to a sand lot, and set it off. We never found the cannon, but my eyelashes were burned shut and my face was burned and covered with black powder marks. The other two experiences were associated with the Fourth of July, which was always the big day of the year. One year I poured some powder into a large bottle into which I had inserted a string to serve as a fuse. The bottle blew up before I could get away and a piece of glass was shot into the calf of my leg. When I got home I pushed a needle into the hole to see if I could locate the glass. I kept mum about this and nothing happened. The third episode occurred early on Fourth of July morning. In order to waken John Tope, I loaded a cannon I had made out of a piece of pipe nailed to a six by six wooden block. I put the cannon halfway between the Tope's barn and house and after lighting the fuse I ran to the barn. The following day we found part of the cannon on the other side of the Presbyterian church which was located on the adjoining lot.

Packard: In view of the present concern over juvenile delinquency and the ideological conflict of the Cold War, the contrasting character of some of my high school companions is perhaps worth recording. Irvine Updike--my companion on the horseback trip, ended up in the penitentiary for having conspired with his younger brother to murder their parents in order to get their anticipated inheritance sooner. Henry Arnold, my closest high school friend, became a very successful Congregational minister. After graduating from the Yale Divinity School he became pastor of an important New England church.

Another contrast was presented by Bruce Barton and Anna Louise Strong. Bruce was the son of the pastor of the First Congregational Church where my father was deacon. Anna Louise Strong was the daughter of the pastor of the Second Congregational Church, which my father helped establish. Years later, Bruce's advertising agency, with forty acres of floor space on Madison Avenue, epitomizes the Far Right. While Anna Louise, as a devoted supporter of both Russia and China, now living in Peking, epitomizes the Far Left. My first memory of Bruce Barton goes back to the time when three of us, John Tope, Henry Arnold and I, as I remember it, planned to initiate Bruce into the community shortly after he first arrived as a young boy. My two companions hid behind the front fence while I rang the front doorbell to invite Bruce out. His mother answered the door and said that Bruce was not in. This indeed was a Tom Sawyer inspired incident. Later on, when in high school,

Packard: Bruce and I belonged to the Bachelors club, which he organized. Our pledge, as I remember it, was never to have anything to do with women. The club members rented box seats at a high school graduation exercises and appeared in top silk hats borrowed from my father--a fact which made it necessary for us to sneak out early to save the hats. Anna Louise was a close friend of my sister Laura. She was a thorn in my flesh because she was usually head of her class while I was near the foot. I, as the deacon's son, occupy a position somewhat left of center which I define as total democracy--a position which will be explained in some detail later on.

Baum: There was a lot of intellectual ferment in that little city.

Packard: Yes, there was. But Oak Park has gone completely conservative, as evidenced by its overwhelming support of Goldwater in the 1964 election.

My love of the country coupled with my disinterest in any profession or urban business led me to take a job as a farm hand during the summer vacation following my junior year in high school. I rode my bicycle the 120 miles to Tonica, Illinois, where I slopped hogs, milked cows, plowed corn, made hay, shocked oats and helped in the threshing on a 100-acre farm belonging to the Thompsons. It took me a day and a half to make the trip and I was completely exhausted. My best performance on the farm was at the threshing dinners where each farmer's wife tried to outdo the other. After one of these dinners I had to take time off and lie in the shade of a tree

Packard: before I could go back to work. I enjoyed everything I did except helping Mrs. Thompson do the washing on Monday mornings and occasionally churning the butter.

Fourth of July was a great day in Tonica, as it was everywhere when I was a boy. I had a thirty-eight caliber pistol and two boxes of blank shells, which made me the noisiest thing in town, much to the disgust of many. I contended in the greased pole climb, the obstacle race, and the greased pig contest. But the big event was the 100-yard dash on the main street of town in the evening. The main street had been harrowed to fill up the ruts and about twenty runners, including two baseball players, lined up for the race. Since I was a star runner in the Oak Park High School, I was able to win the race and the \$10.00 prize--an incident which was used to disqualify me temporarily for competition in the Big Ten Meet at Chicago University when I was a freshman at college.

The farm work apparently did me some good because I rode my bicycle back in one day without too much effort. When I got home my sister Stella was home from Smith College, and said that there was an agricultural college at Amherst where I could learn to be a scientific farmer. What that meant none of us knew exactly, but the idea took hold and I decided to become a farmer with the understanding with my father that he would buy me a farm when I got ready. I wrote to the agricultural colleges in various states and decided that the Iowa State College at Ames suited me best. The following summer I



Packard: spent another vacation on an Illinois farm owned by a Swedish couple who believed in making the hired hand earn his way. One thing that used to gripe me was that I had to use the walking plow even when the riding cultivator was not in use. After pitching manure on and off a wagon, making hay, and cutting weeds with a scythe in the pig pen and along the fences, I started pitching bundles at threshing time. Each of these operations used my back muscles and one morning my back began to pain me so much that I had to stop work and go to bed. It was some days before I could get up to take the train home. My back bothered me for months but not until many years later did an osteopath find that a vertebrate was out of place, not because of the farm work, but because of a practice we had in high school of coming up behind some one and pounding him as hard as possible between the shoulders as an expression of comradeship.

Education

Iowa State College, Ames - 1903-1907

On graduating from high school in 1903, I went to Ames. I had the idea that it would be a good thing to work my way through college, so I got a job tending furnace for my room in Music Hall and started to accumulate cash by working in the experimental seed beds on the college farm. The pay of ten cents an hour soon discouraged me. I then concentrated

Packard: on military drill. Because I had been a cadet in high school, I entered the Ames training as a sergeant, although I did not know just what a sergeant was supposed to do or where he should stand in the line. On special days, when we had sham battles, I found that I could get wounded behind some tree and sneak home until General Lincoln had roll called at the beginning and end of all drills. In spite of my rather bad behavior, I became a second lieutenant at the end of my first semester. But the track season started in the spring and much to the disgust of the brusque but kindly General Lincoln I made the track team and was excused from anymore drill for the rest of my stay in college.

For some reason or other I was selected as one of several students to remain at college during the Christmas vacation to teach corn judging to Iowa farmers attending the winter short course. I am now quite ashamed of one thing I did that winter but I think I should confess. There was one young farmer who did a great deal of bragging about how tough he was. He boasted of having ten scars on his body. So one evening, when he was on his way to a meeting, a group of six regular students kidnapped him. We took him to the old "pest house" off the campus, built a fire in the stove, pretended to be heating a branding iron, and later had him undress to show his scars. In due time, he was laid forcibly on his back on the bed by three members of the Ames football squad and a large A was harmlessly tattooed on his stomach

Packard: with an icicle. He screamed with pain but when it was all over, he wanted to join in other similar escapades which were not carried out.

When the short course was over and the prize of \$1,000 was presented to Asa Turner as the man who had raised the best ten ears of corn in Iowa, I was up on the platform asking him for a job as a hired hand. I was taken on, so spent my first summer vacation from college, feeding pigs, milking cows, plowing corn, and doing odd chores about the place. He specialized in Reed's yellow dent corn, Duroc Jersey hogs and short horn cattle. My salary was \$25.00 per month plus board and room. Asa Turner was a grand old man, a Civil War veteran who had become "sanctified" and therefore could not sin. We drove to town (Maxwell) in a buggy on Sundays to attend Sunday school and church and to meet the neighbors.

Before returning to college I attended the St. Louis Fair where I spent so much that I had to walk the last twelve miles. I considered the conductor to be unnecessarily harsh in putting me off, but I enjoyed the walk.

At the beginning of my sophomore year I joined a small group of my '07 classmates intent on preventing the freshman from painting '08's on various likely places. One night, finding a large '08 on the Northwestern Railway bridge going into Ames, we quietly entered the rooming house of the president of the freshman class, got him out of bed and into some clothes and then made him walk to the bridge with a brush and a bucket of paint to daub out the '08.

England - 1905

Baum: I've got a note here, a little note from Who's Who, "Special Agent, Packard and Neice, attorneys, London 1905."

Packard: Yes, yes. That was when I was a sophomore at college. I had heard of some students who had worked their way to Europe for a summer vacation by tending cattle on a cattle boat. So I pursued the matter and had a tentative arrangement to go over to England with cattle and to return from Normandy with horses, when I got a letter from my father saying that I could go to London for a Catholic priest on a rather strange mission. I was to carry the manuscript of a book which was an exposé of the parochial school system in Chicago, written by Father Crowley, to London to have it copyrighted in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Father Crowley wanted a non-Catholic messenger that he could trust. So, instead of doing what I had planned to do, I served as my father's legal agent in carrying out the assignment.

Baum: This was an anti-Catholic document?

Packard: Yes, it certainly was. Father Crowley, incidentally, was excommunicated for his sincere effort to stamp out evils which he saw in the Chicago set-up. After getting the manuscript properly registered at the British Museum, I tried to find a publisher. None of the prominent publishers would take the book. One of them told me that his employees would strike if he took the contract. I finally got a small operator who set his own

Packard: type to agree to publish it. But the contract was never signed because Father Crowley was able to get the book published in the United States. It was widely advertised but never made much of an impression. Father Crowley, however, suffered severely. After his excommunication he married and tried to lead a normal life. But whenever he got a job, he would be followed by the Church. He finally went to California where my close friend Richard Perkins, then secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in San Francisco, helped him get started.

Baum: So you did have a little experience in Europe?

Packard: Yes, indeed. I had a very interesting time. On the way over, on the White Star liner Olympic, the ship went through a "hurricane with mountainous seas", as recorded by the log. It was impossible to go anywhere on shipboard without hanging onto a rope. Three people were killed in accidents during the storm. Their bodies were buried at sea early one morning as we sailed along the coast of Ireland. One notable event was the fact that the ship carried one of the first radios which permitted the purser to publish a newspaper each morning, carrying news from the Russian-Japanese War. The ship lay at anchor for two days in the Liverpool harbor swinging back and forth with the tide in a fog that was so dense you could hardly see across the deck. I had read some of Dickens on the way over and was well prepared for the fog that engulfed London all the time I was there. I visited a farmers' market in London where stall-holders, with horse or donkey drawn

Packard: carts brought their produce for sale. I spent considerable time in visiting the Tate Gallery and the National Art Gallery and, of course, visited the British Museum. I saw London, through the fog, from the top of double-decker, horse-drawn busses which I would take to the end of the line and back again.

Extra-Curricular Activities at Ames

Packard: Now to get back to my college days. Although I had developed a dislike for fraternities, due to the fact that a fraternity in high school was made up of students that I did not like--they were just not my kind--I joined the Beta Theta Pi fraternity during my sophomore year because Emma Leonard, a classmate who later became my wife had joined the Pi Phis, and I felt that I had to succumb to maintain my competitive position. From then on "she wore my Beta pin". I later became a member of Alpha Xeta, an honorary Agricultural fraternity.

I was not what you would call an athlete but I did pretty well as a runner. I won my letter as a freshman and was the fastest quartermiler on the relay team that broke the state record and competed in the Big Ten meet in Chicago. During my junior and senior years I ran the mile and the two mile, again winning my college letter. I served as the manager of the football team during my junior and senior year. I was also on the college debating team and won my gold A watch fob in a debate with Grinnell in which Grinnell won by a unanimous

Packard: decision! During my senior year I was chosen to be a member of what was called the "Cardinal Guild" which got its name from the fact that the college colors were cardinal and gold. It was an honorary group whose rather moral duty was to promote adult behavior. It had an aura of righteousness about it, that somehow did not appeal to me, but I felt highly honored in being selected.

I became interested in the Y.M.C.A. when I was a freshman. I can still remember how important I felt when I got a letter from Jack Prall, the employed secretary of the college Y.M.C.A., asking me to teach a Bible study class the following year. I accepted and, by the end of my sophomore year I was elected President of the college Y which was credited, rightly or wrongly, with having more Bible study classes than any other college. It was quite logical, therefore, for me to attend the Y.M.C.A. summer school at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Baum: This was the summer after the one you spent on Turner's ranch?

Packard: Yes. This was after my sophomore year. I came under the influence of men like John R. Mott, Robert Spear, and other inspirational leaders who were promoting what was called the "Student Volunteer Movement." Today it might be called the Peace Corps. "Why," they said to me, "can't you become an agricultural missionary? You are a Christian and as such you must believe that spreading the Gospel is the greatest of callings." I could not counter this logic so I became a "student volunteer" at the end of my sophomore year.

On a Surveying Crew in Idaho - Summer, 1906

Packard: I spent the summer following my junior year as rod man on a survey crew in Idaho. A good deal of excitement had been developed over the opportunities for apple production on newly established irrigation projects in the Northwest. My father was attorney for a Chicago bonding firm that was financing the Canyon Canal Project on the Payette River, which explains my job. I first went to the big exposition in Portland, Oregon, where all the wonders of the Pacific Northwest were displayed. I returned to Boise where I met my father who was staying at a swank hotel. For some reason, he must have felt that staying at a cheap hotel would improve my character. At any rate, we secured a room in a little hotel in the lower part of town. Two things happened that had nothing to do with character building. I had to change rooms three times the first night because of bed bugs, which were new to me. And chamber maids were so solicitous that I had a hard time keeping them out of my room. Some weeks later I picked up a Boise paper and saw a headline "Millions of Lives Lost". It was an account of the burning of my hotel.

I spent the rest of the summer in survey camps along the Payette River--an experience which ended with a case of dysentery from drinking unboiled water. A construction crew with mules and scrapers occupied the same camp. A mule skinner offered me \$5.00 if I would lean over at a distance of about ten feet

Packard: and let him take one crack at my behind with his black snake (a whip for mules). I wasn't that badly in need of money. The project involved the construction of a dam and miles of wooden flume, in addition to open ditch work, so I got a good start in the field of irrigation engineering. I took an interest in the land too. I filed on a 40-acre piece of rather rough land near the lower end of the project with the idea that I might at some time plant an apple orchard. How this fitted into my plans for becoming an agricultural missionary is a mystery. Perhaps it was because I was completely fascinated with the sagebrush country.

Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Stanford University - 1907-1908

Packard: Back in college in the Fall, I made a very wise decision which had much to do with my future career. I accepted a job as the part-time secretary of the college Y.M.C.A. at Stanford University. It would give me a chance to get more work in the social sciences than I had been able to get at Ames. But before going to Stanford I attended a Y.M.C.A. summer school at Lake Geneva, where I had a first course in psychology. What I learned threw me for a loop. It explained what I had thought of as conversion in terms of psychology rather than a deep religious experience.

So when I began my work at Stanford I was thoroughly confused. My confusion, moreover, was compounded by the fact that I, as the paid secretary, had to conduct a Bible study

Packard: class in a club house in Mayfield because the group was considered to be too tough for any of the students... I found them all to be socialists. Why they had asked for a Bible study class is a question I can't answer. At any rate, we had Bible study for about fifteen minutes and then discussed socialism 'til midnight. By Christmas I was a socialist and none of them was a Christian. (Laughter) So I sent in my resignation to take effect at the close of the year.

It was necessary for me to attend the winter Y.M.C.A. meeting at Pacific Grove. My back-sliding had become a general concern. One kindly and gentle old Methodist minister asked me to go to his room for a personal conference, which I did. But what a session! The dear fellow prayed for my lost soul and explained in the prayer how his message was being carried by the Holy Ghost, through Christ to God. By that time, however, I was quite immune. I got through the year without collecting all of my salary of \$800.00.

Back to Idaho to Prove a Land Claim - Summer 1908

Packard: When school was out I went to Idaho to prove up on the 40 acre Carey claim I had filed on when I spent the summer of my junior year at Ames in surveying on an irrigation project.

Baum: I believe your father had some experience in irrigation districts?

Packard: Yes, my father was the attorney for one of the bonding companies in Chicago that handled irrigation bonds during the early period

Packard: of irrigation development at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Baum: Do you remember the name of the company?

Packard: Trowbridge and Niver. They financed irrigation development in Idaho and Colorado. Little was known then about the problems of irrigation, particularly about the problem of financing. As a result, before many years, every major bonding house in the United States that handled irrigation bonds went into bankruptcy because the settlers were not able to meet the payments that were required. Settlers going onto raw desert land had to clear it, level it, and prepare the surface for irrigation. All this took time, hard work, and money. Very few of the first generation settlers were able to meet their own personal costs, to say nothing of paying for water. Usually in the West at that time it took from two to four succeeding families, each contributing something, before the final family could succeed. This was true of the projects the Trowbridge and Niver Company was financing. It was because of these facts that the Bureau of Reclamation had been established by Theodore Roosevelt in 1902. The Bureau was empowered to grant long term payments with no interest charge.

Baum: Were these ones that went bankrupt privately settled ones, not irrigation districts?

Packard: Yes, they were private irrigation companies that tried to develop water for sale at a profit. Developing irrigation projects was a very popular thing at that time.

Packard: The Trowbridge and Niver firm put on a terrific exhibit in Chicago, in one of the big show places, having exhibits of carloads of apples and other products from small irrigation projects that had already been developed. There was a lot of excitement about it at that time.

Baum: Oh, I've read some of the pamphlets. They have a lot of them in Bancroft Library.

Packard: Yes. A lot of excitement about the possibilities of developing land in the West. But they found there was not enough money in it, not enough profit. The farmers went broke without enough capital.

Baum: Did your father have any opinions about the validity of any of these enterprises?

Packard: To my father's credit, he turned down the bonds in the first project he investigated in Idaho, a project on the Payette River, called the Canyon Canal project. And, as a result of that, he was dismissed by the company and within three or four years after that the company went into bankruptcy.

My brother, John, then in high school in Oak Park, joined me in Idaho and remained with me for a year. He and my father never understood each other. John rejected parental discipline and it seemed best all around that he should be with me for a while, a decision in which I heartily agreed. John, of course, looked upon me as a Y.M.C.A. man and was, therefore, on his guard. John landed at Payette with an old Springfield forty-five caliber rifle which seemed appropriate for anyone entering

Packard: the great wild West. His vision of our Association was shocked, first, by the fact that I suggested we play a game of pool at the hotel while we waited for a train to Emmett, which was to be our headquarters. The second shock came the first Sunday morning when I suggested that we go for a swim. On seeing John's surprise, I helped the situation by saying we would take a morning bath which he had been accustomed to at home. At any rate, we hit it off in great shape. We built a one room board and bat shack, (without the bats) bought two chairs, built a rough board table in one corner, made our two beds on the floor and cooked our meals on a kerosene stove and spent our days grubbing sagebrush. I hired a neighbor with horses and a Fresno scraper to level enough land to conform to the government requirement for proving up on a Carey Act claim. We soon arranged to get two meals a day at our neighbors.

Mr. Hull was a tall bearded man who had come West in a covered wagon. He could hit a target with his frontiersman's pistol much more accurately than we could with John's Springfield rifle.

The Hulls had a daughter named Millie who was about John's age, who took quite a liking to him--a feeling which was not reciprocated by John. One evening at a party at the school house a game was started where the couple would stand up facing each other. When the man in charge named something that the individual liked, that individual was supposed to take a step forward. If the item mentioned was disliked the individual

Packard: was supposed to step back. The climax would come when the couple were near enough to kiss. John was caught in this game with Millie. The first item mentioned was sugar. Millie immediately took a demure step forward while John turned around and took as long a step as he could in the opposite direction. The two never met and John had to pay a penalty.

We all went to Emmett for the Fourth of July celebration. The cattle men from the surrounding country put on a wild rodeo. The lumbermen, who had just reached town with a log drive down the river, put on log sawing contests and log rolling in the mill pond, while the miners from the Thunder Mountain gold fields had rock drilling contests. Nothing could have been more exciting for John and me.

Our means of transportation was a donkey which we bought for \$10.00 in Emmett... The front position was the favorite because in going uphill the front rider could slide back and push the hind rider off the end. (Laughter) Unfortunately, the day we bought the burro and were riding him out of town two members of the Trowbridge Bonding firm were in town and recognized us. One of the men was a deacon in the Oak Park church. He wore a Prince Albert coat and top hat at home and had a full set of whiskers patterned after Charles Evans Hughes. It seemed quite proper for us to invite them out to dinner on our Carey Act claim. I had no idea they would accept. But the next day, just before noon, when John and I were grubbing sagebrush I saw some dust down the road and a team of horses

Packard: approaching. I sent John to the shack to put it in order and went out to meet our guests. They were first impressed by the rattlesnake and badger skins that were nailed to the outside of the shack. John was pushing a ring of dust and dirt down a knot hole in the floor with a whisk broom when they entered. Thinking that the occasion called for something special I decided on French fried potatoes and flapjacks. I had never cooked French fries and, therefore, made the mistake of putting the potatoes in the pan before the bacon juice was hot enough. Result--total failure. But I was an expert with flapjacks and cooked a pile about a foot high and invited our guests to help themselves. Everything was all right until the log cabin maple syrup can was passed. To our astonishment out came a flood of drowned red ants. The sad part of this incident was the wild stories our guests carried back to Oak Park.

Berkeley: Graduate Work in Soils & Irrigation Engineering
1908-1909

Packard: John and I returned to Berkeley where I went to college and John went to high school. I had the same ideas that I had when I entered college at Ames. I wanted to earn my way if I could, although it was not necessary. John and I waited table at a college boarding house for our room and board and I worked for the Geological Survey in running alkali tests on water samples, for cash money.

I registered as a graduate student specializing in soils

Packard: and irrigation engineering. I was fortunate, indeed, to have my soil work under Dr. Eugene Hilgard, the dean of soil scientists and a very wonderful character. I was equally fortunate in having my irrigation engineering under Prof. B. A. Etcheverry and my irrigation law under Prof. A. E. Chandler. All of these professors remained as my personal friends and mentors during their lifetimes.

I recall an incident involving Dr. Hilgard which I thought was the height of absurdity. He was to be initiated into the Alpha Zeta fraternity as an honored member. When the undergraduate student in charge of the ceremony went through the ritual he read in solemn tones "Now that you have entered our wonderful fraternal brotherhood, your future will be bright," or something like that. Dr. Hilgard never batted an eye although I came near laughing.

When I entered Cal, I was acutely conscious of the seriousness of my work. I realized that my living would depend upon what I knew--a viewpoint which had not impressed me when I was a student volunteer. As a result I applied myself as I never had before. As a result I got top grades which I had never done before. I represented what I have come to know as slow starters. I had had no compelling thirst for knowledge during my school and college days. Another factor was, I think, that questions of science, economics, and philosophy were never raised in conversation at home. This slowness in becoming aware of reality applied to my work at Stanford where my marks in the social sciences were abominable. But

Packard: eleven years later when I was taking graduate work in economics at Harvard, I received top grades and an invitation to join the faculty.

The point I want to make is that slow starters who have a hard time getting into college these days are not necessarily low I.Q.'s who must be relegated to inferior positions. They may have qualities which are not accurately measured by academic standards at the high school age.

I was graduated from Cal in 1909 with the degree of Master of Science.

Irrigation Investigation - 1909

Packard: My first job out of college was with the Irrigation Investigation office of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, gathering irrigation data in the Upper San Joaquin Valley for the 1910 Irrigation Census. The territory I covered included Kings and Tulare counties and part of Kern County. I had to get as complete a record as possible from every irrigation project in the area. Large operators were just beginning to build levees in the Tulare Lake area. Artesian wells were running freely on many of the large cattle raising properties, with no thought of any possible shortage of water. On one trip I remember driving two miles or more through a lake of water where I kept to the center of the road by keeping halfway between the tops of the fence posts on either side... On one occasion

Packard: I went with the county engineer of Tulare county when I measured the division of water between the Kawea and St. Johns Rivers-- a division set by the courts after a suit which cost \$500,000.00. As I recall, the court order divided the water down to half a second foot. But when the county engineer made the actual division he determined the flow by throwing a stick into the stream and recorded the time it took to go 100 feet which had been paced off on the river bank. The cross section was made by wading across the stream with a wooden yard stick, recording the depth of water at ten foot intervals. Watching from the bank I was quite certain that a mistake of a foot was made in two readings. But the result appeared to be satisfactory, because I heard of no complaints from farmers.

Years later, in various capacities, I was involved in the efforts to conserve water and to get a new supply from the Sacramento River.

Baum: Frank Adams worked on that census, didn't he?

Packard: I worked with Frank all the way through, over the years, but in that particular case I was working for Cohen, who was in charge of the census survey. I want to pay tribute to Frank Adams whose sincerity of purpose and loyalty I have always greatly admired. Although my brand of democracy often irritated him, he never failed to come to my defense when I needed a friend.

Marriage to Emma Lou Leonard, December 20, 1909

Packard: After completing my irrigation census work, I returned to Iowa for my marriage to Emma Leonard, a classmate at Ames. It was love at first sight with me. Emmy Lou, as she was called at college, was very active in class activities and always ready to take part in college doings. She was born on a farm near Waukee, Iowa, and had come to Ames to take a domestic science course. We hit it off as good friends from the start. Her father, Henry Lee Leonard, (known affectionately in his home town in Vermont as Hell Let Loose) was a pioneer settler who led the farmers in the area in tile draining the land, selecting seed corn, and in feeding cattle from the range country for shipment to the Chicago market. Once when he was asked to submit a paper at a farmers' meeting at Ames he began by saying, "If you want good corn you don't plant popcorn, and if you want good cattle you don't use popcorn bulls." He was an early subscriber to Wallace's Farmer and the Rural New Yorker. He took the Chicago Tribune to keep abreast of the livestock market. He was a member of the Populist party, which was the radical party of his time. In order to get better credit terms for farmers he established a bank in Waukee, where he served as president until his death in 1912. Emma's mother was one of the kindest persons I have known. She had been a student at Knox College, Illinois, and wanted all of her children to have an education. She raised eight children, all of whom followed her example by joining the local Christian

Packard: church.

Emma was not only active in college life, but was a top student. She played on the college women's basketball team and played the piano at all Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. meetings. When I went to Stanford she remained at Ames, serving as assistant college librarian. The following year she served as a Y.W.C.A. social worker in the South Carolina mill village of Greer, where she was known as "Miss Emmer". The Y work was financed by Anne Morgan, who was keenly interested in efforts to improve the living standard of the mill workers. The psychology which Emma encountered was dominated by the idea that work and going to church were the two rightful activities of any worker. Play was somehow associated with sin and indolence. The twelve hour day was in force and although child labor was prohibited by law, children would be allowed to help their parents in the mill work. I had my first contact with the red soil hills of the Piedmont country when I visited Emma during the Christmas vacation in 1908, going from Berkeley to Greer, by train, of course.

We were married in Waukee, Iowa, on December 20, 1909. My mother and brother came to the wedding which was conducted by Dr. Orange Howard Cessna, professor of psychology and the college chaplain at Ames. Immediately following the wedding Emma and I took the train for Des Moines, where we transferred to a pullman car for the trip to Kansas City, where we connected

Packard: with the through Santa Fe train for the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, and our new home in El Centro, the county seat of Imperial Valley where I was to serve as a representative of the College of Agriculture of the University of California for seven interesting years.



Walter Packard family
Berkeley - 1917.



Walter Packard and Carl McQuiston
Palm Springs - 1916.



Packards and the Veihmeyers
Berkeley - 1917.

The Packards and the Veihmeyers. Berkeley 1917-1918

IMPERIAL VALLEY, 1909 - 1917

Living Conditions in El Centro

Baum: Would you explain, now, what you were doing in Imperial Valley?

Packard: I went to Imperial Valley, as a representative of the University of California, to gather facts on which the College of Agriculture could decide whether or not they should establish an experiment farm in the Valley. The Valley people had made a request for such farm through the State Legislature, which had appropriated \$6,000.00 to cover the cost of an investigation of the need. I was selected for the job by Edward J. Wickson, then Dean of the College of Agriculture and editor of the Pacific Rural Press, the leading agricultural journal of the state. Dr. J. Eliot Coit, a University of California horticulturalist with wide experience in the Southwest, was my immediate supervisor.

Emma and I arrived in El Centro after spending Christmas day on a honeymoon trip to the Grand Canyon, arriving in El Centro just in time to make us eligible for membership in the Imperial Valley Pioneers. I was receiving the munificent salary of \$100.00 per month with no allowance for living expenses.

Baum: You only had \$100.00 per month to start with there?

Packard: Yes. But that was not as bad as it now sounds. We could get a four course dinner at the Oregon hotel--the best hotel in

Packard: the Valley--for fifty cents. After such a splurge we could spend a pleasant evening at an outdoor movie for 15 cents. I can remember the thrill we had when we moved into the new house on the Experiment Farm two years later, where we paid no rent and my salary was raised to \$1,800.00! We started housekeeping in one room which formed the front half of a wooden shack for which we paid \$15.00 per month. After a month of very primitive living we moved to a house across the street which we got for \$25.00 per month. It had a bath, kitchen, very small living room, a dining porch, and two bedrooms, one of which we rented to a real estate agent. The yard was bare but was given a strange character by the fact that the gravel walk leading to the front sidewalk was lined, on both sides, with beer bottles stuck into the ground upside down. The house had no insulation and became an oven when the hot weather started. On particularly hot days Emma would run water into the bath tub, put a pillow in to lean on, and spend the afternoon reading.

The heat, at times, seemed unbearable. Hanging wet burlap over open doors and windows helped some by cooling the air a bit, but the practice also increased the humidity which tended to make the heat more unbearable. Soaking sheets and placing them on the bed with an electric fan blowing on the bed helped to cool the mattress.

This practice reminds me of an incident which happened when Foster Campbell, an Ames classmate, and his wife spent

Packard: a day with us in Tent City on the Coronado sand strip in San Diego. Foster had a very sensitive skin, but paid no attention to the danger of sunburn. He would go in and out of the water, lying in the bright sun between dips. He and I drove back to the Valley that night. The next morning he began to develop water blisters as he perspired in the heat. I had him lie naked on a wet sheet with a wet sheet over him and let the fan cool him off. In retrospect, I don't know why he didn't die of pneumonia.

Because of the heat many of the wives would leave the Valley with the children when school closed in June, and would stay out of the heat until school opened in the fall. I remember attending a party during the first winter I was there when all of the women vowed they would not abandon the men during the next summer. A small cyclone occurred about the middle of June and the electric current was cut off all over the Valley. Emma had already left, so I had dinner that night in a cafe lighted by a lamp and with no fans running. Later on I saw the evening train pulling out for Los Angeles with every reservation taken by the women who had vowed to stay. (Laughter)

Many farm families lived in tent houses with screened open sides and covered by a second roof, often a thatched roof made of arrow weeds supported by a light frame. The space between the roof created an air current while the top roof prevented the sun from shining directly on the tent. The tents were usually placed on top of a wooden frame, three or

Packard: four feet high with board floors. Some of these tent houses were quite elaborate affairs. The general plan permitted many modified designs.

Baum: But you didn't ever have to live quite that primitively, did you?

Packard: No, we never had to live in a tent house. But for three or four months while the house was being built on the Experiment Farm, we lived in a one room shack next to a ditch bank with no running water or inside toilet facilities and, of course, no electric lights and consequently no fans. The personally disturbing character of this environment was demonstrated when a fly flew into a lemon pie which Emma had just made and was carrying to the table. The pie ended on the ditch bank and frustrated tears flowed for quite a while.

Since we could find no good houses for rent in El Centro, we decided to build a house of our own. It was a two bedroom redwood house modeled after the design of a house we had seen in Pasadena. It cost \$1,800.000, and was located on a lot costing \$100.00, at the corner of Sixth and Holt. I managed to supervise construction while Emma was spending the summer and fall with my father and mother in Pasadena. When Emma returned with Clara, who was born in the Pasadena hospital on November 2, 1910, we moved into the new home and celebrated Christmas with a greasewood shrub for a Christmas tree and with my gifted artist cousin, Bertha Heise, as our guest.

Emmy Lou, our second daughter, joined us three and a

Packard: half years later. She was born on the Experiment Farm on April 15, 1914.

The dust storms in those early days were almost as bad as the heat. They would blow for three or four days at a time during the spring and would not only cover everything with dust, but would create an electric force that would put everyone on edge.

Mrs. : I remember in one of these storms I had some of my scalloped wedding doilies on the dining room table. When I picked them up after the storm, the pattern of the doilies with all the scallops remained as a dust pattern on the table. I still have the picture I took of that work of art. The dust sifted into linen closets and drawers. After a storm I'd have to shake, dust or wash everything in the house. The dust was like flour, you just couldn't keep it out.

Packard: Dust remained a source of irritation during our seven years in the Valley.

Early Local Politics

Packard: On arriving in El Centro, I was given office space by Mr. Medhurst who was editor of the Free Lance, a newspaper which I assumed was owned by the Southern Pacific. Medhurst was an old employee of the Southern Pacific and a very colorful character. The Free Lance was in competition with the Imperial Valley Press, whose editor, Captain Kelley was one of the first State Foresters in California. He was an interesting character

Packard: who always wore a fancy vest about which Medhurst often editorialized. Captain Kelley, among other things, was a famous pistol shot. He was famous also for having won a bet with the original William Randolph Hearst by capturing a grizzly bear alive in a trap he devised in the Sierras. The bear occupied a cage in the San Francisco zoo for many years.

My association with Medhurst gave me a chance to get some interesting facts regarding the earlier history of the Valley. There was a lively contest between the towns of Imperial and El Centro for the county seat of Imperial County. Mr. W. F. Holt, who established Holtville, on the east side of the Valley, wanted to build a branch line from Holtville to the main track of the Southern Pacific. He first asked to have a right of way into the city of Imperial, which had already been established, but those who were in charge of the development of the city of Imperial either refused or were charging too much. So Mr. Holt established a new town of his own, which was called El Centro. This, of course, led to a very active fight between the two towns.

A crucial decision affecting this fight was made when Imperial County was created by separating it from San Diego County. There was a meeting of the supervisors in San Diego and representatives from Imperial Valley had to attend this meeting to put up their claims regarding the boundaries of the supervisorial districts. It happened that the line that had been drawn by the Imperial people was just halfway between

Packard: El Centro and Imperial. But Mr. Holt found that the supervisor of San Diego County, who would carry over and be the only already elected supervisor of the new county, owned a farm just on the Imperial side of this division line. So at the meeting in San Diego, Mr. Holt said that he was very much interested in getting land north of Holtville, because Holtville was his town and he wanted to extend its influence. He would be willing, he said, to give them half a mile of land between El Centro and Imperial in exchange for the land north of Holtville. So, they all agreed and that was fine. It was not until they got halfway back to Imperial that the Imperial people realized that Holt had taken over their supervisor. (Laughter). Holt, thus, controlled the only already elected supervisor, who was a Holt man, and who from then on represented the Imperial supervisorial district. Mr. Holt, who was a devout church man, said to me one time he had always told his men never to do anything that was dishonest. "But," he added, "they certainly used a lot of money."

Baum: Did you say that Holt was a Southern Pacific employee and so was Medhurst?

Packard: Medhurst had been a station agent with the Southern Pacific. But Holt was a capitalist and a banker living in Redlands. He was working with rather than for, the Southern Pacific. His standing was indicated by the fact that he had a private pullman car which often stood for days on the El Centro or Holtville siding.

Baum: I suppose the Southern Pacific was trying to build up farming there to...

Packard: Oh yes. The Southern Pacific was involved very deeply in Valley affairs, politically and otherwise. When the Colorado River broke through in 1906 and cut two new river channels through the Valley and into the Salton Sea, the Southern Pacific Company had to relocate their main line to keep above the rising water. The break was finally closed by a titanic engineering effort in which the Southern Pacific Company played an important role, by running trains of flat cars loaded with large rocks into the new channel when the water began to recede. This directed the water down the old channel to the Gulf of California.

I am indebted to Medhurst for my first contact with the Colorado River problem. He asked me to report on what was happening below the border during an unusually high flood stage of the river. There was constant fear in the Valley that the river would again leave its banks and establish a new channel leading north into the Salton Sea. A group of about fifteen people made the trip. We were the guests of the California Mexican Ranch, whose manager Mr. Walter Bowker directed the investigation. We went by car across open desert country to a point where we could be transferred to a flat bottomed gasoline launch which cruised over much of the flooded area. We camped that night on high ground near the mud volcanoes where I nearly lost my life. I foolishly left a prescribed

Packard: path through the area in order to get a better view of the boiling mud in one of the larger craters. The crust began to break and I narrowly missed falling head first into the crater. After a breakfast of sausage and fried eggs cooked over the camp fire, we continued the cruise among the mesquite trees scattered over the flooded area. No significant cutting was noticed and no new channels were being formed, so we returned to the cars for the drive home, where I prepared an account of the trip for the Free Lance.

Baum: Did you have any other contact with Mexico then? I know you spent some years in Mexico later on.

Packard: Yes, I did. I remember two personal incidents, both related to the Madera Revolution which started in 1910. Since one objective of the land reform program was to take over the California-Mexico ranch belonging to Harry Chandler of the Los Angeles Times, considerable fighting between the regular Mexican army stationed in Mexicali and the Madera forces occurred below the line.

On the morning of a day when a determined attack on Mexicali by the advancing revolutionary forces was expected, I managed to get a bird's eye view from a roost on top of the Calexico water tower located on the International border. I could look into the trenches of the defending garrison below me and could get occasional glimpses of what I assumed to be the attacking forces across New River. The planned attack was not made, so my anticipated rendezvous with destiny brought no results.

Packard: The other incident to which I referred concerned my brother John who was spending his high school vacation with us in El Centro. As I recorded earlier, John had become a socialist after hearing Eugene Debs make one of his impassioned talks in the Greek Theater at the University of California in his 1908 campaign for the Presidency. On a visit to the Mexican border he became intensely interested in the cause of the Revolution, and wanted to take my shotgun and 22-rifle and join the Madera Forces. His revolutionary zeal was whetted and, in a sense, diluted by the promise of 160 acres of land after victory had been obtained. I managed to avert the crisis by getting him a job on the State Game Farm near Hayward--in which he was very much interested. I might add that some years later John returned to the Valley as a civil liberties lawyer to defend the rights of striking farm workers who had been arrested and held in jail as a strike breaking technique. On two occasions the vigilante farmer group became so threatening that John had to be escorted out of the Valley by motorcycle police.

Another incident, shedding light on the politics of the time, occurred during an election in July. It was hot and everyone who could get away had moved out of the Valley. So just before election day Medhurst went to Yuma and picked up all the bums he could find that would come to El Centro. (Laughter) He gave them the names of the people whom he knew had moved out of the Valley for the summertime. They were all lined up for the election. But the first man to appear

Packard: was an Irishman who had forgotten the name that Medhurst gave him. So he got out the paper. The election judge said, "What's that?" And he said, "This is my name." Medhurst, informed of what he did, said, "Well, I had to just tell my forty men to turn around and march out," but he said, "I was in no danger because the other side had the same number." (Laughter) But that's the way politics went down there at that time.

There was another incident involving Medhurst which further illustrates the character of the times. The city of Imperial voted wet and became a rundown saloon town. All other towns in the Valley were dry. But bootlegging was widespread. Medhurst used the Free Lance in leading an anti-bootlegging campaign in El Centro, although he was a heavy drinker. Mr. Davis, who owned one of the main drugstores, was supposed to be the principal offender. I went to the final town meeting when Medhurst was going to discuss the issue. He won and as a result Davis had to stop selling liquor for awhile. When I was walking home from the meeting with Medhurst, he stopped at a restaurant and said, "Just a minute. I have to go get something." He came out with a bottle of whiskey, and said, "Davis has been charging me too much. I simply would not stand for it." And that was the whole reason (Laughter) for his campaign.

During the Prohibition era there was a speaker from Los Angeles who was addressing a group in El Centro on the dangers

Packard: of alcohol. He had a demonstration showing how alcohol would kill germs. And I remember quite distinctly when a farmer's wife sitting in front of me, leaned over to her husband and said, "I'm never going to drink any more of this Colorado muddy water without a little whiskey in it." (Laughter)

Baum: He sold her on the whiskey, huh.

Social Life

Baum: It sounds like there wasn't much family life there in Imperial Valley, if the conditions were so terrible.

Packard: Oh no, there was a camaraderie about living in the Valley during those pioneer days that made everybody neighbors. There were many young college graduates both on farms and in all of the towns. Some were young professional people--doctors, lawyers, and real estate agents--getting a start in a pioneer area. A country club was organized in El Centro which became quite a center for social life. The Ten Thousand Club was a women's Chamber of Commerce. The objective was to increase the population of El Centro, then about 3,000 to 10,000. The Ten Thousand Club finally became a part of the Federated Women's Clubs of the state. Emma was active in this organization and also in organizing the first P.T.A. in El Centro. And then there were occasional trips to the desert and the mountains, which always thrilled us. For example, we celebrated my first birthday in the Valley on a two day trip to Signal

Packard: Mountain and back. We drove with a farmer friend and his family in a buckboard wagon drawn by a team of horses. We camped out at the foot of the mountain and climbed to the top before it got too hot in the morning. When we moved onto the Experiment Farm our frequent means of relaxation was to drive to El Centro, park Clara in her baby buggy in the prescription department of Duniway's drugstore which joined the Open House, where we went to the movies.

The Holtville fiesta typified the spirit of the time. It was organized by Phil Brooks, Dave Williams, and other kindred characters who owned farms on the east side of the Valley, or were in the real estate business in Holtville. Their enthusiasm and energy got everyone excited about the big New Year's celebration. The program was planned well in advance. Farmers were induced to donate turkeys, chickens, and farm products. Farmer's wives and women in town baked pies and cakes. Ten to twelve thousand attended from all over the Valley. Some brought picnic dinners but nearly everyone got all they could eat from the Fiesta food supply, which included barbecued beef and lamb, cooked by Vaughn Azhderian, an Armenian farmer who was our neighbor at Meloland. For some days before the Fiesta each year we would see "blanket stiffs" making their way past the Experiment Farm to Holtville where they could cache enough food to last for days. A very lively rodeo followed the dinner. Dave Williams officiated. He had a beautiful Palomino horse and silver-mounted saddle

Packard: which, with his big sombrero, made quite a picture. Texas cowboys rode bucking horses, roped cattle, and put on a great show.

Another event of a somewhat similar character was the annual barbecue given by the California-Mexican Ranch in connection with their sale of horses and mules. Walter Bowker, manager of the ranch, was a colorful character. He and his family lived in a large ranch house on the American side of the border, where the auctions took place.

Baum: This was an affair all the Valley people would come to?

Packard: Yes. People would come whether they wanted to buy or not. There was a glamour associated with the big Mexican ranch and the barbecue that was hard to ignore.

There were a good many interesting characters in the Valley at that time. Harold Bell Wright was one of them. He lived about a mile east of us. He had quite a large ranch, producing horses and cotton. And he had a very practical ranch type home. There was a long driveway leading to the house, which was set back about a quarter of a mile from the main road. The driveway was lined on both sides with red Ragged Robin roses, which were very beautiful during most of the season. He would never buy an automobile but he had two very beautiful driving horses and a very fancy buggy--a phaeton. He and his wife would drive into town in great style with liveried coachmen in the seat.

Baum: Was Howard Bell Wright primarily a rancher or a writer?

Packard: He was both, but primarily an author. He was a good rancher, too. He raised purebred saddle horses and specialized on cotton production.

Baum: It seems curious for someone who was already established as a writer to live in such a hot, difficult climate.

Packard: He came to the Valley because he had T. B. and thought the dry climate might help. He finally moved to Arizona, which was just as hot and dry, but where he avoided the annoyance of the fine silt dust which was a major trial for Valley people.

The last time we saw the Harold Bell Wright farm was in 1956. The Ragged Robin roses were dead and the ranch house was occupied as sleeping quarters by Mexican ranch hands working for an absentee owner.

The Winning of Barbara Worth was the popular novel at the time, at least in the Valley which provided the setting. The Barbara Worth hotel--by far the best hotel in the Valley until it burned down in 1958--was built at that time.

And then there was Fritz Kloke and his remarkable wife. He had been a miner in Alaska, where they met, and where he had accumulated a small fortune. Mrs. Kloke, whose first husband was Captain Dawson of Alaskan fame, was the first woman to go down the White Horse Rapids on the Yukon. A group of men were going down the river on a raft and they were not taking any women. But Mrs. Kloke jumped from the pier onto the raft after it had started and had to stay on the rest of the way if she could. (Laughter) She was a terrific character--homely

Packard: as they come. She had lost one eye and never had the empty socket covered. She was noted for wearing large "Merry Widow" hats decorated with large ostrich plumes. The Kloke house was a veritable Alaskan museum with a magnificent white polar bear rug in the living room.

Mr. Kloke opened a bank in Calexico and planted pear trees on his farm a short distance out of town. Mrs. Kloke was a great gardener. Her flower beds were by far the best in the Valley. She was very community minded and was very active as a civic leader.

Baum: Was the pear farm successful? I didn't know pears would do well in such a hot valley.

Packard: You are right, the pear orchard was not a success. But the bank was a success, and the Klokes' played an important role in Valley affairs as long as they lived.

With no air conditioning, the summer heat in the Valley was too much for Emma and our two little girls. So, as was the custom, Emma would take the children to the Coronado beach near San Diego during the summer while I would remain on the farm, driving over the mountains to San Diego over the weekends when I could.

On one of the trips out of the Valley, our Model T Ford was loaded to capacity. The baby bed was strapped on the roof and both running boards were loaded with a variety of things. We camped out that night near Campo at the crest of the coast range and when we drove into San Diego the next morning we

Packard: were mistaken for refugees who were escaping the severe earthquake that had done considerable damage in the Valley that night. Of course, unknown to us. When I got back to the farm a day or so later, two dozen glass cans of apricots which Emma had put up just before leaving were in a messy pile on the kitchen floor.

It was that summer, as I recall it, when Emma was able to get Clara, then five years old, into Madame Montessori's class in San Diego. She had come over from Italy to promote her particular type of child training. Clara was not impressed by the opportunity. She much preferred staying on the beach playing in the sand. Various means of training were used. In one class designed to develop poise, Dr. Montessori walked in a dignified way along a straight chalk line and Clara followed just as close as she could get without stepping on Madame Montessori's heels.

Mrs. Packard: A Stay at Dr. Pottenger's Tuberculosis Sanatorium

Packard: It was that summer, too, when we found that Emma had tuberculosis, which made it necessary for her to spend a year and a half at Dr. Pottenger's sanatorium in the hills above Monrovia. Here I will let Emma take over.

Baum: How did you manage to leave the children when you went to the sanatorium?

Mrs. : Packard That was our biggest problem, of course. We had a school girl from the Meloland school who lived with us and helped with the

Mrs. : children and housework. In addition, Walter hired a housekeeper Packard and somehow managed to "keep the home fires burning" when he took the children back after the summer heat had let up. I give him enormous credit for the way he met this emergency.

Baum: How did you happen to go to Monrovia?

Mrs. : I had suffered severely from hay fever in the dust of Imperial Packard Valley. While at Coronado Beach for the summer, I went to a Dr. Frances Allen in San Diego to get help for that. She had had T. B. herself, so she recognized the symptoms and recommended Dr. Pottenger and his sanatorium as the best help that I could get. I had inherited a sum of money from my father, which made the expense possible. So Walter took me up to Monrovia in September, 1915, leaving me there, while he took the two children back home to Imperial Valley.

Baum: What was the method of treatment at that time? I understand that the sanatorium method has largely been discontinued with the discovery of streptomycin.

Mrs. : At that time, rest in bed was the first treatment. Here, I Packard think a few words about Dr. Francis Pottenger, himself, are in order. He was something of a pioneer in T. B. treatment. His first wife had died of it during the period when it was thought that high altitude and exercise was a good thing. Many went to the Southwest for the dry air and mild climate, or to Colorado for the altitude. Dr. Pottenger specialized in the study of T. B. after his wife's death and his sanatorium was one of three in the U.S. that rated as tops--one of these was run by

Mrs. : the famous Dr. Trudeau, whose sanatorium was at Saranac Lake, Packard New York. In being a pioneer, Dr. Pottenger was often at odds with the A.M.A. and was something of an experimenter and innovator in his treatment. Rest in bed until most of the fever subsided was the first treatment. In addition to caring for the general health of the patient, he used tuberculin vaccine which was supposed to help gain immunity to fight the disease.

Baum: How did he keep people contented, with so much time on their hands?

Mrs. : It was said that Dr. Pottenger's ability to keep people happy for the minimum six months of rest was the main secret of his success. In the first place, he immediately became "Father" to all patients and always called himself that. He bantered and joked one out of a morning grouch. The daily routine actually was designed to keep the patient busy--and interrupted from dull thoughts.

Baum: This sounds like an expensive place to stay.

Mrs. : In relation to salaries, I suppose it was above regular medical services of the period. But I paid \$35.00 a week, and that included absolutely everything--room, board, two visits from the doctor every day, a nurse always on call by bell, all medicines and X-rays--nothing was "extra" unless you needed a special nurse which most people did not.

Again, Dr. Pottenger had a way of finding out the interests of patients and stimulating their mental activities--Freud

Mrs. : was being talked of a great deal about that time. Among the Packard books in the sanatorium library I found one called The Law of Psychic Phenomenon by Thomas Jay Hudson--which seemed too old and out of date--but no, "Father" said it was rather a basic history of the development of psychology and worth reading-- which I did and enjoyed, and have always followed up in a general way as new ideas along the lines of psychology have been presented.

Baum: It looks as though sanatorium life was made as pleasant as a summer resort.

Mrs. : Yes, it really was once you accepted the routine, and much Packard entertainment was provided for patients who were able to be up many hours of a day. Every holiday was noted on the menu with appropriate foods. Visitors were allowed after 4 p.m., but there was no strict rule about this, except for Rest Hours, which must not be interrupted! On the whole, patients adjusted happily and if not, they usually left, on advice of Dr. Pottenger. "Father" became a lifelong friend of the family and we often consulted him by letter. However, the subjects of the letters became wide and varied as he was intensely interested in the same social and economic problems with which Walter was working.

Baum: Did you stay at the sanatorium all the time until "cured"?

Mrs. : They did not call it a "cure" at that period--always the word Packard used was "arrested" case. I stayed for fifteen months the first time and was allowed to go home in time for Christmas of 1916 where I spent two months or more. About April, I went back

Mrs. : to the sanatorium for a couple of months additional "booster shots" of tuberculin. By that time, my husband had accepted the job of Assistant State Leader of Farm Advisors with the University of California, and we moved to Berkeley during the summer of 1917, to a house at 2817 Piedmont Avenue.

I should also state before leaving this subject, that Dr. Pottenger examined all our family and gave the usual tuberculin tests. Clara spent a few weeks in my room and was given tuberculin as a cautionary preventive to help establish more resistance to the "bug". She has not had any trouble since. Emmy Lou, being younger, had some infection and did not thrive, but she never had an "open" case. When she was eight years old--the year we went to Delhi--"Father" was worried about her and thought it best for her to take the rest cure at the sanatorium. So we left her there for six months and she came back looking plump and rosy. As can be seen, this was an important period in the lives and health of all of the family. It was the first major crisis we had to meet and we all give Dr. Pottenger full credit for his help in meeting it. We saw him many times during the years--at home with his wife, for lunch, or on visits to the sanatorium--maybe for a check-up after a number of years. He died in 1961 at the age of 91. He was the author of several medical books on T. B. and in 1952 he published his autobiography.

Farming Conditions

Packard: To get back to Imperial Valley, I might say something about the character of the farming and the transitions which took place. In the beginning it was a period of small family-type farms. Many of the farmers were original homesteaders and most of them grew grain, alfalfa, and raised livestock. But the climate was especially adapted to the production of early vegetables and specialty crops. A few skilled and well financed farmers were beginning to produce and ship cantaloupes, onions, and cabbage in carload lots. It was not long before whole train loads of melons left the Valley for Eastern markets. But even on these specialized farms mules and horses provided the motive power. There were no tractors.

Two very contrasting records were made by two farmers in the Heber area which I think are worth recording. Mr. Will Fawcett was the largest cantaloupe grower in the early days. He had a 320-acre farm which was beautifully cared for. The Fawcetts lived on the farm in a very delightful and commodious tent house designed to minimize the discomfort from the heat. He used mules for motive power and employed seasonal labor during planting and harvest. He was a very successful family farm operator. As a result of his success in farming he became a director in the El Centro branch of the Bank of America and later on, a director in Transamerica which led to dire circumstances during the great depression. When talking to

Packard: Mr. Fawcett in Los Angeles just prior to the 1929 stock market crash, he told me he was borrowing all he could from the bank to buy Transamerica stock which he knew was going to recover from a temporary drop in value. As I recall it the stock was then selling for about \$20.00 per share. It finally reached a low of \$2.00 per share and during the decline the bank took everything that Mr. Fawcett owned, including his home and Cadillac car.

The other of these two family farm operators was Mr. Brock, who ran what was known as the Date Farm. As I recall it, the farm did not contain more than forty acres, only a portion of which was planted to dates. He stuck to farming, gradually expanding his operations in various places in the Valley.

He was one of the first to use tractors. I remember offering him a job in the Resettlement Administration in 1936. But he was entirely content with his lot as a farmer. His son now owns and operates the most highly mechanized commercial farms in the Valley, and is one of the largest users of Mexican braceros in the state.

Baum: So the small family farm went right out?

Packard: Yes, as a controlling factor. Many small farms remain but the big commercial operators dominate the Valley now.

Baum: I wanted to ask you about the labor on the farms in the early days. Where did they get their labor? You say the farms were mostly family farms at that time.

Packard: Most of the family farms, as I recall, were self-sufficient

Packard: so far as labor was concerned. There were a good many "blanket stiffness" who found work during harvest time. The main employment was associated with grape, melon, asparagus, and other specialty crop production. Hundreds of experienced packing-house workers called fruit tramps would appear at the beginning of the harvest season and stay till the harvest work ended. Many Japanese workers were employed at that time.

Baum: Wasn't that about the time when the I.W.W.'s were riding high?

Packard: Yes. There was an I.W.W. camp along the river near Holtville but I never had any contact with them.

Mrs. :
Packard The "blanket stiffness" would often stop in for something to eat on their way between El Centro and Holtville. We were told they had our front gate-post marked as a good place to stop for breakfast, if they asked for work. When they came I would give them some odd job and then cook some eggs and bacon for them. This type of labor has practically disappeared now.

Most of the workers in the Valley were itinerants, you know.

Baum: Yes. That's what I wondered. I supposed that all the farmers needed an extra man now and then.

Packard: Yes. But when it came to cantaloupes or grapes or harvesting specialty crops, thousands of workers would come in from Los Angeles. Many Mexican families lived in El Centro and Calexico.

Baum Transient American...

Packard: They were fruit tramps who followed the harvest season every year.

Baum: And always enough of those showed up at the time you needed them?

Packard: Yes.

Baum: I suppose they knew the route when they were needed.

Packard: Yes. They never had much labor shortage. People would come down even from the San Joaquin Valley to get jobs during the seasonal period of peak demand.

Baum: What kind of labor did you use on the Experiment Farm?

Packard: We had one steady farm hand to do the farm work and occasionally employed other workers on special jobs. The regular man lived in a small house built for the purpose. We frequently used a Mexican neighbor for odd jobs. He lived on a small farm about half a mile down the road.

The big change in employment came after the All American canal was completed. The assurance of an ample supply of relatively clear water provided the conditions under which large mechanized farms could be successfully organized.

Another factor which influenced the character of agriculture in the Valley was a letter by Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of Interior, under President Hoover, which exempted Imperial Valley from the restrictions of the acreage limitation provision of the Reclamation Act. This permitted shippers and other commercial operators to own and operate any amount of land. Big mechanized operations grew apace. And with it came the demand for itinerant farm workers and the growth of the Bracero program under which thousands of Mexican workers would be

Packard: brought in, usually under the guidance and control of labor contractors.

The transition period from family farms to corporate farming came during the beginning of the great depression when thousands of families from the Dust Bowl came to California looking for work. They camped on ditch banks and in slum areas bordering the town. Imperial Valley was often the first stop. As unorganized, propertyless, and disfranchised workers, they were exploited by the large farm operators, and considerable antagonism developed between the two groups.

Later on I got a touch of the intensity of feeling on both sides. On one occasion, when I was National Director of the Rural Resettlement Division, I had stopped in the Valley on my way from Washington to Berkeley to find out what I could about the difficulty which the Berkeley office was having in getting a labor camp established in Brawley. I met with the secretary of the Valley-wide Chamber of Commerce, whom I knew. He told me that every Chamber of Commerce in the Valley had gone on record against the camp program. When I asked him whether or not he had taken a vote among the farm workers who would benefit by the program, he could hardly understand what I was talking about. I explained that I was there in the interests of the workers and was not so much concerned about what the Chamber of Commerce thought. The camp was established but not until after one of the County officials had threatened to burn the camp down if we went ahead. The

Packard: camps improved conditions by providing clean camping places, hot and cold running water, toilet facilities, shower baths, facilities for washing clothes, and places to keep children under proper supervision and care when the parents were in the fields. But in spite of these improvements the camps were far from adequate. But this is getting ahead of my story.

Establishing the Imperial Valley Agricultural Experiment Station
University of California

Baum: Now, Mr. Packard, your job was to determine whether an experiment station would be a feasible thing there, is that right? Or a good idea?

Packard: Well, yes. My job was, first, to determine what the conditions were relating to climate, water, soils, and so on. And to find out whether or not an experimental station would be desirable and useful to the settlers who were just coming in. The legislature had made an appropriation of \$6,000 to finance a two-year study of this kind.

I had to get around the Valley by horse and buggy the first year. Then the University bought a motorcycle for my use. I remember riding out to the asparagus farm belonging to an attorney in Imperial. I met the manager at the watering trough. He dipped out a bucket of water and poured it over himself from head to foot, then refilled the bucket and handed it to me. I followed his example. I was completely dry riding through the sun, before I reached town. When we moved

Packard: to the Experiment Farm I was given my first Model T Ford. I drove it back from Berkeley, making Los Angeles by the valley route in three days. None of the Imperial Valley roads were paved. Levees were built in the middle and on both sides of the dirt roads. While one side was being flooded traffic would drive on the other dry side, which helped to keep down the dust.

Baum: Did you put out any plots yourself or did you just go around and check what people were doing?

Packard: We planted a few hundred date seeds of superior varieties which Dr. Coit had gathered when he was working in Arizona. When the date palms were two years old we distributed them to farmers who expressed interest in growing dates. I helped organize a date growers association but date growing never took hold in Imperial Valley as it did in Coachella Valley.

My principal activity was in getting acquainted with conditions, interviewing farmers, testing soils, observing results of various farm practices and the like. In making these studies I worked with various professors of the University who would come down on special jobs, but mostly with J. Eliot Coit who was a man who had lived in Arizona and was familiar with the climatic conditions in the Imperial Valley. We prepared a "Settlers' Crop Manual" together, giving advice to settlers, discussing the water problems and the soil problems, the problems of climate, then listing the crops that could be grown, when the time was to plant and the time to harvest--everything that would be of use to settlers, including

Packard: a discussion of their financial problems and all that.

Baum: This was a State of California publication? Or was it the University of California?

Packard: It was published in 1911 by the College of Agriculture of the University of California. I handled the parts dealing with soils, water, and economics, while Dr. Coit handled everything dealing with crops, climate, planting and harvestime, varieties, etc.

This report was followed, six years later, by a bulletin entitled "Agriculture in Imperial Valley--a Manual for Farmers" in which I brought the earlier report up to date.

Baum: Before you even turned in your investigation, it sounds like you thought they'd build an experiment station.

Packard: Yes, it seemed desirable. My main job during the end of the two year period was to select a good location for the proposed experiment farm because it seemed perfectly obvious to everyone that a station should be established. I examined several locations--determining the salt content, the character of the surface and subsoils--and, in general, trying to select land that was as representative as possible.

A forty acre piece of land was finally decided on. It was located near the center of the Valley at a railroad stop called Meloland, about halfway between El Centro and Holtville.

Baum: Would you have stayed in El Centro if they had decided against an experiment station? If they cancelled, would you have stayed there as a settler?

Packard: Oh, no.

Baum: You didn't intend to be a farmer? You were a research man.

Packard: I was with the University and I did not intend to farm, although I, very foolishly, was caught up in the pioneer spirit of the place and after moving to the Experiment Farm I traded our house in El Centro for an undeveloped piece of desert land some miles south of Holtville in an area which I thought would be prosperous because of the fine character of the soil. The University should never have allowed me to do this, but it did give me a first hand knowledge of the financial problems a settler faced in trying to put desert land under cultivation.

Baum: Maybe it made you a better man to represent the settler.

Packard: Perhaps so. But it was a sad experience. But to get back to the Experiment Farm. Since it was difficult for me to supervise the building and to get things started on the farm while living in El Centro, Emma and I, with little Clara, moved out to the Phil Brooks ranch which was just across the road and ditch from the Experiment Farm. It was an alfalfa ranch where hay and pasture were sold to Texas cattle feeders during the winter. The house was quite spacious with the kitchen and dining room joined in one big room ruled over by Albert the cook. He was a colorful character who claimed to be the son of a judge. He said that alcohol had been his downfall and that he had accepted the job on the ranch in the hope that he could avoid temptation. He had been a drummer in a Salvation Army band at one time. Beside Albert, there was Herman the

Packard: Dutchman, and Johnny the Greek who were mule skinners on the Brooks ranch. Vaughn Azhderian, the Armenian, was a frequent visitor while Louis the Frenchman, who worked for me on the Experiment Farm, was also a member of the Brooks ranch family. He went to France one month to marry a boyhood sweetheart he knew in Tahiti where they were born.

Baum: It sounds like a little international house.

Packard: It seemed so to us. I shall never forget the sight of Herman, Johnny and Louis carrying a bucket of hot water and other equipment out to Albert's shack when he was sick and needed a bath. Louis carried the washtub which he used as a drum while they all sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" on their way to Albert's shack. Albert survived. But he couldn't take the humiliation he felt one time when Dean Wickson and his very British secretary, Mr. Henderson, a man of very proper manners, came for lunch. Albert had been looking forward to this occasion with some excitement. But to our surprise and his disgust, two Texans rode in that noon to tend to their cattle, then on the ranch. We, of course, invited them to dinner. This was just too much for Albert, whose one chicken would not go around and who would not be able to sit at the table as he was used to doing. What was more, Herman the Dutchman had very bad table manners which embarrassed both Albert and Louis the Frenchman. Dean Wickson and Mr. Henderson took it all in the best of humor.

Baum: And what did Albert do?

Packard: Right in the middle of the meal Albert went to the phone at one end of the room where everyone could hear and hollered at the operator saying, "Get me Taggart's Pool Hall." When he got the connection he said, "I want you to send another cook out to the Brooks ranch--I can't stand this job any longer."

(Laughter) This was the end of Albert.

Johnny Zenos (the Greek) ended up as one of the larger grower-shippers of carrots and made a comfortable fortune. Louis was killed in the First World War fighting for France. Vaughn Azhderian became an important melon and grape grower-shipper in the Turlock district. I do not know what happened to Herman.

Experimental Work and Farmer Education

Experimental Work

Baum: What sort of projects did you work on at the Experiment Station?

Packard: The work on the Experiment Farm was really directed by the heads of the various departments at the University. Professor Frederic Bioletti was in charge of viticultural work. Professor Charles Shaw, who was head of the Agronomy Division, was in charge of all field crops. Dr. J. Eliot Coit,*with whom I had worked before, directed everything dealing with the growing of deciduous fruits. Dr. Charles W. Woodworth, the bearded chief of the Entomology Department, was a frequent visitor because insects of various sorts caused lots of damage.

* See Coit, John Eliot, "Some Recollections of California Agriculture," 1962, p. 46. Typescript of interview conducted for Oral History Office, University of California at Los Angeles.

Packard: He was the only one who would not bow to the Valley climate. He always wore a black suit and his long underwear while I sweltered in the meagerest outfit I could get.

There was a U.S. Government Date Experiment Farm at Indio at that time.

Baum: The Indio Experiment Farm was already established long before the California one.

Packard: Yes. We got our date offshoots from the Indio Experiment Station. But my principal service in the Valley was not on the Experiment Farm itself; it was very largely in dealing with farmers and trying to meet the problems that they had. For example, there was a big infestation of yellow butterflies on alfalfa. They laid eggs which presently became caterpillars which caused great damage to very large areas of alfalfa. An entomologist, Bridwell, sent to the Valley by the U.S. Department of Agriculture worked with me in developing means of control, under the direction of Professor Woodworth. Another time grasshoppers were a great menace. In that case we prepared a large quantity of poisoned bran which was distributed to farmers for scattering in the fields to kill the grasshoppers.

He also developed a mechanical trap that could be dragged through the fields and catch grasshoppers by the barrel full. They'd fly up, hit the smooth tin surface of the trap, and fall into the heavy oil at the bottom. We would load this trap on a wagon and take it to farms where the problem was bad and

Packard: use our horses in dragging it through the alfalfa fields.

Hogs were an important product in the Valley at that time. And hog cholera was one of the things that caused a great deal of loss. And as a result, the University employed Dr. Walter J. Taylor, a veterinarian, to come to the Experiment Farm and to work with farmers in vaccinating against cholera. And we had a supply of serum on the farm and the farmers would come to the Experiment Station and get the serum and then, where necessary, Dr. Taylor would go out to the farm and show them how to do the inoculation. Occasionally I would go out and do it myself. Of course, at all the farm institutes we always demonstrated things of that kind, as well.

Baum: I suppose alfalfa was the big feed crop.

Packard: Oh, yes. Dairy and cattle fattening for beef...

Baum: Oh, they had dairy, too.

Packard: Oh, yes, they had dairy cows.

Baum: I thought dairy cows didn't do so well in hot weather.

Packard: They don't do too well in the hot weather but they did have dairy farms. And they were rather successful. And they had a number of cooperative dairies, creameries that were organized. But times have changed, today the Valley supplies much of the alfalfa hay used on commercial dairy farms in Los Angeles County.

In 1917 I prepared a report on "Irrigation of Alfalfa in Imperial Valley" based on a study of root development of alfalfa on different soil types and varying water conditions. It was published as Bulletin 294.

Packard: Cotton was introduced as a commercial crop soon after my arrival. There were many settlers from Texas who were experienced cotton growers. The U.S. Department of Agriculture introduced a variety of cotton from Durango, Mexico, which, for a time seemed to have wonderful possibilities. A cotton seed mill was established in El Centro and cotton gins began to appear wherever cotton became an important crop. I was sent, by the University, on a trip through the cotton growing regions of Mississippi, to study the techniques of cotton growing in the rich Delta areas. Later on I addressed the annual meeting of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers in Boston. My paper on "The New Cotton Fields of the Southwest" * was published by the Association.

One phase of my work involved a study of ground water conditions in different parts of the Valley. One incident stands out in my memory. I found very salty ground water standing about fifteen feet below the surface in a very sandy area north of Holtville. At a meeting of the Farm Bureau center that night I warned of the danger of a rise of the water table and the concentration of salts on the ground surface. I was told later that the farmers had a good laugh at what I said after I left. After all, didn't everyone know that the soils of the Valley were hundreds of feet deep. But three years later one of the farmers in the area stopped by to say good-bye. He had all of his belongings piled on his hay rack and was headed out. With tears in his eyes he said that he had

* "The New Cotton Fields of the Southwest," published by Boston Cotton Growers Association.

Packard: come into the Valley with \$45,000.00 and was leaving with his family and no capital at all. A rising water table and salt had ruined his farm.

Farm Institutes

Packard: Prior to the organization of the present Agricultural Extension Service, Farm Institutes were held each year. Mr. J. B. Neff, a walnut grower near Anaheim, directed the Farm Institute in Southern California. He would come down to Imperial Valley once a year and we would organize meetings in El Centro, Imperial, Brawley and other towns. And we'd have discussions of problems that concerned the farmers in the area.

Professor Warren Clark was the State Director of the Farmer Institute work at that time. He was a very devoted and effective representative of the College of Agriculture. Besides running the Farmer's Institute program, Professor Clark carried the University specialists to the farmers by means of the Demonstration Train which covered the state from the Oregon line to the Mexican border. The train carried several cars containing exhibits arranged and supervised by department representatives who lived together in a Pullman car and were overfed in a regular diner attached to the train.

Emma and I were invited to go on a number of trips--I representing the Irrigation Engineering Division of the University, and Emma helping Mrs. Clark in demonstrating the use of

Packard: a fireless cooker which were quite the rage in the hot Valley areas. The fireless cooker was particularly popular on Imperial Valley farms. The train schedule was well advertised in advance. It would stop at towns long enough to let everyone get a good view of the exhibits and to discuss problems with the specialists.

Work with Frank Veihmeyer

Packard: Frank Veihmeyer, now an honored retired Professor at Davis, came to the Valley with his wife about 1913 to work on the technical relationships of soil and water, a field in which much work was needed and in which he now has become a recognized world leader. He came as an employee of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, but transferred to the University of California after receiving his doctor's degree. Some of his research work was carried out on the Experiment Farm, but most of it involved soil examinations on farms in various parts of the Valley.

At one time Veihmeyer and I were authorized to make a trip over the desert area lying between the west side highline canal and the mountains in an effort to locate various wells that were supposed to exist in the area and to test the water. We enlisted the help of Mr. Richards, a neighbor of ours at Meloland. We loaded his wagon with blankets, grub, utensils and barrels of water, and hay for the four horses. We were gone several days and were able to locate most of the wells

Packard: we were looking for. All but one were in uninhabited dry desert areas. There was a shack at one well. When we drove up no one appeared. When we knocked at the door a gruff voice said, "What do you want?" Opening the door a crack, he said the well was about 100 yards farther on. We conjectured that the character in the shack may have been a fugitive from justice. We replenished our water supply and drove on.

Baum: These were wells that were built for some farm but were no longer in use?

Packard: No. They had no use. They may have been dug by the government, during some early survey.

Baum: It sounds like you and Frank Veihmeyer had a lot of adventures together.

Packard: We did. We had a lot of interesting times together, including pleasure trips with the two families into both the desert and the mountains--as well as at least one summer vacation at Coronado Beach.

On another occasion Frank and I carried out a mission for Frank Adams which may be worth recording. The river was at flood stage and had broken through the levees on both sides of the river above Yuma. Our job was to get a sample of water as near the center of the river as possible, in an effort to determine the quantity of silt being carried by the river during floods. Frank and I, with Surieh, an Egyptian assistant of mine on the Experiment Farm, started out one afternoon expecting to reach Yuma before dark. But a wind storm was

Packard: on and the two plank roads over the sand hills were completely covered at frequent intervals with drifting sand. We bucked our way through drift after drift, taking turns driving the Model T Ford. We found a two-by-twelve-by-twelve foot plank which we used as a pry, putting it crossways on the car each time we reached clear going on the two plank roads. We were nearing the end of the sand dune country about 2 a.m. when we got stuck again. I was driving and Frank and Surieh were pushing on either side of the car. When the wheels finally took hold, Veihmeyer forgot to jump back on the running board so was hit on the back of his head by the plank. Not knowing that anything had happened I drove ahead a little ways before I missed Veihmeyer. Surieh and I walked back and found Veihmeyer coming along holding his head. When he reached us, his head was aching and we were all too exhausted to proceed, so we camped out for the rest of the night.

When we reached the flood plain of the river we found that the railway embankment was washed out at two places, leaving the rails, with ties attached, the only passage over the open cuts with brown water swirling through. So we parked the car, took our water containers and other equipment, walked across the ties and got our water samples from the Yuma bridge, returning as we had come. The lower part of Yuma was flooded. The walls of adobe buildings were being softened by the water and gradually sinking into a pile of mud, mixed with what the occupants could not get out in time.

A Russian Soil Scientist Visits the Experiment Farm

Packard: We had a number of interesting visitors. Notable among them was a Russian soil scientist who came to the Valley to collect soil samples to take back to Russia as permanent exhibits. He was very thorough in his work. He had five foot holes dug in different soil types and then proceeded to carve out a sample about ten inches wide and six inches deep. He then built heavy boxes to fit the samples perfectly, cut the sample loose, and put on a cover for shipment to Moscow. Charles Shaw, then head of the Soils Department in Berkeley, told me years later that he had seen the samples in Russia.

He proved to be a very interesting character. He insisted on staying with us on the farm. We had no room for him and suggested that he stay in the hotel in El Centro. But he was adamant, so we put a cot on the porch and had him for meals.

Baum: It doesn't sound like your house was large enough to offer hospitality very easily.

Packard: We managed quite all right. He regaled us with stories of his experiences as a revolutionary in Russia. He had spent long terms in prison and had been sent to Siberia at one time. He would get up from his chair excitedly and crouch behind it pretending that the rungs were prison bars and then act out a part. He explained how they exchanged tapped out messages

Packard: by tapping on the bars. He was very sure that a violent revolution would break out soon. But he was in a terrible fix. He had taken the motor car on the railroad from El Centro and walked over to the farm without paying any attention to his baggage. When we asked him where his luggage was he suddenly woke up and ran out to the tracks where he had seen the conductor dump his stuff. But there was no sign of it anywhere. We phoned the sheriff and the railroad office but without results. Everything the poor fellow had was in that luggage--his passport, money, notes of his trip and the like. Finally when he had finished his work, he got some help from his embassy in Washington, and departed. Meanwhile the Russian Revolution had broken out and our friend was frantic. Not more than two or three days later we were visiting the Harold Bell Wrights and found the Russian's luggage in the barn. Wright had expected a guest and had sent his man to the station to pick him up. The guest was not on the train but there was his luggage, supposedly. So he took it and for some reason the Wrights were never disturbed by the fact that they had no idea who owned the stuff. I reached our Russian friend at some point in the south and sent the baggage to him.

Baum: Don't you remember his name?

Packard: No I don't, and I don't know how I could find out. I certainly wish I knew.

Water Distribution: The Imperial Valley Irrigation District and the All American Canal

Packard: Water was, of course, the lifeblood of the valley. The disastrous break in the course of the river in 1906 had hastened the bankruptcy of the original development company, which went into receivership. Col. Holabird, the court appointed receiver, operated the system until the present Imperial Irrigation District was organized.

Baum: So the irrigation district took over.

Packard: Yes. The district was organized. I was quite active in supporting this move, which transferred control from the receivership to the farmers and townspeople of the Valley. The new district faced the same serious water problem that had caused trouble from the beginning. Getting rid of the silt in the canals was expensive and was constantly raising the ditch banks. Danger of another breakthrough still existed and besides there was always danger of a water shortage because the flow of the Colorado river was not controlled. Damaging floods would be followed by low flow not adequate to the irrigation needs.

The irrigation district had two sources of income from the use of water. One was a charge on land value to meet the bond debt. The other was a charge for the water used.

Baum: Well, that was the Henry George idea.

Packard: Oh yes, sure. And it worked well. Under these conditions it was not profitable to hold land out of use because the

Packard: land tax would pile up with no income to meet it. I found this out myself by buying undeveloped land in the hope of making something on the rise in land values. Development costs and no income to pay the land tax soon ate up any possible profits.

It was a sad but effective lesson.

Baum: It got rid of your absentee landholding.

Packard: Yes. But I got my lesson early in that.

Baum: Did the irrigation district work well? Did the farmers get along with each other?

Packard: Oh yes. It worked very well. They hired a very good engineer and a very good manager and elected the best farmers for directors of the irrigation district. So the election of directors of the irrigation District was a serious political issue in the Valley.

Baum: I wanted to ask about the irrigation system. You had the water from the Colorado River. Was there adequate water and was it distributed satisfactorily?

Packard: The answer at that time was no. That whole problem interested me more than any other. I became chairman of the Imperial Valley Water Committee, which arranged for a detailed study of the All American canal which had been proposed as a means of avoiding complications with Mexico and of desilting the water. Elwood Mead, then with the University, made a report to the Committee disapproving the proposal but later changed his mind and came out as a strong advocate.

Since it would be necessary to get the U.S. Bureau of

Packard: Reclamation interested if the All American canal was to be built, I and two other members of the Committee went to El Paso to meet with the Reclamation Commission then holding a session there. We succeeded in getting the key men in the Commission, including A.P. Davis, the Reclamation head, to come to El Centro and Yuma to discuss the problem and the possibilities at mass meetings in both towns. Two years after I had moved to Berkeley I was sent to Washington by the Board of Supervisors of Imperial County to promote the program. To make a long story short the All American canal project was approved and surveys were begun on the Boulder Dam canyon project to determine the feasibility of building a dam to store water and reduce the flood damage.

An interesting incident occurred in connection with the first reconnaissance survey of the All American route. I accompanied the group on horseback. The heavy wagon full of equipment was pulled by four horses. We planned to camp at a county well but were caught in a Valley dust storm and had to make a dry camp that night. When the air cleared in the morning we found that we were about a mile below the line in Mexico. Sand had blown down my back during the night and my hair was full of it. We had run out of water and drank juice from canned fruit, but the horses were suffering. They had had a hard day and needed water. So two of us rode horseback, leading the other horses in search for the county well, which we found in due time. During the first day we ran across the

Packard: skeleton of a desert victim who had died lying under a greasewood shrub. He had tied his bandana to a twig in the hope, I suppose, that he would be found in time.

Meloland School

Packard: There was no school in Meloland when we moved on to the Experiment Farm, so I set about organizing a school district and building a rather modern country school.

Baum: Was this a one room country school?

Packard: No, it had two rooms, a common entrance way, and an office. I became Chairman of the school board which used to meet in my office. Mr. Richardson, an elderly farmer-philosopher from Illinois who lived down the road a half a mile, and John Waterman--a successful family farm operator--and Phil Brooks, an Amherst College graduate, were the other members of the board.

Baum: I suppose you didn't have too many applications.

Packard: No, we didn't have too many. But we were fortunate in getting teachers who selected the Meloland School because they thought the Meloland school board might let them try out new ideas in education which we were glad to do.

The circumstances proved to be just what Lura Sawyer*was looking for--a rural school with a board which might support her progressive ideas. Frances Adams, who was also interested in progressive education and in rural schools, joined Lura

* Dr. Lura (Sawyer) Oak was on the Education Committee for General MacArthur during the reorganization of Japan. Now (1968) she has a consulting office in Palo Alto where she takes children who have

Packard: the second year. They both lived in a little shack which we moved onto the Experiment Farm where running water was available. Incidentally, both teachers were selected to pose as the women characters in the mural which surrounded the upper wall in the lobby of the Barbara Worth Hotel, depicting the settlement of the Valley.

The philosophical discussion which took place during the evenings on the farm covered the field. Each of these two Meloland teachers have made an enviable record. Lura Sawyer secured a Ph.D. degree from Yale University, specializing in child psychology. She taught at both Yale and Smith Colleges and during the occupation of Japan following World War II, she served as an honorary Colonel on General MacArthur's staff.

The story of Frances Adams, who is a direct descendant of President John Adams, is much more personal so far as her relationship to our family is concerned. She remained as a teacher after Lura Sawyer left. Her vision of the world was greatly enlarged when Albert Rhys Williams was a guest of ours on the farm. He had become quite a famous character through his book, In the Claws of the German Eagle. I had met him through my mother and invited him down to be the speaker at the graduating exercises in the Holtville high school. He had been to Russia and was full of exciting revolutionary ideas and as I had feared, proved to be quite a shocker at the Holtville meeting. He and Frances struck up a lifelong

* (continued from page 91) trouble learning to read (dyslexia).
[E.L.P.]

Packard: friendship. She joined his brother's church social service group in Cleveland for a while and then moved to New York where she was organizing a speakers' bureau for the International Forum Association. She later became editor of the Forum's Bulletin which served as a news sheet for forums throughout the country. It was an exercise in free speech at a difficult time in our history.

She married Alex Gumberg, a very knowledgeable Russian who later became a member of AMTORG, the Russian trading corporation. This, of course, brought her into close contact with Russian affairs. She made several trips to Russia and for years served on the Russian American Institute in New York. Alex served as a special advisor to Ambassador Morrow in Mexico and later became an advisor for Mr. Floyd Odlum, head of the Atlas Corporation. The Gumbergs lived in an apartment at No. 1 Fifth Avenue and had a charming country place in Connecticut, where on various occasions Emma and I had a chance to meet people whom we would otherwise not have known. I remember especially one weekend with John Dewey. Alex died of heart failure in 1940, after which Frances remained in New York where she has maintained an active interest in city, national, and international affairs. Our paths have crossed many times in New York, California, Puerto Rico, and Greece.

Broadening Ideas

Packard: Due in part to the pressures of World War I and, in part to normal evolutionary developments in agriculture, new elements were introduced into the agriculture of the Valley and new forces impinged on my own outlook and altered the subsequent course of events, so far as I was concerned. A new system of farm credit had become a vital need. Hearings were held in various parts of the Valley and I took what part I could. The result was the creation of the Federal Land Bank. Elmerwood Mead, head of a newly established Department of Rural Institutions at the University, became a director in the new bank.

The Agriculture Extension Service was another outgrowth of the times. I helped to organize the Farm Bureau in Imperial County and became its second president. Paul Dougherty, a lifelong friend, became the first Farm Advisor. One of the first Farm Bureau projects was the organization of a 4-H boys Club. The special project was hog raising. When the time for judging came, I had a large tent erected on the Experiment Farm to accomodate an all day meeting. It was attended by about a hundred farmers and their hog-raising sons.

My horizon was widened by events associated with the blowing up of the Los Angeles Times. I had come up to Los Angeles from the Valley the night of the incident and was shocked by the reports in the morning papers. A series of

Packard: events followed. Lincoln Steffens appeared on the scene with a novel proposal for settling the matter. He thought the Los Angeles Times was in the wrong with its virulent anti-labor activity and suggested forgiveness on the part of Mr. Chandler on the basis of the Golden Rule. Clarence Darrow came out from Chicago to defend the labor group and to back Steffens. Clarence Darrow had his office in the same building in which my father had his office in Chicago. Their viewpoints on religious issues were about as opposite as they could be. But Darrow's social viewpoint, especially his attitude toward labor, had my mother's complete support. Upton Sinclair got into the act and so did my mother. She befriended Katherine Schmidt, sister of the dynamiter. "Schmidty" was sent to San Quentin but was later released and married Beth Livermore, a member of the influential Livermore family of San Francisco. Through my mother's activity in this famous labor dispute I was introduced to a side of the labor movement that I had known little about.

At about the same time and for somewhat the same reasons, I became aware of the political influence that could be exerted by powerful corporate interests. It involved a fight between the Los Angeles Times and Job Harriman, the socialist candidate for mayor of Los Angeles. It had become evident that Los Angeles needed more water and the engineers had developed a plan for bringing water down from Owens Valley. The plan was imaginative and costly. Opposition developed, not because

Packard: of any engineering issue, but because the Harry Chandler interests had quietly bought up the dry desert land of the San Fernando Valley and planned to use Owens River water to irrigate the whole San Fernando Valley, a plan which, quite obviously, would raise land values in the San Fernando Valley by many millions of dollars. Job Harriman opposed the plan and ran for mayor in order to be in position to protect the public interest. The ensuing campaign was of top interest at that time. My mother was a staunch supporter of Harriman and my brother John later became his law partner. Harriman lost and the Chandler interests got the water and millions of dollars in increments in land value, created by the fact that the citizens of Los Angeles bonded themselves to pay for the project.

Baum: Your socialist ideas were apparently being fortified by these Los Angeles contacts.

Packard: Yes, that's right. But I was still very much of a neophyte. To get back to the story, the need for expanding farm production as part of the war effort emphasized the need for expanding the Agricultural Extension program. So in July, 1917, I was transferred from the Experiment Station staff, to the Extension Service, as Assistant State Leader of Farm Advisors, in charge of the work in all of the area lying south of San Francisco and Stockton to the Mexican border. I moved the family to Berkeley to begin a new phase of my life. We shared a two story house with the Veihmeyers during our two years stay

Packard: in Berkeley.

In retrospect, I realize that my bent was not in the painstaking work of an agricultural scientist. I was more interested in the social and economic problems of the farm family. When serving as superintendent of the Imperial Valley Experiment Farm, my main interest was in working with farmers so the Extension Service seemed to me to be a field in which I would feel completely at home.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SERVICE

Baum: So, in July 1917, you and the family left Imperial Valley and settled in Berkeley where you took over your new duties as Assistant State Leader of Farm Advisors. What was the Extension Service's responsibilities and what were your duties?

Packard: The Extension Service took the place of the old Farmer's Institutes. It was characterized by two definite features. The first of these was the establishment of a Farm Advisor in each agricultural county where office space, auto, and other local expenses were to be paid for by the county. The Farm Advisor was to bring facts from the subject matter departments of the College of Agriculture and the U.S. Department of Agriculture to the farm. The second feature was the organization of Farm Bureaus in each county through which Farm Bureau Centers would be organized to provide an organized means for permitting the Farm Advisor to contact farmers and to learn something of their problems which the University might help solve.

The plan was based on the then domination of the family farm. Horses and mules at that time provided the principal motive power. The areas of the state where large corporate farms now dominate had no adequate water supply. This fact applied to Imperial Valley, where the lack of adequate diversion works and storage, created serious water shortages at critical

Packard: periods of the year. This has all changed now. The large farm operators dominate the Farm Bureau and highly mechanized corporate farms dominate the cotton, truck, and to a degree, the fruit producing areas of the state.

The United States had entered the First World War and the work of the Extension Service was geared to the need for food production. Many of the controlling directives came from Washington and not all of them were applicable. For example, there was a drive to produce more wheat but most of the counties in my territory were not adapted to wheat production.

Dean Thomas Forsythe Hunt had become dean of the College of Agriculture and had brought certain key men to the College. B.H. Crocheron, came from New York to organize and lead the Extension Service. Charles Shaw became head of the Soils Department and Elwood Mead was established as head of the new Department of Rural Institutions. Dr. J. Eliot Coit, who had been associated with me in Imperial Valley, became the Farm Advisor in Los Angeles County which, at that time, was the highest producing county of the United States in terms of money value.

My job was to help organize Farm Bureaus which involved getting county boards of supervisors to appropriate the money needed to support the county Farm Advisor's office and traveling expenses. When this was done I had to help install the Farm Advisor and supervise his work. One of my responsibilities

Packard: was to keep the Farm Advisors in touch with the subject matter departments of the College. Chester Rubel, who had graduated from the Iowa State College in 1904, was the Assistant State Leader in charge of the work in Northern California.

Baum: In the Extension Service you were supposed to be concerned mainly with the physical aspects of raising crops.

Packard: Yes, that was our principal function. This, of course, included all sorts of subjects, from soil management and irrigation practice to pruning, spraying, and fertilization. No one man could be expert in all of these fields. So one of my functions was to get answers from the experts in the University to questions which farmers asked Farm Advisors and which the Farm Advisors were unable to answer.

The work of the Farm Advisors was not always wholly confined to the task of promoting agricultural production.

At a meeting of a Farm Bureau Center in the mountain area of Madera County the Farm Advisor asked the ranchers what he or the University could do for them. The first answer, which was seconded by several others was, "We need wives. Most of us are living alone and if there is anything you can do to help meet this need, it will be appreciated." (Laughter)

On returning to Berkeley, Crocheron told the story to some newspaper men and the call for wives went out over the United Press lines. Several answers were received but only one wedding resulted. It proved to be a very happy affair. This was one of the extra-curricular activities of the Extension Service. (Laughter)

Packard: My own technical field was soils and irrigation which quite necessarily involved problems of land settlement, credit, and tenure. There was considerable concern in the state over the problem of growing tenancy. Due to my prior interest in the All American Canal in Imperial County I became involved in a prolonged controversy over plans for developing the Eastside Mesa and the Coachella Valley which would become irrigable from the new canal. I opposed opening the Mesa to settlement on the traditional pattern because of the extremely porous character of the soil which would, I thought create a serious drainage problem, not only for Mesa land, but for all of the area of the Valley adjacent to the Mesa. As a result of these unfavorable conditions, the Mesa has never been developed and is now used by the armed services for purposes requiring wide open and unoccupied space.

George Kreutzer, who had worked with Elwood Mead in Australia, was the first Farm Advisor in Kern County and later became the superintendent of the first State Land Settlement at Durham in the Sacramento Valley. One of Kreutzer's projects was the introduction of an auction system of marketing hogs locally. Instead of shipping hogs to Los Angeles or other markets, farmers would bring their hogs to central points where buyers from competing concerns would bid against each other. The hogs were classified into marketing groups as a means of getting the best prices. The system became very popular.

Packard: Paul Dougherty, the first Farm Advisor in Imperial Valley, is another associate whose path I have crossed since those early days. Paul, along with Knowles Ryerson, resigned from the Extension Service and enlisted in the army for service overseas in World War I. I sought Ryerson's help in Paris when I was trying to organize an aid program for Armenia during the Armistice period following World War I and Paul became a settler on the Delhi project while I was superintendent of that project.

Harriet Eddy,*who had been State Librarian in California was the State Leader of the Home Economics Division of the Extension Service. She was a very liberal-minded and forth-right person whose interests extended into the economic and political fields, as mine did. She was very much interested in the Russian Revolution and was employed, as a consultant, by the Russian government on two occasions to help in establishing the library system for all of Russia. Although as a neophyte socialist I shared her sympathy for the revolution, I never accepted the communist philosophy for reasons which will become clear as I proceed with this account of my life. I should mention here that Harriet Eddy gave me a letter of introduction to her cousin Lincoln Steffens, which I delivered to him in Paris,which led to many interesting experiences.

Baum: Well, maybe she's unsold now.

Packard: No, I don't think so. I haven't seen her for years. I understand that she is completely deaf now but retains an unquenchable

* Miss Eddy wrote and published a story of her work in Home Economics for U.C. Extension, entitled "County Free Library Organizing in California-1909-1918: Personal Recollections".

Packard: enthusiasm for the Russian cause. She recently celebrated her 90th birthday.².

My own interest in the Russian Revolution was not wholly impersonal. My youngest sister Esther and her husband, Phil Chadbourn, had returned from their assignment with the State Department in Russia and were of course the center of great interest. They were living temporarily with our family in Pasadena. Phil's new assignment was to be a free-lance political agent for the State Department in Irkutsk, Siberia, where he was to report on any things pertaining to the war. He decided to come to Berkeley and stay with Emma and me while he was gathering the clothes and other things he would need in Irkutsk. We were all startled, not to say dismayed, by a telegram from Secretary of State Lansing saying, "Your appointment Irkutsk cancelled." Nothing else.

There was nothing for Phil to do but to return to Washington to find out what had happened. So he and I went to Los Angeles where he could confer with Esther. The Los Angeles paper, the morning we arrived carried big headlines saying that Rhys Williams, who was on his way back from Russia through Vladivostok, was to be arrested the minute he landed. The next thing we knew came from a telephone call to my mother from Los Angeles. No names were mentioned but the voice was

2. Miss Eddy died since this was written--Memorial Services were held on the U.C. campus in February 1967.

Packard: familiar. It was the same Rhys Williams who had spoken to the farmers meeting on the Experiment Farm. After hasty conversation, it was arranged that I would drive Phil into Los Angeles where we would pick Rhys up and I would then put them both on the train for Washington from Riverside. This I did with no untoward incidents.

On arriving in Washington, Phil found that he was everything a person should not be in those days. He could get no official charge or information of any kind as to why he had been dismissed. So he enlisted in the army. And when it was found that he knew some Russian and had been in Russia, he was given the Russian Desk in the War Department which was located in the same building which housed the State Department which had just dismissed him. The first day in office he found a folder marked "Phil Chadbourn". He told his commanding officer what had happened and was given freedom to open the file and examine the contents. He found that the State Department had employed a society matron to go to Hollywood, rent a house, and get what information she could through elaborate entertainment. Phil had been her guest on one or more occasion and everything he said was recorded. The most damning statement was in answer to her question, "What can I do for the Revolution?" The reply was, "I think you would make a wonderful queen of the mint-juleps." Phil remained at the Russian Desk for the rest of the war.

After some months in the Extension Service I began to

Packard: realize that the underlying problems facing farmers are economic rather than technical. Markets, credit, mortgage debt, and tenure problems were keeping many farmers from doing what they knew they ought to do on the farm but couldn't because of lack of capital. Settlers coming into the state had been having a hard time for years, in part because of inflated land values and badly planned, sometimes dishonest, promotion schemes. I became greatly enamored with Dr. Mead's land settlement proposals. It seemed to me that he was dealing with basic issues. His land settlement plans were being widely discussed in national magazines and were the subject of months of study by the Commonwealth Club. The Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, was ready to adopt the Mead plan in handling the anticipated demand for land by returned soldiers following the war.

So, when the Army Educational Corps was organized and farms for soldiers became one of the accepted subjects for educational meetings to be organized among the soldiers in France while they were waiting for shipment home, I was selected as the one to join the Corps. At the end of the annual week's trip of Farm Bureau members from all over the state, which ended in Los Angeles, I was presented with a very attractive gold watch chain and attached pen knife at the final banquet, as a farewell present.

My change in plans did not end with the special assignment. When I returned I was to become a member of Dr. Mead's

Packard: Division of Rural Institutions. But, in preparation for this new work I was given a sabbatical leave for a year's work in economics at Harvard University. So ended my Extension career.

IN FRANCE WITH THE ARMY EDUCATION PROGRAM, 1918 - 1919

Army Education Corps Lectures

Baum: Well, we're all set to begin with when you went into the Army Educational Program.

Packard: Yes. You know, after the Armistice in November, 1918, the pressure on the Agricultural Extension Service for increasing production for the war effort was slowed down, of course. There was no need for increasing production any more. But there was a great deal of attention being paid to the veterans who would appear on the labor market in a little while-- looking for jobs and opportunities for making a living. Since giving land to soldiers was a great thing after the Revolutionary War (where the Crown lands and lands of some of the Tory estates were broken up and distributed to veterans of the war) and since the Homestead Act was signed in 1861 to give farms to soldiers after the Civil War, it seemed logical to a great many people that there would be another demand for farms after the First World War. Since all the good homestead land was gone--there wasn't any more of the free open West to settle--it was necessary to think of reclamation projects--drainage, flood control, cut-over land reclamation, and irrigation. So the Interior Department decided that since it was responsible for the Bureau of Reclamation, it was quite important that they do something for the soldiers who might want land.

Packard: Elwood Mead, an early pioneer in the reclamation field in the United States, had just returned from several years of land settlement work in Australia and had become head of a new Department of Rural Institutions of the College of Agriculture of the University of California. He was giving wide publicity to a new plan of land settlement which he had promoted in Australia. The outstanding features of the plan were long term payments, (34 years on land debt and 20 years on improvements); low rates of interest (5% at that time seemed low); subdivision of the land into farms of various sizes, dependent upon the character of the soil and crops to be raised; free technical assistance in planning farm operations, building problems, controlling insect pests and plant diseases; and providing other services needed by new settlers on reclamation projects. It was assumed that these services would be especially needed in the case of veterans who wanted land but had had no practical experience and possessed little capital.

Franklin K. Lane, a Californian, was the Secretary of Interior and favored the idea of having the Bureau of Reclamation expand its functions by taking on responsibility for providing farms for soldiers. The Mead plan was to be the pattern to be followed. An Educational Corps had been established as part of the A.E.F. to give lectures and to organize classes in the camps in France where thousands of soldiers were waiting for ships to transport them home. This

Packard: seemed to be a good chance to present the back-to-the-farm program which Secretary Lane, Mead, and others had planned.

Since I was interested in land and water development and believed in the Mead land settlement program, I was selected to go to France to present the plan to the soldiers. Frank Adams and Professor Ernest Babcock were also selected for other special missions in the Educational Corps.

This change in assignment ushered in a completely new program for me. I was given a special leave of absence to be followed by a sabbatical leave to be used in taking a year's work in economics at Harvard to prepare me for a position in Mead's Department of Rural Institutions.

My contract with the Educational Corps called for a monthly payment of \$250.00 to Mrs. Packard and a \$4.00 per day spending allowance for me in addition to room and board in army camps. So, after getting the family settled in Pasadena for the duration, I left for New York. I stopped in Washington to talk with Bureau of Reclamation officials and to pick up slides and three movie reels showing reclamation projects. I met Secretary Lane, who gave me further information regarding his soldier settlement plans. I was inducted into the Educational Corps through the National Y.M.C.A. in New York as an extension of the war work the Y had been doing. I was given an overseas uniform and was briefed on what to expect and how to act.

I took time out to go to Cambridge to arrange for matric-

Packard: ulation at Harvard when I returned. My spare time was spent in visiting my sisters, Stella and Laura, who were living in New York, and I was introduced into some of the life of Greenwich Village through Frances Adams who was then engaged to Alex Gumberg.

One incident comes to mind which I thought quite amusing. A preacher from upstate New York was in a fix. He had been recruited by the Y.M.C.A. to talk on national parks but the Army people told him that he would have to get a more vital subject to qualify. They suggested that he might give some lectures on Russia. He told me that the only things he knew about Russia concerned the much talked about plan for the nationalization of women. I told him what I knew about Russia, which was very little of the type of thing the Army would want him to discuss. At any rate he was on shipboard when we left New York two days later. I was told by Frances Adams that Rhys Williams' brother was to be on the ship. I took pains to look him up and he reciprocated by avoiding me because he did not want to be associated with his brother in the minds of his supervisors in the Educational Corps.

(Laughter)

We crossed on the Great Northern, an 18,000 ton liner formerly belonging to a Canadian Pacific line. The passenger list consisted almost wholly of personnel of the Army Educational Corps. The trip was uneventful except for interest created by having mine sweeps attached to the prow of the boat a day or so before reaching Brest. They consisted of steel cables

Packard: attached to devices which held the end of the cable well outside of the ship's course.

We landed at Brest and went directly to Paris where I reported for duty. A few excerpts from my first letter home may be worth recording:

It took me an hour and a half to get through the red tape at the railroad station at Brest. Everyone had to look after his own baggage and that was quite a job for me since I have boxes of slides and three movie reels given to me by the Bureau of Reclamation in Washington. We rented blankets and pillows at two francs apiece from a woman at the station. Two cars were reserved for Americans but we had a hard time getting seats. Those who could not get seats had to stand in the aisle all night. I had a compartment with three other men, one from the Department of Agriculture and two Red Cross officials. We took some sandwiches and a bottle of wine along because if you left your seat someone else would grab it. We tried to make ourselves comfortable with our feet all entangled in each other's seats with the blankets covering the bunch.

We passed through a most beautiful country. The hills are all green and the trees are just sending out their leaves. The houses are all of stone and are surrounded by vines, gardens and trees. The trees are all stumped off about twenty-five feet from the ground every two years in order to get kindling wood and brush. Some of the brush is used in making crude brooms and some for faggots. The quaint little towns nestled down in the valleys are most picturesque. The houses all have slate roofs and are usually two or three stories high with no porches and with all the windows covered with blinds.

...We passed trainloads of soldiers going home. They were all packed in those funny little stubby French freight cars that you have heard about...with "eight horses or forty men" written on the sides. They all seemed mighty cheerful... When we got to Paris we checked in at the hotel de la Grande Bretagne on fourteen rue Carumartin where we got rooms for twelve francs apiece.

The breakfast of bread (no butter), coffee (that was atrocious), and two eggs cost us six francs or about one dollar. The taxis cost thirteen francs but four of us divided it and one of the men, who could speak French, knocked the price down from eighteen francs.

When I reported at headquarters I was transferred from YMCA jurisdiction to the A.E.F. and given a Sam Brown belt to signify that I had officer rank. I never quite got used to the saluting and all that, but I did enjoy eating at the officers' mess and having a cot in the officers' quarters.

One evening in Paris I was having supper alone at a sidewalk cafe where I was joined by an American in civilian clothes. I had spotted him as an American when I saw him coming but he never said a word. He sat opposite me at the table and began ordering his meal in French. The waiter failed to understand so my new friend laid the menu down and looked at me and said in a disgusted tone, "The son of a can't understand his own language." [Laughter]

Baum: He must have recognized you as an American, too.

Packard: Yes, of course, I was in uniform.

Baum: Oh, how were you addressed? Were you just mister or something else?

Packard: Just mister. The amenities thus met, conversation with my dining companion began and continued till midnight. I found that he was a reporter for the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune. We went to his room after dinner where I gave him my story which appeared on the front page of the paper the

Packard: next day. This was quite a break because the paper was widely read in the camps. I agreed to answer all letters which might come in as a result of the advertising. Later on similar articles appeared in Stars and Stripes. But I soon found out the sentiment expressed by the song, "How are you going to get them back on the farm after they've seen Paree", was very real.

I was sent to the Army Educational Corps headquarters at Beaune, France, where I was assigned to the Citizenship Division under the direction of Dr. John Kingsbury who was the commanding major of the American Red Cross Corps in the A.E.F. in France. His early training and experience were in the educational field, but his interest in people led him into social service work. He eventually became Commissioner of Public Charities in New York City. I found that he had been a socialist all his life and was very much interested in what was going on in Russia. My assignment to Dr. Kingsbury's division caused some jurisdictional trouble because Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, wanted me in his Vocational Education Division. In a letter home I had this to say,

Yesterday I had a wonderful ride through the French countryside. The party consisted of Butterfield, Mr. Mason S. Stibem, Lt. Governor of Vermont, Mr. Dougherty, of New York City, and me. We started out with a good French road map, and an army Cadillac and a soldier to drive it. We drove from Beaune to Molay for dinner, then to Autun, on to Etang and back to Chagny for supper, getting back to Beaune about nine-thirty that night. I have never seen country quite like this although it resembles some of the prettier parts of California. The country is all rolling, with little towns nestled in the

Packard: trough of valleys or perhaps perched up under some rocky palisades. The hills look like checkerboards with the very small fields all planted to different crops. The houses all have red tile roofs which make a wonderful picture with the contrasting green background."

Dr. Kingsbury won out in the controversy on the theory that he could contact more people in his broad citizenship program than Butterfield could in his restricted agricultural program.

I went from camp to camp, usually by auto or a motorcycle with a side car. After giving my talk I would ask for questions and invariably the first question would be "When do we go home?" (Laughter) It was very evident that few soldiers wanted to go onto reclamation projects. Jobs in industry were more attractive. The record showed, however, that I spoke to a total of 4,859 soldiers and secured the names and addresses of 498 who wanted more information.

Baum: Was all this delay in getting the boys home simply due to the lack of shipping space?

Packard: Yes. In spite of efforts to crowd as many men onto a ship as possible there were not enough ships to take everyone home at once. I, for example, returned on the Emperor with 12,000 aboard. The war was over and the soldiers, quite understandably, wanted to get home as soon as possible.

Baum: They didn't want to spend another couple of months in Europe sight-seeing, on the Army?

Packard: No. They had seen enough and just wanted to go home.

I was often accompanied on these trips by other lecturers

Packard: who usually made good company. But one time I was stuck with a professor of history from Harvard who wanted to see every historical place in France. I was with him in Blois where we rented a horse and buggy and drove to every point in town mentioned in his Baedecker. As soon as he was sure of the place he would mark it off and go on to the next stop. We never went inside. All he wanted was to be able to say truthfully that he had seen each place. (Laughter)

I missed the train out of Blois and had to stay overnight. In a letter to Mrs. Packard, I had this to say,

I enjoyed seeing this French town wake up. First the street sweeper appeared--an old man with a broom made of tree twigs tied to a long handle. A few shopkeepers opened up and people began to open the shutters to the windows to air out. (They all sleep with windows and shutters closed.) Refuse from the kitchens was dumped in piles in the street where dogs and "beachcombers" had a chance to pick up a few morsels of food. The garbage collector came last with his wagon and shovel. By 8:30 the town was in fair working order.

The Educational Corps work was stopped within a month after my arrival, for reasons which I never understood. Tons of textbooks and the like were in the warehouses unopened and hundreds of people like myself were given a vacation of thirty days on pay before being sent home.

Plan to Rehabilitate Armenia

Packard: I took a train for Paris with an idea of finding something else to do. When I arrived at the Paris station, who should I meet but Dr. Kingsbury. He told me he was going to Russia for the Near East Foundation. What was I going to do? I said

Packard: "I'm going to Russia, too." On being asked who I was going with, I said, "You." (Laughter)

I had quickly conjured up a plan of action after I found that Russia, in this case, meant Armenia. I outlined a plan for using army tractors and farm equipment, then in France, in preparing land for planting in Armenia where the workstock had been killed or taken away by the Turks. I told Dr. Kingsbury that I thought production programs could be organized in villages where the work would be supervised by American soldiers experienced in handling tractors who might like such an assignment. We discussed the plan during dinner at a sidewalk cafe. Dr. Kingsbury was sufficiently impressed both with the plan and with the need for quick action that he proposed that we have a conference with Henry Morgenthau, head of the Near East Foundation, who was then staying at the Ritz. He secured an appointment that same evening. Mr. Morgenthau saw merit in the proposal but said that nothing could be done without Herbert Hoover's approval, since he was in charge of the Food Administration, then engaged in feeding starving people in Russia. He arranged for a conference the following morning when I outlined the plan to Mr. Hoover, who immediately approved the idea but said that it would be necessary to get President Wilson's approval before going ahead.

The nature of the plan, including my employment as director of the work, is best presented by the following letter to Mr. Morgenthau and the proposed plan of procedure.

Hotel Manchester
1 Rue de Grammont
Paris, France

June 26, 1919

Mr. Henry Morgenthau
Hotel Ritz
Paris.

My dear Mr. Morgenthau:

In accordance with your request I have prepared a brief statement of the possible agricultural program for Armenia for 1919.

The immediate agricultural problem is, of course, one of production. I feel, however, that a most important work lies ahead in the establishment of a sound agricultural policy for the future. A prosperous and contented rural population forms a strong basis on which to build a permanent government. Armenians appear to make industrious, capable, farmers and certainly offer an excellent basis for a successful rural development.

Remarkable transformations have occurred in rural Ireland, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Canada, Australia and New Zealand during the past few years, as a direct result of a wise use of agricultural lands. The United States is just beginning on a program of land settlement which will mean much for country life. If, in the organization of a new Republic in Armenia a proper foundation for rural development can be laid in the next few years, an important step toward stable government will have been accomplished.

Mr. W. Llew Williams in writing of the economic situation in Armenia in his book on "Armenia Past and Present" says "The economic development is perhaps the biggest task but it is not the most difficult. It is to secure for this population an opportunity for developing their industrial capacities and the economic possibilities of their land--its vast mineral wealth, its agricultural possibilities, etc. Here experienced advisors and the financial aid of the Powers will be necessary for an indefinite period.--At the same time it will be the duty of the Powers or of the new Government to save wealth of the land from greedy exploiters who aim at their immediate enrichment at the cost of permanent economic injury to the people as a whole." This expresses my feeling exactly.

I would like to have an opportunity of directing the initial stages of this work. I feel that my work in California has been an excellent preparation for such an undertaking. Owing to my home circumstances I could not accept the position, however, for less than \$5,000.00 a year

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and all expenses and would expect whatever insurance you are accustomed to grant against the unusual risks incident to the work in that section. I would hope to complete the preliminary study and work by January 1920. My further connection with the work could be determined at that time. At present I would hope to return to my work in California on the completion of the task, leaving the work in Armenia to be carried on by whatever power receives the mandate for that section.

Respectfully yours,

BRIEF STATEMENT OF PLANS FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK IN ARMENIA DURING THE FALL

OF THE PRESENT YEAR, 1919 *

Reports indicate that seed, power and tools are seriously lacking in Armenia at the present time, and that unless the situation is handled vigorously in the near future, another planting season will pass with but a portion of the land seeded. As ninety percent of the cultivated land, both irrigated and non-irrigated, is devoted to wheat and barley, the main task for the immediate future is to prepare as much land as possible for fall planting. Plowing usually begins in the early fall or late summer, after the first rains and continues until winter sets in, which in the lower and more favored valleys, is not until December. With the late start and facing the existing condition of the workers in Armenia, it would probably be impossible to seed the normal fall planted acreage, although by spring the operations could perhaps be so organized as to permit normal planting.

The present relief organization in Armenia is attempting the purchase of seed wheat, which seems to be available both north and south of Russian Armenia. This work would have to be continued until a sufficient supply has been secured. A small supply of garden seed for late summer planting should be purchased as there would be a possible opportunity of securing a certain production from small community gardens on irrigated tracts during the fall. Crops such as carrots, beets, early maturing beans, and grain sorghums, cabbage, lettuce and potatoes could be successfully planted if the work is not delayed. The advisability of attempting fall planting of truck crops depends upon the ability to act quickly. In case the seed was purchased and was not used, it could of course be saved for spring planting.

The agricultural problems involved in the planting of the grains and vegetables should be in the hands of an experienced American. Many of the methods now so successfully used in the Farm Bureau work in the United States could be profitably adapted to the organization of this work. Producers and leaders in the various localities should be organized in their own interests and the work done should be done with their voluntary assistance.

As horses and oxen are now scarce in Armenia, work animals should be purchased from neighboring countries and brought into Armenia for sale. This work should be under the direction of an experienced American who could work through native helpers in the regions entered. The extent of this work could not be estimated until a study of the situation has been made on the ground. The introduction of poultry, rabbits, dairy stock, cattle and sheep should also be undertaken and should be under the direction of the livestock specialist.

* Report prepared for Henry Morgenthau

In order to get quick action it would be advisable to purchase twenty-five or more tractors and a supply of farm machinery for immediate use. Both tractors and farm machinery, including plows, harrows, discs, and seeders can be secured in France. The harvesting machinery could be purchased later if conditions seemed to warrant. A large supply of hand tools, shovels, hoes and racks, should be purchased for immediate use. The Army has a very large supply of shovels on hand and the other material could be easily secured in Paris.

Reports indicate that the irrigations systems in Russian Armenia have been badly damaged and in some cases quite wholly destroyed. An irrigation engineer should be employed to attempt a reconstruction of those ditches, where the task is not too great, and he should also make a very general survey of the country to ascertain the possibilities of thorough reconstruction and extension of irrigation and something of the need and possibilities for drainage.

In order to carry out the production program satisfactorily some system of rural credits would be necessary. The small and large farmer alike will probably have to receive some aid in the purchase of stock and equipment. For temporary purposes the stock and implements purchased by the committee could be rented to those who could not buy, a crop mortgage being taken as a guarantee of payment. This problem would be one for the new government to work out, but a preliminary study of and contact with the situation would be valuable.

As the work is being carried out data could be secured regarding the present size of holdings, the system of land tenure, tenantry problems, standards of living, standards of production both per acre and per man power, systems of rotation practiced, livestock methods and so on. This data could be assembled and compiled so as to serve as an indicator for immediate recommendations and as a basis for further study.

Probably \$150,000 would be necessary to carry the work along for six months, outside of the revolving fund necessary for the purchase of seed, animals and machinery. It would be impossible to tell in advance just how much of this money would be needed or how much of the money spent would be returned out of the crops produced. In undertaking the work it would be advisable to have at least that amount set aside for the agricultural work in addition to the money needed for seed.

The men needed in the work can be secured from the Army, thus saving the time necessary to recruit workers from the States. A good executive, who is well acquainted with tractors and farm machinery, should be employed at once to get the tractor work started. Both the Army and the International Harvester Company are ready to furnish bids on materials needed and no time should be lost in getting the material moving. An experienced agronomist should be sent to Armenia immediately to rush the purchase of seed and to lay our plans for fall work. A livestock man should be employed to direct the livestock work and should leave for Armenia just as soon as plans can be settled. An irrigation engineer should also be sent as soon as possible. These four lines of work must be begun at once if the fall work is to be successful.

Packard: Mr. Morgenthau then asked me if I would be willing to make a quick trip through Armenia to get a firsthand picture of the problem. He said that he would arrange to send me to a western port on the Black Sea where a British navy boat would pick me up and take me across the Black Sea where I would take a train for Tbilisi. There I would be picked up by British motor car for a quick trip through the depressed farming areas of Armenia with occasional conferences with villagers and officials. I was to be back in Paris in two weeks or so.

Baum: Who was financing this?

Packard: Mr. Morgenthau.

Baum: Privately?

Packard: No. The money would come from the Near East Relief fund.

Baum: Well, did you make the trip?

Packard: No. There was one delay after another which stretched out into weeks. President Wilson ruled that nothing could be done in Armenia until a mandate had been secured which was expected anytime. While I waited I remained in Paris, where I met with delegations from Armenia, the Georgian Republic, and Azerbaidzhan; all of whom wanted American aid.

On one of the conferences with the Armenian group, Dr. Main, president of Grinnell College in Iowa, who had just returned from Armenia as President Wilson's personal representative, came to the conference to report on what he had seen. The first question asked concerned President Wilson's attitude toward a U.S. mandate. The second question and answer were

Packard: something like this. "Are the British troops still in Armenia to protect us from the Turks?" "Yes, they are. They are looking for oil and if they find it they will always be there."

(Laughter)

I met Knowles Ryerson during this period and got him interested in the Armenian program. Several others became interested and were ready to join in the venture. Nothing came of it though. Kingsbury went back to New York on some Red Cross work. I saw Mr. Morgenthau late in June at his request and found him in a great rush getting ready to leave for Poland where he was to serve as Special Commissioner. He told me that Kingsbury was definitely out of the picture and that there was no one in Paris on whom I could depend. So I gave up the plan and devoted the rest of my time to seeing what I could of the battlefields.

Baum: Mr. Ryerson had gone over before you, hadn't he?

Packard: Yes. He was one of two from the Extension Service who had enlisted when the United States got into the war. Paul Dougherty was the other. Knowles went over as a forester, with a commission as second lieutenant.

Baum: Wasn't Professor Ernest Babcock there?

Packard: Oh yes, Babcock was there. Frank Adams, Babcock, and I were the three from the University sent over in the Educational Corps. Frank Adams and I were together several times.

Sightseeing in France

Packard: One evening we were on a walk some distance from the camp where we were staying to see one of the many cemeteries in France where American young men who had died in the war "to make the world safe for democracy", were buried. As we stood there, hats in hand, we heard the camp bugler play taps a mile or so away.

I spent some of my "vacation" as a tourist. I saw Paris via the various tours organized by the Y.M.C.A. I visited a country estate with Frank Adams, and went on a wine-tasting tour through the Burgundy district with Kingsbury and two others, again in an Army Cadillac. I think it may be interesting to read into the record some excerpts from letters I wrote at that time.

I left Paris for Reims at 7:30 a.m. We went through Chateau Thierry and got to Reims about noon. We followed up the valley of the Marne for miles on the train and, of course, could see the shell holes and the wire entanglements, trenches and the remains of destroyed towns, torn trees and all the rest. It seemed strange that the grass should be so green and the flowers so bright in those fields where men were dying only six months ago. The brilliant red French poppies lined the trenches and covered the barbwire--as if they had been placed there on purpose by some divine providence. As we neared Reims the country was more torn but was nothing compared to Reims itself. I did not see a single house in that place of 120,000 inhabitants that was not destroyed. Most of the buildings were entirely gutted by fire and explosions while many buildings were simply piles of stone and brick. It reminded me of the worst part of San Francisco after the fire--I never before realized how awful it must have been there during those days. When you see it, it is beyond conception.

I started for the Hindenburg line when we got as far

Packard:

as the cars would take us. I hadn't gone 200 yards before I was startled by an explosion in the field. A young Frenchman had picked up a hand grenade which blew him to bits. I saw hundreds of unexploded shells, hand grenades and aerial bombs, one fully fifteen inches in diameter, half-buried in the ground. It was hard to find a trail through the barbwire and required much climbing, jumping, and scrambling.

When I reached the fortified Hindenburg line I could hardly believe my eyes. There were miles of great stone walls, cement and stone cellars, sleeping quarters, kitchens, piles of shells, hundreds of yards of machine gun bullets all neatly placed in the canvas belts. Wires connected all of the places so that phones and electric lights could be placed where needed. I walked for a quarter of a mile through a tunnel, stone-walled and lighted by shafts every fifty feet or so. The tunnel was twenty-five feet underground and from it, on both sides, stretched great rooms, from twenty to sixty feet long and from twenty to thirty feet wide. The effect of Allied fire was, of course, evident and much of the work was rubble.

The following exerpts from another letter tell of another trip to the trenches--this time to the Soissons area where,

"I saw the ground that had been taken by the First, Second and Thirty-fifth Divisions. It was all so terrible that I hate to think of it as it was. We started out from a little town called Anizy, just beyond Soissons in the valley of the La Vesle river. Chinese workers and German prisoners were busy in the neighborhood. The Y guide took us on a narrow gauge railroad, built by the Germans, to a point across the valley where we separated, each man going for the particular dugout he preferred. The forest was a total wreck. Most of the trees were dead although brush was growing up fast. Clogged-up water holes, fallen logs, barbwire and great shell craters, half-filled with water made going bad. German helmets were everywhere. The second one I saw still had the head in it. French and German rifles, clothing, shells, hand grenades and mortars, were there. The trenches followed just below the crest of the hill where the dugouts were protected from direct shell fire. We had candles to use in going through the long, low rooms of the dugouts. The old beds, much clothing, tin dishes, tables and all were there. I explored a dozen or so dugouts. Out of the hundreds of thousands of relics I could have taken, I carried away one French rifle, three German helmets, one American and one French helmet, three different kinds of bayonets, an empty revolver

Packard:

case, a half-filled cartridge case, two trench shovels still in their leather cases, an empty hand grenade, a German gas mask, and a mess kit.

I was in Versailles the day that peace was signed and had better read another excerpt from a letter home.

"Four of us--Professor Hamilton of the University of South Carolina (History), Professor Newens of Dartmouth, Mr. Johnson of New York (child specialist), and I went on a Y.M.C.A. conducted tour of Versailles. Although many special trains were running and the Y had a special train of its own, the cars were crowded to the limit. The compartment we were in usually holds eight but today there were twenty in it. The mob at the front gate of the palace prevented anything but a distant view of the lines of soldiers, the cavalry with pennants fluttering in the wind, with the airplanes buzzing or roaring overhead. We therefore went to the palace gardens in the back of the palace, passing on the way the building where the treaty of 1783 was signed giving us our independence from England.

I managed to get a ringside seat where I got a good view of the crowd, the garden, the fountains and the airplanes that circled overhead. There was nothing else to see until 3:30 when the bugles blew, the cannons roared, the fountains were turned on for the first time since the war. The crowd cheered and tried to sing the Marseillaise in tune with the snatches of music we could get from the band, above the general roar. President Wilson, with the other heads of state came out on the terrace for all to see. I got back to Paris about 6 p.m. and was interested in seeing the decorations in the station in honor of President Wilson and Lloyd George, who leave tonight. A rich red carpet was spread the length of the station and platform. Palms, flags, flowers and pennants made the place look like a garden. It's a great day for the people here, but I'm afraid the treaty won't accomplish its high objectives. Tonight's papers say the British Labor Party denounces the treaty as too harsh on the Germans."

Two days later I had the following to say about the celebration in Paris the night that the peace treaty was signed.

"The celebration in Paris was terrific. Cannons boomed, the people flocked to the Place de la Concorde and then to the Avenue de l'Opera, back and forth. It was just a moving mass of humanity. The Americans and Australians made most of the noise, but the British, French, and Italians did

Packard:

their part. Tipping up taxis seemed to be the main amusement. At one point a British diplomat was trying to get through the crowd in a taxi. Some Australians picked up the back end, letting the wheels spin. The occupant, who was wearing a top hat, stuck his head out the window and waved a little British flag. The Aussies reacted by tipping the taxi on its side which brought cheers from the crowd. More cheers followed when the diplomat emerged with many helping hands. (Laughter) Throwing confetti, kissing the girls and vice-versa, milling back and forth in columns of four or racing through the crowd in single file, Y girls, Red Cross girls, and girls of the street, gobs and doughboys, officers and privates all joined in the carnival. At exactly twelve o'clock the orchestra from the opera house appeared on the steps and with the accompaniment of thousands of voices played the Marsiellaise, the Star Spangled Banner, God Save the King, and the Italian national anthem. A young private came up to me and said in a hoarse voice, "I landed in France in October, 1917, and this is the happiest day of my life." He expressed the feeling of everyone.

I stood on one of those little islands in the middle of the street and caught the currents going both ways. There were many amusing incidents. One well dressed and rather pretty French girl climbed the electric light pole in the middle of the street and stood on a Y.M.C.A. sign about twelve feet above the crowd and sang, "Hail, Hail, The gang's all here, etc." A doughboy climbed up to join her. They both stood there, one arm around the pole and the other around each other and continued to sing, until the sign began to give way. The girl jumped into the arms of her officer companion while the doughboy slid down the pole. It was a great night.

During this time I presented the letter of introduction to Lincoln Steffens which Harriet Eddy gave me in Berkeley. He was just back from Moscow and was full of stories about the Russian Revolution. I heard some of his accounts while sitting in his hotel room while he had breakfast in bed. I accompanied him, my brother-in-law, Phil Chadbourn, who happened to be in Paris, and two or three others to a radical party held in a tavern along the banks of the Seine. Every nation in the world seemed to be represented. Heavy drinking--bottoms

Packard: up sort of thing--was a cementing influence. I managed to find a corner where I could stand and watch. Although I had become accustomed to drinking red wine with my meals and eating horse meat at French restaurants I was not up to the standard set by this crowd. (Laughter)

Baum: Was there a lot of pro-Russia and anti-Russia feeling? Was that the excitement? Or was...

Packard: The feeling of the group at the tavern was all pro-Russian. Among others whom I met in France the feeling was divided, some favored the Revolution, others opposed it. There were few neutral among them. My sister Esther was in Tzarist Russia long enough to recognize the need for revolutionary change. Conditions under the Tsar she thought were intolerable.

Baum: You were in France quite a while, then, after the war.

Packard: Yes, I was there about five months.

Baum: Were Americans popular at that time?

Packard: Oh yes, they were--that is with most people. The railroad officials were not exactly happy over the habit of American soldiers buying a ticket to the first station out of Paris and then riding all day, pretending they could not understand French. I encountered one or two of those horribly officious tourist types who galled me as much as they did the French. They were men who had come over after the war but acted as though they personally had saved the "frogs" from disaster. I left Paris late in July going to Brest to wait for accommodations on a transport going to New York. I was one

Packard: of twelve thousand who returned on the Emperator--an eighty thousand ton former German liner that had been commandeered by the United States. The passengers included eight hundred Red Cross nurses and scores of French G.I. brides.

On my way home I was with a very interesting group, all returning members of the Educational Corps. We all went to the Brevoort Hotel for a celebration and had quite a party.

After gathering my civilian clothes and saying hello to my sisters and others I went back to California, first to arrange for my ~~sabbatical~~ leave, including the payment of \$150.00 a month allowance I was to receive, and second, to get the family ready to move to Cambridge. It was tentatively agreed that I would return to the University of California as a member of Dr. Mead's ~~Department~~ of Rural Institutions.

Baum: So you hadn't sold any soldiers on the land but you had sold yourself?

Packard: Well, yes. I had been selling the idea and I thought it was a good one.

Baum: But it was your impression that most of the soldiers were not in the least interested in settling the land.

Packard: Not in the least. They wanted jobs. They wanted something more interesting than going back onto the farm. As it turned out, their instincts, or maybe, judgements, were better than the reasoning of the theoreticians. Millions of family farm operators have moved off the land since that time and have been added to the industrial working force. As I look back on that

Packard: period I realize that the whole world was on the threshold of a gigantic social revolution created by the new circumstances of an advancing industrial era.

Baum: Had a lot of the soldiers been farmers?

Packard: Oh yes, of course. Many of them had come from farms but they were usually sons of farmers and did not have to look for new land, and those from urban areas had no interest in becoming farmers.

STUDYING AND TEACHING ECONOMICS: HARVARD AND M.I.T., 1919 - 1920

Baum: So following a trip to Berkeley, you and the family moved to Boston so you could prepare yourself to work with Dr. Mead at the University in the Department of Rural Institutions. As I recall, that was a pretty hectic period in Massachusetts, one which gave us our next President of the United States.

Packard: Yes. When we got to Boston, the famous police strike was on in full force. The station was full of soldiers ordered in by Governor Coolidge. The whole city was under martial law which created quite a dramatic entrance for us.

We took a streetcar to Cambridge and soon located a house that seemed to meet our needs. But it was coal heated and when the cold weather set in we found that it would heat only the kitchen adequately regardless of the tons of coal we fed into the furnace. (Laughter) After four months of this we moved to an upstairs apartment in a 300-year-old colonial-type house in remarkably good condition. We lived there for the balance of our stay in Cambridge.

An Irish family had bought this house and had reconditioned it with two upstairs apartments. One thing we liked was that a "For Rent" sign outside said, "Children are Welcome." A young couple occupied the other upstairs apartment. He was an English major, who was both teaching and studying under Dr. Kittredge, a famous professor of English at Harvard.

Packard: Emmy Lou started first grade at the Agassiz school at Cambridge. It was a favorite school for many of the children of Harvard professors. It was presided over by a wonderful Negro woman principal. She was a good administrator and had a wonderful understanding of children. When she died of cancer a few years later, a monument to her was erected in the school yard paid for by contributions from the hundreds who knew and admired her.

Baum: When you went to Harvard you were a student?

Packard: Yes, I was a graduate student in economics. I was officially under the direction of Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver, because he was an agricultural economist and that was to be my field. But in practice, I was far more influenced by Dr. Frank Taussig, under whom I took my first real course in economic theory. I took a course in statistics under Dr. Day whom I admired very much although I had more difficulty in his classes than in others because I had to brush up on mathematics which was not my forte. I also began a course in marketing in the Harvard School of Business Administration but dropped it when I became a tutor which required more time than I had, if I were to keep up in my other courses.

I was fascinated with everything I was learning.

Baum: Maybe you'd always been interested in economics rather than in agriculture.

Packard: Yes and no. I think I developed a comprehension of economics as a science that I had never had before. I can repeat what

Packard: I said previously that I was a slow developer. I was aware of many social problems but the courses I had had in economics and philosophy at Ames and Stanford left me cold. I said previously, too, that I had become a socialist at Stanford but I realize now that it was more an emotional reaction to social injustice and political corruption of which I had become aware than a comprehension of a new social order. Terms which I had used began to be defined in my mind and I developed a sense of security in knowledge that I had never had before. This may have been rooted in some psychological reaction based on the fact that the religious beliefs and dogma that had been so much a part of my up-bringing had evolved and changed. Perhaps it was like this: I had retained the emotional reaction to problems affecting man's relationship to man that I had developed as a result of my early training and was beginning to understand something of the science of behavior.

I have gone through a somewhat similar metamorphosis in my interest in agriculture. I was originally attracted by the life on a farm. When I was serving as superintendent of the Imperial Valley Experiment Farm I found that I was far more interested in the production end than in doing the painstaking work required in basic research and experimentation. After two years in Extension work I began to realize that the principal problems facing the farmer were economic rather than technical. After gaining more knowledge in the economic field and after trying to apply that knowledge in land settlement

Packard: work, I began to realize that economics are but a means to an end and that the end is in the realm of philosophy.

But to get back to Harvard. The first day in my course in the principles of economics, Dr. Taussig discussed single tax. I had had a feeling that there was something subversive about the idea, and was surprised to hear Dr. Taussig say that the greatest objection to single tax was that it had not been adopted in the beginning. Because it had not been adopted, vast vested interests had been established which offered difficult barriers to overcome. This gave me a certain feeling of confidence in the value of basic economic analysis. Some days later, when the question of our invasion of Russia was raised, Dr. Taussig said that what was going on in Russia was an extremely interesting social experiment which we should watch with interest, while being glad that the experiment was being tried in Russia rather than here. Ever since that time I have adopted Dr. Taussig's viewpoint toward communism. A third statement made by both Professors Taussig and Carver which deeply affected my thinking was that the next big field in economics would concern the consumer.

In retrospect, I consider my year under Dr. Hilgard and Professor Etcheverry at the University of California and the year under Doctors Taussig and Carver at Harvard University to be the most formative periods of my life.

I was very much impressed with Dr. Taussig's technique in making students think. He would lead the class through

Packard: a series of what appeared to be obvious truths and would get everyone to agree that a seemingly obvious conclusion was correct. When no one objected he would raise some simple point which instantly showed that the reasoning was wrong and the conclusions unfounded. He employed this technique several times during the year and would end each time by saying, "I want you to think. I don't want you to go out of here without the ability to question conclusions and to analyze the facts. You will get just as high a grade here whether you agree with me or not provided you back your statements by properly reasoned analysis."

Within two weeks or so after entering Harvard I was employed as a tutor at \$50.00 per month, an assignment which I could carry without interfering with my main purpose. I was to meet with a small group of students once a week for general discussions and assignment of reading. The purpose was to enlarge the students' horizon.

Baum: Did you meet with them individually or was this like a teaching assistant?

Packard: I met with the group but was to give individual assignments.

Baum: We have teaching assistants here at Cal.

Packard: Yes, I know, but the two systems are not alike. The responsibilities of the teaching assistants and the tutor are not the same. The tutors had no responsibility concerning class work, correcting papers and the like.

Baum: A little more personal attention than you get here at Cal.

Packard: Yes, much more. The tutor, in a sense, served as the students' advisor. The responsibility was new to me but I must have done well enough because Dr. Taussig recommended me for a job as instructor in economic theory at Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the spring semester, an assignment which I thoroughly enjoyed. I had one hundred and twenty-five sophomore engineers. I assumed this responsibility in addition to remaining as tutor at Harvard.

I might say that these two jobs helped me financially. The tutorial job made me a member of the faculty which saved me \$600.00 in tuition, while the pay I was getting from Harvard and M.I.T., when added to my sabbatical pay, brought my income way above any salary that I had received before.

Dr. Taussig must have thought he had a budding economic genius in me, because on three occasions when he was in Washington on some Commission business, he asked me to take his class which included some Rhodes scholars and several economists who had returned to college to catch up on current thinking. I must have passed the test because I was urged several times to consider an offer to remain at Harvard as an instructor while getting a Ph.D. degree.

I have often wondered what would have happened to me if I had accepted that offer. I am inclined to believe that I made the right decision in turning the offer down. Just as in the case of the Experiment Station job where I was more interested in the farmer's problems and in production, rather than

Packard: in research; I was more interested in getting into an action field than in teaching. I had been offered the job as superintendent of the second State Land Settlement project in Delhi, California, which, in a sense, combined my interest in economics and agriculture. So I accepted. I have had a lot of hard knocks as a result of this decision but I have gained some knowledge and experience regarding human behavior which I feel has been very valuable to me.

The winter we spent in Cambridge was unusually cold and there was an unusually heavy snowfall. This, of course, delighted the two girls who had never seen snow before. We made family trips to places like Plymouth Rock, Salem and Concord, and tried to find traces of the ancestry of the Packard and Leonard families, both of which came from New England.

Baum: Did you find many relatives there?

Packard: No living relatives but some interesting tomb stones. (Laughter)

Mrs. :
Packard Because Walter was on the faculty and was a visiting professor I became a member of the Harvard Dames, the wives of professors, and another faculty group made up of wives of visiting professors.

I remember going to one of these Harvard Dames meetings where the advertised speaker wasn't able to come, so they got one of the members of the club who was from an old, old family and she gave a talk about her family. Well, to me, coming from the Middle West, it struck me as a very egotistical thing to do because nobody would dream about standing and entertaining a crowd about their own family. And her tale

Mrs. : was that she went to this cemetery and that cemetery, and she
Packard found the family names there. And it was of great interest to
the local group.

Baum: Well, it can be very fascinating. Of course you had your
Packard genealogy by that time, didn't you?

Packard: Oh yes.

Baum: I guess you could stand up with all of them if they wanted to
talk about genealogy. (Laughter)

Packard: I think Emma and I had more standing because we came from
the University of California than because of ancestry. But
the fact that both of our families were connected in signif-
icant ways with the history of the colonial period didn't
hurt. The University of California had a high rating at
Harvard.

It would be a mistake to end this chapter without saying
more about the rather exciting atmosphere during the time we
were in Cambridge. The Palmer raids were on and Emma was able
to attend some of the "red" trials in Boston.

Mrs. : At the trial they brought up those young people who had been
Packard arrested in that raid--the police went into homes early one
morning and rounded up hundreds of them. And I remember going
to a meeting where Felix Frankfurter, a young man then in
Harvard, was one of the men who conducted the hearing. The
only one I remember was a big, fine looking young man with
a long full beard and they kept after him. He spoke broken
English and they kept asking him about his connections. He

Mrs. : Packard had on a red necktie and they said, "Do you wear a red necktie because of the Revolution?" And his reply was, "I do not understand revolutions by necktie." (Laughter)

Baum: What were these raids about?

Packard: It was an hysterical period. There was a general fear of a Marxist red plot to overthrow the government. The police strike in Boston added a sense of reality which frightened many. The Allied armies were attacking Russia and Wilson was fighting for his League of Nations. "Back to Normalcy" became the general slogan. Probably the most exciting meeting I have ever attended was held in Faneuil Hall when Raymond Robins, who had just returned from a Red Cross assignment in Russia, told of his experiences.

Mrs. : Packard In a letter to my mother dated November 20, 1919, I wrote the following account:

"Last week on Armistice night we attended a meeting in Faneuil Hall protesting against intervention in Russia. We knew it would be largely attended so we went about 6:30 p.m. and arrived at the doors an hour before the meeting was to begin. We couldn't get within twenty feet of the doors which weren't open yet. So we got as near as we could and waited half an hour more. By that time the crowd had gathered another twenty feet behind us and when the doors opened they began to push! I never was in such a jam in my life and hope I never will be again. Luckily I was tall enough not to have all the breath squeezed out of me as some of the small women did. They screamed and begged the crowd not to push, but no one stopped. I went only about an inch a minute but I was puffing and blowing from the squeezing I got when I finally got into the doors. My arm was so pinched in that it went to sleep. The papers said thousands were turned away and I don't doubt it. My umbrella was smashed from the pulling and hauling but I'm thankful that it wasn't my ribs which got broken..

Mrs. :
Packard

Raymond Robins, head of the Red Cross in Russia was the principal speaker and it was the most thrilling address that I have ever heard. About seventy-five per cent of the audience were Russians and the rest in sympathy, judging from the applause. He spoke for an hour and a half and told things that should make every American ashamed of the part we have played in Russia. Harvard Crimson, the daily college paper, has protested to President Wilson asking him to take troops out of Russia at once. To hear a man begging for human rights in the old hall that saw such stirring times in our own Revolution was quite strange.

STATE LAND SETTLEMENT BOARD



Left to right: Walter E. Packard, Superintendent of Delhi Land Settlement; Dr. Elwood Mead, chief of Division of Land Settlement; George C. Kreutzer, Superintendent of Durham Land Settlement. July, 1921

SUPERINTENDENT OF DELHI LAND SETTLEMENT PROJECT, 1920 - 1924

Beginnings of the State Land Settlement Board and the Durham and Delhi Land Settlement Projects *

Packard: Although I had expected to return to the University of California as an Associate Professor in the Department of Rural Institutions when I finished my work at Harvard, I was offered instead the position as superintendent of the Delhi Land Settlement Project--an appointment which I readily accepted because I wanted to be in an action program. I was in fact quite intrigued by the opportunity I felt the job presented.

Baum: Now you got there in...?

Packard: July, 1920.

Baum: That was a very bad economic year, as I remember. The bottom fell out of the rice market and the sugar market.

Packard: Yes, it was a bad year, but what is still more important is that it was the beginning of the great agricultural depression which continued until World War II brought back the demand for farm products. This fact illustrates one of the weaknesses of the whole approach to the farm problem. There was no adequate statistical background on which to base the sort of planning that was needed. The Mead plan was being written up in national magazines as the answer to an assumed demand of people for farms in the West.

Baum: Was this designed primarily, do you think, as an answer to

* See ROHO interview, "A Life in Water Development", Sidney T. Harding, 1967, pp. 186-204.

Baum: settlement in California or was it primarily to help veterans?

Packard: It was primarily settlement in California, although the Delhi Project was used in part to provide farms for veterans.

Baum: Veterans were secondary?

Packard: Yes, the veterans were a secondary consideration. Ever since the days of Henry George, land speculation had played a bad role in the state. Poor land and land without adequate water had been sold to unsuspecting settlers at exorbitant prices. It was thought by those who favored the Mead plan that the mistakes and swindles of the past could be avoided by having the State Land Settlement Board establish a series of land settlement projects where the interests of both the public and the settlers would be protected. It was thought also that these demonstrations of how things should be done would affect future private development.

The nature of the circumstances which led to the establishment of the State Land Settlement Board and the nature of the planning which preceded the selection of land settlement sites are interesting in retrospect. In 1915 the State Legislature passed an Act providing for the establishment of a Land Settlement and Rural Credits Board to make a report to the legislature regarding the situation existing in the state at that time. Elwood Mead, who was then in Australia, was called back by the University of California and was appointed Chairman of this Board which included, among others, Harris Weinstock a business partner of David Lubin, and an internationally

Packard: known leader in agricultural thought, and Mortimer Fleishhacker, a prominent banker in San Francisco.

Baum: I notice that Arthur M. Breed was the man who sponsored the Land Settlement Act. Do you know what his interest was in this?

Packard: Mr. Breed was an outstanding State Senator from Oakland. He was sincerely interested in the land problem and remained a staunch supporter of the program during my period as superintendent at Delhi.

Baum: Was Mead an Australian?

Packard: No. He had gone there as a leading reclamation engineer with wide experience in the Western States.

Baum: I know he'd done a lot of work in Australia.

Packard: It was in Australia where he developed his land settlement plan. When Thomas F. Hunt became head of the College of Agriculture of the University of California, he immediately took an interest in the land problem and invited Dr. Mead to come to California to head the new Department of Rural Institutions.

A commission held hearings in various parts of the state and presented a report to the Legislature which resulted in the establishment of the State Marketing Director's office and the passage of the Land Settlement Act, which authorized the creation of the State Land Settlement Board, with an initial appropriation of \$250,000.00 to purchase land for a demonstration project. The Board advertised for tracts of land and had

Packard: eighty offers. Professor Charles Shaw, head of the Soils Department of the University was asked to examine and report on the soil conditions in each tract. Professor Frank Adams was asked to examine the water supply and legal rights to water, and Dean Thomas F. Hunt and R. L. Adams, Head of the Farm Management Department of the University were asked to work with the Board in the final selection of sites. The Delhi tract was included in this first list.

The first demonstration settlement was located at Durham because it was relatively small and could be financed under the initial appropriation of \$250,000.00. The price of farm products was high at that time and there was sufficient demand for land to enable the Board to fill the colony with an experienced class of settlers with sufficient money of their own to meet their obligation with minimum help from the state.

Baum: Was the Durham settlement started before or after the war? Did they have a majority of veterans, is what I am trying to find out.

Packard: No. The Durham colony was started before the end of the war and before the drop in farm prices. No veterans were involved. The Durham settlement was immediately successful under George Kreutzer's good management, which included a rare ability to understand the settlers' problems and inner feelings.* There seemed to be no good reason for not starting the second project as soon as possible.

*Mrs. George Kreutzer is planning to write a biography of her husband, especially his work in California agriculture, and it is planned to deposit this in the Bancroft Library. Letter from Dorothy Kreutzer to Mrs. Baum, July 22, 1969.

Selection of the Delhi Site

Packard: The initial success at Durham together with the anticipated demand for land by returned soldiers seemed to justify the establishment of a second colony. An appropriation of \$1,000,000.00 was made to carry out the idea. The Board again advertised for land and the Delhi property was one of ten offerings which possessed good soil and a good water supply. Being located in the Turlock Irrigation District with an excellent water supply and being crossed by the state highway and both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe tracks, it was obviously well located. In order to determine the value of the land, a survey was made of three hundred farms in the area. The price of land ranged from \$200.00 to \$2,000.00 per acre with an average of \$600.00

On the basis of these facts the Delhi land was purchased and development began in the spring of 1920. The 7,000 acre tract was owned by Mr. Edgar Wilson of San Francisco and certain associates, including Mr. Seagraves who was in charge of land development for the Santa Fe railroad. The average price paid for the land was \$92.50 per acre. It was producing practically no revenue. Some of the land was planted to barley and rye by tenants but the yields were very low without irrigation. The land not in grains was rented for sheep pasture. Charles Shaw, head of the Soils Department of the College of Agriculture and in charge of the soil survey work in the

Packard: state, made a careful study of the soils to determine their productive value under irrigation. Results, over the years, have proved his judgement to be sound.

Baum: \$92.50 an acre for undeveloped land? Wasn't that at developed land prices?

Packard: No. The price was high for undeveloped land, but Professor R. L. Adams, head of the Farm Management Division of the University, made a study of land prices in the area previously referred to, and found the price of developed land to be comparable to the cost of Delhi land when all costs were included. When you add to the \$92.50 cost per acre for the raw land, the cost of the pipe line that had to be developed to deliver water on to this sandy land--and another thirty or forty dollars an acre to level the land, another twenty to fifty or sixty dollars an acre for essential, but minimum, buildings the total investment came to over \$400.00 per acre, without including the cost of planting trees, and vines, or buying a dairy herd, or meeting the costs of family living during the development period. But when all of these costs are added together they were not above the market price of developed land in the area. Even if the land had been secured at a lower price it would have made no difference in the final outcome.

Baum: I suppose both the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific were interested in this development. I think they are always interested in settlement along their lines, aren't they?

Packard: Oh yes. The Southern Pacific showed its confidence by building

Packard: a station at Delhi and by installing side tracks for freight cars.

Some of the land was already included in the Turlock Irrigation District but the land was so rolling that it was impossible to irrigate all of it by gravity water. The area not originally in the district was brought in later. All of this new land was above the gravity ditch of the Turlock District and had to be reached by pumping. As a result of the rolling character of the topography, a cement pipe system was developed for the entire area. The pipes ranged from thirty inches in diameter to as little as six inches. Some of the system was under high pressure which required the installation of some rather high surge chambers to prevent damage from what is known as water-hammer.

Baum: Was this gravity flow for most of the project?

Packard: Yes, for most of it.

Baum: Was this land bought because it was the only block of land that was large enough?

Packard: No. Size was not the only factor. The tract was purchased only after a state-wide search for a suitable, undeveloped area. The Board decided that the Wilson property was the best that had been offered.

Baum: You don't think there was any collusion between the Board and the owner?

Packard: No, I am sure there was not. I feel quite sure however that the Wilson group thought they had put something over on the

Packard: Board, because of a statement made to me by Seagrave's nephew at a chance meeting in Yosemite Valley. He said, "They sure put it over on the old man (Mead) didn't they?" It seemed quite evident that he was reflecting the attitude his uncle had toward the deal.

But, in retrospect, you go back to the fact that the Board, after looking over all the available locations they could find in the state didn't find anything better than the Delhi property for price, water supply, location, and soil. One fact is evident however. The state was not able to buy land without paying for increments in value, which from a basic social standpoint should have gone to the state rather than to Wilson, et al, as land speculators.

In retrospect, again, the error made by the Board was not in the selection of the land. The area, in 1965, is one of the most prosperous agricultural areas of the state. The error was in judging the nature of the times. The trend in both the state and the nation had been away from small farms and toward larger mechanized units and toward a planned control of production. The whole agricultural philosophy seems to me to be confused. A new philosophy will, I believe, emerge, based upon new ideas of some kind, an idea that I will expand toward the end of this biography.

Improving the Land

Packard: The engineering on the project was competently carried out.

Packard: The many miles of pipe that had to be used were made on the project in a large pipe shed built for the purpose. Milo Williams, a college friend of mine at Ames, was chief engineer. Ernest Fortier, son of Dr. Samuel Fortier, the first Chief of the Irrigation Investigation Office of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, was in charge of the pipe making and installation. He had been active in this field for some years and was a recognized expert. Detailed topographical maps were made of the entire area and each settler was given a topographical map of his allotment to serve as a guide in laying out the irrigation system.

We used settlers on the work wherever possible in order to give them much needed employment during the non-income development period. They were used in digging trenches for the pipe, in hauling pipe to the field, and in leveling land which was still done with the use of four-horse Fresno Scrapers.

Baum: Who did the work of making the pipe?

Packard: A group of Yugoslavs were employed as individual workers. But most of the people who were actually working in the pipes were Yugoslavs.

Baum: Were they settlers?

Packard: No. Quite a number of settlers were employed in the pipe shed too. But the technical work was mostly done by these Yugoslavs who were experienced in handling the pipe machines and that sort of thing.

Baum: Were they local people?

Packard: No.

Baum: Just cement workers that went around the country doing that kind of work.

Packard: As superintendent I backed the engineers in the interest of efficiency and low costs. As a result, the pipe system was installed at a cost appreciably below the cost in any private project in the state at that time. John Jahn was in charge of all land surveys and in making subdivisions according to plans made by the engineers and approved by me and Kreutzer.

Baum: Is this the lowest for pipe or the lowest for irrigation?

Packard: The lowest cost per acre in the irrigated area.

Baum: Because isn't a pipe system much more expensive than a ditch system?

Packard: Oh, yes. But I meant the lowest pipe system. There was no other pipe system in the state at that time that was put in at as low a per acre cost as the system at Delhi.

Baum: And why was the pipe selected? Was it necessary to put in a pipe?

Packard: The pipe system was used for two reasons. So much of the land was rolling that it was necessary to use pipes to get water to isolated high areas. In the second place the sandy soil was so porous that open earth ditches could not be used because of drainage problems. Even as it was, seepage from the main Turlock District ditch and over-irrigation raised the ground water level in several low places to a point where water stood on the surface in limited areas. This problem was met by

Packard: installing large pumps in the wet areas to pump the excess water into the pipe lines.

Planning the Town of Delhi

Packard: The Delhi townsite was planned by Professor John William Gregg, then head of the Landscape Division of the College of Agriculture. The planning followed the latest ideas of the time. The town was zoned into residential, business, and industrial sections. Land was set aside for a town park adjoining the schoolyard. The park area was to be located across the S.P. tracks to avoid a ribbon development of garages and the like along the highway. But, as the old saying goes, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. The town plans were poorly executed. Now, as you drive down the highway, Delhi presents a very bad impression. One factor not anticipated in the plan has been the influx of migrants from Oklahoma and Texas whose shacks present a look of poverty in sharp contrast to the prosperity of the farming community.

Baum: So the town was planned as a center for a larger rural group than just the community of Delhi.

Packard: Yes, that is true. It was to be a model residential town. Mr. Wilson donated \$10,000.00 to build a community hall which was named after him. Professor Gregg used the Delhi plan in his classes to illustrate the principle of town planning. If the plan had been properly executed, Delhi could have been a delightful rural village.

Packard: The roads throughout the colony were graveled by the County Board of Supervisors. The cost of this work was not charged against the settlers but was paid for by the County taxes. The graveling was necessary because of the sandy character of the soil.

Two-Acre Laborer's Allotments

Packard: A special feature of the Delhi plan called for the establishment of two-acre laborer's allotments. This was an introduction from Mead's experience in Australia. The allotments were designed to provide good housing, community services, and room for subsistence gardens, orchard, and chicken pens. Although the plan seemed to be a good one it never worked out in practice. During the development period the settlers on the labor allotments were kept reasonably busy but when employment on farms provided the main support many of the allotments were taken over by others or abandoned. Again, the farm labor problem has not been worked out.

Baum: This two-acre settler was to be a laborer on the other farms?

Packard: He was to supply labor on the colony or on the outside, wherever he could get labor.

Baum: Was there any industry around there, anything that would use labor?

Packard: The opportunities for employment were very limited. During the canning season many farm laborers and other settlers secured jobs in the Turlock canning industry. But this work was

Packard: seasonal and so, of course, was the need for work on the farms.

Low Cost Housing: Architect Max Cook

Packard: A special service, which began on the Durham project, was continued at the Delhi colony with great success. Max Cook, an architect who had specialized on low cost housing, was employed to advise settlers on their building program. No service rendered by the Board was more intimately connected with the settlers' problems. The routine was as follows. When a settler would appear he would be ushered into my office where I would find out as much as possible about his plans, his financial resources and experience, and would go over his farm plans with him. Each settler was supposed to have at least \$1,500.00 in cash or equivalent in useful equipment. With very few exceptions the settlers had ideas far beyond what they could do with their resources, even though the state Land Settlement law provided for loans up to \$3,000.00 for improvements. The first obstacle would be building. The settlers would say, for example, they planned on a two-bedroom house to begin with. I would go over a budget program covering the first two or three years which, with few exceptions, knocked out any possibility of having the kind of a house they wanted.

This is where Max Cook came in. I would take the settler and his wife into Cook's office where he would show what could be done to cut costs. It often resulted in the building of

Packard: the lean-to which would be part of an ultimate barn to serve as living quarters until the farm income would permit expansion. In other cases, the first unit of a chicken house would serve as temporary housing units pending the time when the chickens would bring in enough profit to justify further investments. By the time they got through with Max Cook and came back to me they were very different people. (Laughter) They began to realize their money would not carry them through.

Baum: They were realizing this was a pioneering venture. (Laughter)

Packard: Yes, definitely. Some settlers were able to finance the development work quite satisfactorially, but such settlers had far more than the \$1,500.00 minimum capital.

After conferences with Cook and with me, many of the applicants decided against applying for allotments. In any case the final decision was made by Dr. Mead, representing the Land Settlement Board. The following excerpt from a newspaper account illustrates the procedure and presents some of the results.

On December 15, 1920, officers of the settlement, including Dr. Elwood Mead, Chief of the Division of Land Settlement, and Walter E. Packard, Superintendent of the Settlement, will meet at Delhi to consider applications of those desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity to get on the land. This is the second hearing of applications. The first, held earlier in the month, received applications of forty candidates, of which twenty one were approved for farms, six applications were similarly acted on for farm laborer's allotments. About ten laborers' allotments remain open to application. These farms have the backing of the state of California and may be had on terms and under conditions unequalled. Deferred payments extending over a period of thirty-six and a half years may be had if desired. In addition to this, the settlement has at its disposal

Packard: the best agricultural supervision the state can provide. Among the applicants already approved, more than half are from California, several are graduates of the University of California or the farm school at Davis. In addition to these there are settlers from Illinois, Kansas, and Indiana. The total capital of the approved applicants is \$157,821.00.

After an application was approved Max Cook would prepare detailed plans and specifications which would provide the basis for competitive bidding. The service was unique and very helpful. The settlers saved many thousands of dollars as a result of Cook's careful work.

A fact which impressed me in the competitive bidding was that a Swedish contractor from Turlock was consistently the lowest bidder whenever he chose to put in a bid. He was able to do this because he had a crew of skilled men who worked as a trained team. They were paid higher than going union wages but were able to cut final cost by their efficiency in getting the job done.

As a result of the building program, the Turlock lumber company established a branch yard in Delhi at a location determined by the basic town plan.

Baum: What did Mr. Cook do when he finished his work at Delhi?

Packard: When the colony was finished he became an architect for the Redwood Association. He later moved to Walnut Creek, where he passed away some years ago.

Baum: It sounds like his services could be used all over the world, in helping marginal people start to get established.

Packard: Yes. Max Cook was a pioneer in this field. The essential

Packard: principles which he developed were later adopted by the Resettlement Administration which employed a group of young and imaginative architects to direct the building program, including the construction of farm laborers' camps to provide at least a minimum standard of camp facilities.

Costs to the Settlers

Baum: How did costs and payments work out for the settlers?

Packard: The settlers were given thirty-six and a half years in which to pay for the land which included the cost of the pipeline, engineering and other costs. The graveling of the road on the colony was done by Merced County and not charged to the colony. Improvement loans covered a period of twenty years. The interest rate was 5% for all indebtedness. This was a low rate as compared to the going rate on farm loans at that time, not including the loans made by the Land Bank which, as previously mentioned, was established as a result of the same factor which led to the approval of the State Land Settlement policy.

The settlers were, of course, able to use the services of the County Farm Advisor and the Home Demonstration agent.

Meetings with Extension specialists were frequent.

Baum: Did the settlers pay for any of these services?

Packard: No.

Baum: It didn't come into the cost for their land or anything?

Packard: No. The Extension Service was all free to the farmers.

Baum: Well, the superintendent's pay and all that, who paid for that?

Packard: My salary you mean?

Baum: Yes, or your secretary or...

Packard: Well, that all went into the cost of the land.

An additional cost saving was by cooperative purchasing.

Prior to the construction of the community hall, Mrs. Packard and I used our house as a meeting place. We helped organize a cooperative association which served the settlers in various ways. It was the center of the social life of the community.

As I recall it, the association was responsible for twenty distinct activities, including the occasional showing of commercial movies and the organization of community dances.

In the neighborhood of \$40,000.00 worth of materials, including equipment needed by settlers, were purchased cooperatively at an estimated saving of from ten to twenty percent.

Baum: How did Delhi compare in costs to the settler with Bureau of Reclamation projects?

Packard: These special features of the Land Settlement Program were a marked advance over the settlement plan established by the U.S. Reclamation Service. Settlers on Reclamation projects had to rely on their own resources entirely. They got long term payment for water costs with no interest charge, but the Reclamation Act made no provision for loans and special services. As a result, it often required a succession of failures by three or four prospective settlers before a going farm enterprise

Packard: was established. The Bureau of Reclamation simply provided the water and the settler went out and fought his own battle completely. If he didn't have money he moved off and somebody else moved in. But at Delhi it was assumed that by having an opportunity to borrow up to \$3,000.00, a settler would be able to develop his land, put up necessary buildings, buy livestock, and get the thing into operation without losing out. That was the theory.

Baum: Gee, \$3,000.00 doesn't sound like much to work on.

Packard: \$3,000.00 at that time was more helpful then it would be now.

Baum: But they had their water system in.

Packard: Oh, yes. The irrigation system went with the land. After the settler had signed the contract of purchase, all he had to do was move onto the allotment, level the land, plant whatever he intended to grow, build acceptable living quarters, provide for his living expenses pending the time when crops, or livestock could be sold. An appreciable proportion of the settlers had to secure outside work to survive the initial period. The agricultural depression, and the time required to get any returns from vines or trees, and the unsuitability of the land for quick growing cash crops were factors which contributed to the inability of a large number of settlers to meet the payments to the state. But this is getting ahead of the story.

Baum: How much of this planning had been done before you arrived?

Was the plan all finished before you came or did you have any part in planning it?

Packard: That portion of the land lying along the Southern Pacific railroad had been subdivided into small allotments and offered for sale. As I recall it, there were about twenty-five settlers on the land when I arrived. But nothing had been done toward developing the irrigation system. Some alfalfa, and a few small vineyards had been planted. Water was supplied by temporary pumping plants located along the Turlock Irrigation ditches.

Environmental Problems: Wind, Rabbits, and Pests

Packard: But no one had considered the damage that could be done by the strong spring wind storms. So when I arrived nearly all of the vine cuttings and alfalfa that had been planted were either killed or so badly damaged that replanting was necessary. I therefore encountered a spirit of gloom among the settlers, many of whom were unable to make their payments to the state.

As a result of this initial record of damage by winds, everyone was wondering what would happen when the spring winds started again. These winds came from the north and blew for three or four days.

When the first wind began to blow I got up at daybreak and drove to the nearest allotment down the highway. There I found the owner, Mr. Aguirre, and his neighbor, Rex Hocker, sitting on the lee side of Aguirre's barn. I said, "How is the alfalfa?" They both replied in unison, "It's all shot

Packard: to hell." I suggested that we walk across the field to see what was happening. We found that the sand was not moving wherever there was a covering of weeds which Aguierre had cut the preceding day. On the basis of this evidence, I got the two men busy spreading weeds, wherever the sand was beginning to move. Within an hour or so the whole colony was out with wagons collecting weeds and straw to scatter on any alfalfa field where the wind was apt to cause damage. At the same time we started the irrigation system going to lay the dust and concentrated the flow on all of the young vineyards. Both of these measures proved effective. As a result, no really serious damage was done by the first wind. On the basis of this experience we bought all the straw stacks in the neighborhood to be ready for the remaining winds. Later we adopted a plan of disking loose straw into the ground in preparing alfalfa land for planting.

Jack rabbits were a great menace at that time. There were hundreds of them. They would eat the young alfalfa and eat the young grape vines. So we organized rabbit drives. People would come in from as far away as Merced and Turlock. The men would line up about fifty feet apart, starting on the highway, and would then march as a line across the colony, shooting rabbits which would be picked up by boys and thrown in the wagons following behind the line. We'd kill as many as six or seven hundred rabbits in a single morning's drive. We'd have a big lunch prepared by the women at the old Ballico

Packard: Hotel on the eastern end of the colony. We had a number of rabbit drives and greatly lessened the damage done by the rabbits.

Baum: It seems to me I read in Life magazine about a drive like that that aroused a great deal of opposition from the S.P.C.A. Maybe that was after your time that people got so humane about rabbits.

Packard: I don't recall any protests. It was a life or death struggle between settlers and rabbits. The dead rabbits were not thrown away. Some men were hired to skin and dress them for shipment to San Francisco where they were used in making chicken tamales. (Laughter)

Baum: So you didn't waste them.

Packard: No. We sold them to dealers and put the returns into the community fund. (Laughter)

Baum: But chicken tamales. How did they get away with that?

Packard: Rabbit and chicken meat are much alike. I suppose the tamales were prepared for the Mexican market in San Francisco. This enterprise did not last long because the rabbits developed a disease which made them unmarketable.

Other pests appeared from time to time to bother and discourage the settlers. There was an infestation of army worms that would move across a field, taking everything with them unless stopped. The control method used was to plow a furrow across the field which served to concentrate the worms where they could be burned by gasoline torches made

Packard: from knapsack sprays. Nematodes appeared on the roots of peach trees throughout the colony. No one knew what to do until, after I left the colony, the University developed a method of sterilizing the soil which killed the nematodes without injuring the trees.

Baum: There's a whole department now at Cal which is devoted to this problem. They must be a terrible pest.

Packard: Yes, they sure are. I was afraid for a while, that they would end peach growing at Delhi because of the sandy soil which favored nematode development.

Another discouraging factor developed soon after the first planting of alfalfa. We found that the yields were very low, much below a paying yield. On the advice of the University I tried out the use of sulphur as a fertilizer. The suggestion was based upon an observation that alfalfa planted between trees which were sprayed with a sulphur spray did much better than alfalfa in adjoining fields. The experimental results were very encouraging so I purchased a car load of sulphur and distributed it free to all alfalfa growers. The results were astonishing. Yields grew from two or three tons per acre to as much as ten to twelve tons.

In part because of the problem presented by the Delhi soils, the Irrigation Division of the University of California under the leadership of Frank Veihmeyer established an experiment station of forty acres on which to work out methods of irrigation and care and to try out various varieties of fruit

Packard: trees. There was a close cooperation between all departments of the College of Agriculture and the colony.

A series of events involving the University, the Delhi colony, and the over-all problem of planning can well be inserted at this point. It concerns peaches. The settlers were advised to plant cling peaches for canning. I, of course, supported this advice. As a result, practically all of the peach orchards at Delhi were clings. Almost exactly ten years later I was head of the Marketing Agreement Program of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration on the Pacific coast.

Dr. Harry Wellman and Howard Tolley, both of the University, were the directors of the Adjustment program. In 1932 the peach growers in California had secured less than one million dollars for their entire crop and were facing disaster. We destroyed over 240,000 tons of peaches by letting them rot on the ground. As a result of this curtailment of supply the price of cling peaches rose to a point which brought a total of more than \$6,000,000.00 to the peach growers of the state.

Baum: Well, that was an extraordinary demonstration of an attempt to balance supply and demand. What happened next?

Packard: That story can best be told later on when we reach that point in this account.

If, in the beginning, we had paid attention to a natural demonstration of the adaptability of almonds we might have saved money and made faster progress. There was an old almond tree growing near an old abandoned barn which produced a crop

Packard: of almonds every year. But we were not advised to plant almonds and went ahead with peaches and grapes. But at present Delhi is getting to be quite a center for almond production. Dallas Bache, one of the first settlers and a man who knew what he wanted from the beginning, is now a leading almond grower and dealer. He purchased the old State warehouse in Delhi which he uses for storing almonds. He was a very practical man who never lost faith in the colony. (See letter following)

Baum: A better market for almonds than for peaches?

Packard: Perhaps, but the main factor seems to be that the Delhi soil is particularly suited for almonds.

Human Problems and Community Projects

Packard: In view of the discouragement among the settlers as a result of winds, rabbits, and delinquencies, it was necessary that I meet any rumors regarding the administration which might affect confidence. I say this because an incident arose soon after I arrived which had to be handled quickly. I found that the auditor in charge of the finance was using project money to level the land on a ten-acre tract that he had purchased in the neighborhood and that he had used project funds to buy lumber for a house he was building in Santa Rosa. I called him and his assistant, Oscar Shattuck--a settler--into my office. I fired the auditor and put Shattuck in charge

Delhi, California
October 26, 1967

Dear Mrs. Packard:

Oscar asked me to write you in reply to your request for names, etc. The family was the "Beatty" family - Mrs. B's name was Matilda but she passed away several years ago - a real fine woman. John B is a realtor in Turlock, telephone Turlock 634 - 6281 and James (Jimmy) is Vice-President in Kaiser Co., Oakland. We are not familiar with the location of the other boys (I should say men) of the family.

Oscar is very frail. He is at present in Mercy Hospital in Merced as he fell one night and fractured his pelvis bone, but is healing rapidly and should be back home soon. He still has his almond orchard and is quite happy to live alone. Dallas keeps quite close touch with him.

And by the way, the Delhi Women's Club (an offspring of the old Koinvor Club) has established a file of all the available old Delhi Records (in the early 1920's, etc. pictures, etc.) and they are filed in the Delhi Water Company's office in Delhi. Mrs. J. Michalec is in charge of this office. If any of your U.C. people might be interested for research, I'm sure they could peruse said papers. This office is open on Wednesdays at this time. Several Stanislaus College students have written papers on Delhi getting their material from this source.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely,

Naomi Brown Bache

P.S. I forgot to mention that Oscar said to tell you he had made adjustments for Mrs. Beatty before he left the State Land Settlement years ago and everything was acceptable and in good order.

Mrs. Bache's address is Mrs. Dallas Bache
14527 W. El Capitan Way
Delhi, California 95315

Packard: with instruction not to let the auditor back in the office.

I then drove to Turlock to interview our banker and to stop payment on all checks, pending a solution of the problem. I then drove to Merced, the county seat, to file suit and to place an attachment on the ten acres. The sheriff was cooperative, and he put an attachment sign on the property that same afternoon, which was just in time because the auditor transferred title to his wife the next morning.

Baum: What happened after that?

Packard: I, of course, reported the incident to Dr. Mead who took the matter up with the attorney general. I was very insistent that the suit be carried through but, for reasons I never understood, nothing was done. My action and the Board's failure to act were, of course, known by the settlers.

Shattuck remained as auditor from then on and I cannot say enough in his favor. He was efficient, loyal, and took an active part in community life, becoming among other things, the leader of the Boy Scouts. Years later he was honored by the community. He is now living on his 30-acre allotment which is planted to almonds and yielding a satisfactory income.

At another time, also soon after I had taken charge, Max Cook, the architect, was charged by one of the settlers with having made a deal with a big lumber company in San

Packard: Francisco which, the settler said would give Max Cook a bonus of some kind. I didn't believe it. I went to Cook and asked him, frankly, if he made such a deal. He had not, he said. So I phoned the man in San Francisco who had sold the lumber. And I got the settler and Max Cook in the car and drove to San Francisco to find the accused lumber company man. I made Jake Larang, the settler, tell his story. He found that there was nothing to it at all. Jake was convinced and so were the settlers who knew about that charge, as they knew about the difficulty with the auditor.

Baum: This must have gained confidence in you among the settlers.

Packard: Yes, it did. Whenever anything came up that might affect the confidence of the settlers, I went to any length to get the facts.

When the third payment to the state became due and the number of delinquents had increased, I called a special meeting of all settlers in the old Delhi schoolhouse. I said that I knew they were worried on account of the growing delinquencies and that no one who was going ahead with the development of his allotment would be foreclosed. I had no authority from the Board to make such a statement, but I felt it was necessary and was sure that I would be supported. The following day the whole atmosphere among the settlers was markedly improved.

That I was not considered to be soft on the settlers was indicated when the Turlock paper offered a prize for the

Packard: best limerick. One of the contestants wrote the following:

There was a young dictator named Walter,
who came to Delhi to alter.
He sold some sand and said it was land.
To the state I am now a defaulter.

In the early fall of the second year, the colony staged a big celebration. The Governor of the state and the members of the Land Settlement Board were invited and came. About 1,500 people were fed at long tables erected in the pipe shed. The wives of the settlers provided pumpkin pie for all made from pumpkins grown on the project land. Vaughn Azhderian, our neighbor in Imperial Valley days, then living in Turlock, managed the barbecue; one steer and two lambs were used as I recall it. Vaughn cut the meat up into hunks about the size of cantaloupe, seasoned the meat thoroughly, then sewed each piece up in cheese cloth and then put the whole lot on top of gravel which covered the coals of an oak fire. The hole was covered with planks and gravel piled on top of the planks. When the cover was removed, after several hours of cooking, the meat was tender and delicious. Other attractions were exhibits by individual settlers of flower and garden products, including pumpkins and watermelons. After some speeches a tour of the colony was made by the officials.

Baum: Were the settlers making a living aside from the money they weren't paying on their payments? Could they make a living?

Packard: No, not yet. A good many of them were working for the colony. If they had a truck they were trucking pipe, or they were

Packard: digging ditches. Most of the ditches for the laying of pipe were dug by hand. Some were working in the pipe shed. And we had three or four working in the office. Quite a number were being carried in that way. And they, of course, were paying up. They were not delinquent.

Another factor which helped build morale was the issuance of the Delhi News, a little mimeographed paper that went out every week for several months and gave news of the settlement. It created a lot of fun because it was very personal, reciting incidents, funny and otherwise, which had occurred in the community.

Another community activity involved the planting of trees on both sides of the state highway for a distance of about six miles. The State Department of Forestry supplied the trees and staked out the location. Delhi settlers and business men from Turlock, Livingston, and Merced dug the holes with equipment supplied by the colony. The State Forester supervised the planting. All of the towns involved had declared a holiday for the occasion and the women of the colony supplied a lunch for everyone. The trees were black locust which grew to a height of twenty-five feet or more and made a fine showing especially during the flowering period until the widening of the highway in recent years into a four-lane freeway eliminated most of them.

Baum: Well, that country can certainly stand a few trees.

Packard: Yes. But for years, before the old highway was broadened

Packard: the trees provided quite a sight. It was a very successful enterprise from that standpoint.

One of the important features of the Delhi colony was the decision of the settlers to have but one breed of dairy cattle and to insist on T.B. tested cows. After weeks of discussion, Holsteins were selected and all of those who were going into the dairy business agreed not to buy any other breed. Delhi was to be known as a Holstein community. Since there were to be no large herds and since artificial insemination was not yet developed, it seemed wise to have a community bull to be owned cooperatively. As in most situations of this kind, I, as superintendent, was appointed to serve on the bull committee. After some correspondence we found a bull on a Modesto dairy farm that seemed to fill the bill. He was, understandably, rather reluctant to leave when the committee appeared with a rather small truck. The transfer was managed without any serious incident, but the man who had promised to have a strong corral ready to receive the bull had done nothing. However, there was a large iron wheel, perhaps seven feet in diameter, which had been part of an old threshing machine lying on the ground. It was decided very foolishly, of course, to tie the bull to the wheel with a very heavy rope and to build the corral the next day. I was not personally accustomed to bulls so took the advice of our livestock settler who claimed to be experienced.

Packard: The next morning, a little after daybreak, I was called on by some irate settlers. The bull, I found had walked with the wheel until the rope broke and then he was loose. During the night he had knocked down the tent in which a settler--a graduate from Stanford--was sleeping. He managed to get out from under and ran bare-footed to widow Lee's house, about a quarter of a mile away. By the time the children were to go to school the whole settlement was aroused. And again, as was the custom the superintendent had to do something about it. I secured the cooperation of a would-be cowboy who was working in the pipe shed. He had a trick pony and said he was an expert with a rope. I borrowed a cow pony and a lasso from one of the settlers and the two of us started out in search of the bull. My cowboy friend managed to get his rope around the bull's neck but he had made the mistake of having the other end tied to the horn of his saddle. The inevitable happened. The bull pulled the saddle off and started for Mrs. Lee's garden. The saddle finally caught in a fence and the rope broke. So there I was in an open field with a thoroughly roused bull. I had been a very good rider as a boy and had used a lasso, so I managed to get the rope around the bull's neck and then rode with the bull when he was not coming my way and kept ahead of him when he changed directions. (Laughter) Being unused to such vigorous exercise, the bull finally settled down and I was able to wind the rope around a tree which held the bull while

Packard: an experienced dairyman put a ring in his nose with a stout stick attached. All that was left to do was to lead the bull down El Capitan, the main road through the colony, to a dairyman's place where a proper corral had been built.

Baum: Was this bull enterprise successful then?

Packard: Yes it worked quite well, at least I don't recall any trouble.

But the T.B. testing hit a serious snag. Paul Dougherty, of whom I have spoken before, was a leader in the dairy project. He had a forty-five acre allotment and planned to go into the dairy business. But for some reason which I have never fully understood, Paul purchased a T.B. infested herd, unknowingly, of course. According to the rules which he had supported he was obligated to sell the infected cows. But such a move would be disastrous. So what to do? That was the question. Paul did get rid of the cows and I took him on as assistant superintendent.

Baum: So whenever they got down and out, you hired them. (Laughter)

Packard: Yes, I did just that on several occasions but in most cases I couldn't have gotten better people. Paul Dougherty, for example, was thoroughly well-informed, was a very hard worker, and was completely loyal to the administration and the colony. I couldn't have had a better assistant.

Baum: You couldn't have let him keep his T.B. herd. It would have ruined your whole dairy program.

Packard: Yes, that's right. Paul acted in good faith. But he eventually sold the allotment and went into teaching, first

Packard: in a Centerville high school and then as a professor of agriculture at the San Luis Obispo State College.

Another incident relating to the dairy program which I think is worth relating concerns a judgment which I made which was arbitrary and perhaps wrong. At least it illustrates a type of weakness often associated with bureaucracy. The Epstein brothers had taken an allotment together, intending to develop a sizable herd which was to be fed in a lot with hay and grain to be purchased on the market. The barns were to be equipped with the latest milking machines, refrigerators and the like. The basic idea was sound as evidenced by the fact that much of the milk in the state now comes from just such enterprises. But it did not fit into my idea of the sort of family farm the Land Settlement Board was trying to develop. I rather arbitrarily rejected the Epstein's application for a loan to start the venture. I have often wondered what would have happened if these two very intelligent families had gone ahead with their idea. They were very cooperative members of the community but sold out and went elsewhere when their plans were not supported.

Baum: You had to okay, or a committee, had to okay...

Packard: I had to okay the loan.

Baum: Oh, the loan, I see. If they'd had the money they could have done anything they wanted?

Packard: Oh yes.

Baum: Well, I guess that's the control any farmer is under, whether

Baum: he's in a colony or not. He has to get his loan okayed from the bank or somewhere.

Packard: Yes, that's right. But, in retrospect, I think, I perhaps would have done better if I had recommended the loans to them on the basis they wanted. But I followed the principles of the Board in not doing it. In any case they sold out and went somewhere else.

Decreasing Demand for Land; Inexperienced Settlers

Packard: By the end of the second year it was apparent that there was no pressing demand for farms. It was necessary, however, to sell the land if the project was to be a solvent enterprise. As a result of these circumstances the Board decided to advertise both in the Los Angeles area and in the Middle West. An attractive Chamber of Commerce type booklet was printed which described all of the advantages of this state project-- good soil, good water supply, easy credits, agricultural advice and all the rest. A picture of a small fishing boat on the Merced river added a sense of charm. But the results were discouraging. People just did not want to go into farming, in part, I suppose because of the agricultural depression. The next move was to send Kreutzer to Chicago and me to Los Angeles to drum up trade. The Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles was very helpful in offering desk space and publicity. But still no demand.

Baum: Didn't anybody apply?

Packard: Oh yes, a few signed applications but the results were far from encouraging, in part because some of those who came were so inexperienced that they had no chance whatever of succeeding. For example, I received an application from a man and his wife. They had the required \$1,500.00 and had had an interview with Kreutzer. In their letter to me they asked me to have five acres of the twenty-acre poultry allotment planted to alfalfa so they would not be delayed in getting started. On one fine spring day when the California poppies were in full bloom, I met the couple at the Ballico Station on the Santa Fe. I found our new settler to be a slightly built man who had been a bookkeeper with no farming experience. But he enthusiastically informed me that he had taken a correspondence course on alfalfa and had secured a grade of 100. When we arrived at his allotment and started to walk through the young alfalfa field where the alfalfa was mixed with a weed which would disappear at the first cutting and was harmless, I could see that Mr. --- was puzzled. He picked a stem of alfalfa and said, "What is this?" I replied by saying that it was what he had gotten a grade of 100 on. The inevitable result was that his money was gone within three or four months and I had to employ his wife as a secretary in the office. In due time I managed to sell his farm for what it had cost him and the two left for parts unknown.

Baum: Now, to what do you attribute his failure?

Packard: Oh, he was just not a farmer.

Baum: Was it necessary to know about farming, or couldn't he have gotten enough assistance from you and other agricultural advisors to have learned about farming?

Packard: Well, in the first place, he was very much of a city man.

(Laughter) He had no experience in farming. His approach was all theoretical. He just wasn't prepared physically or psychologically to do the kind of physical work required.

Another experience of a different kind involved a worker who had settled on one of the two-acre farm laborer allotments. He had a big family and my first involvement with him came from a protest on the part of the school-teachers who complained that the children all had lice in their hair. Since the Land Settlement law said nothing about lice, I had to act on my own. In cooperation with the teachers, the situation was remedied. My second encounter came when his neighbors complained about the unkempt character of his two-acre block. I found that he planned to establish a small slaughter house on the place. He assured me that it would be entirely sanitary because he planned to feed all the waste to the hogs. I again had to exercise rather arbitrary authority.

To offset this example, I should cite the case of Mr. Prothero who was one of the original settlers. He was an experienced poultry man who specialized in turkey raising. His operations were very successful. I understand that

Packard: he became quite independently wealthy.

There was another outstanding example of success. But it did not follow the small farm pattern which the Land Settlement Act had envisioned. A settler came to Delhi in the beginning and settled on one of the largest allotments. It was a ninety-acre tract in the sand dune section of the colony. He had \$40,000.00 to start with and he knew exactly what he wanted to do. To make a long story short, he planted his home allotment to peaches and when the settlement got into trouble and all of the old policies had been abandoned, he bought several settlers out and was sold some of the undeveloped land in the Ballico area. As a result he became the largest peach grower in the world, and was worth more than \$1,000,000.00 at the time of his death.

Veterans' Administration Trainees

Packard: My most difficult personnel problems came from the veterans who were clients of the Veterans' Administration. Some received monthly checks which were large enough to enable them to get by with a minimum of work.

Baum: Were these men injured? Was that why they had a pension?

Packard: Yes. They all had some disability.

Baum: But not one that the Veterans' Administration thought would prevent them from farming?

Packard: That's right. They called them trainees. They were given

Packard: certain supervision by the Veterans' Bureau, which was supposed to help them.

One such had settled on a twenty-acre poultry allotment before I arrived. He was getting \$125.00 a month which had considerable purchasing power at that time. He did practically no work on his place, but spent much of his time hanging around town where he could meet incoming settlers. He never attended community meetings nor participated in community activities. The time finally came when the Board started foreclosure proceedings--the first of two foreclosure proceedings while I was there. He agreed to accept a price for the sale of his allotment to be set by a committee of three, one to be appointed by me, another by him and the third by these two. The committee was finally appointed and met on his allotment to inspect the place and to hear both sides of the dispute. The committee had no difficulty in arriving at a figure which was entirely satisfactory to me and to him. But his wife took an unexpected hand in the proceedings by inviting me into the house where she stood by a cupboard with her hand on a loaded .25 revolver. She started a tirade against me by calling me a liar, which under the circumstances I was not inclined to argue about. The veteran entered the room, saw what was happening and went quickly over to his wife and took the gun away. I reacted with haste and got in my car and drove away. When the time came to serve the

Packard: foreclosure notice I had a difficult decision to make. His wife had told her neighbors that she would shoot me if I ever put foot on the allotment again. In retrospect I realize that I should have had the sheriff serve the papers, but I somehow felt that my position in the community was at stake. So, with Shattuck as a witness I drove in, knocked at the back door, and handed the papers to the man who accepted them without a word. But his wife pushed through the door and launched an attack at me which was ended immediately by the husband who held her while Shattuck and I drove away. My next meeting with him was at a prune hearing in Santa Rosa, eight years later. He greeted me cordially like a long-lost friend. (Laughter)

Baum: The wife's anger over the proceedings seems to have been the cause of the trouble.

Packard: Yes that's true. But it was not her fault. She was sick and consequently not normal. I felt badly about the whole thing.

In another case, the villain in the plot was definitely the settler rather than his wife. He was a veteran--receiving aid from the Veterans' Administration. The couple had settled on a ten-acre poultry allotment and seemed to be making progress. But in order to make things easier I employed his wife as a stenographer in the office. She appeared one morning in tears, saying that Charlie had not returned home that night. I suggested that we drive to

Packard: town and examine the bank account, where she had a deposit of about \$700.00. We found, as I had suspected, that all the money was gone. The situation was complicated by the fact that she was expecting a baby in a couple of months. There was nothing for Emma and me to do but take her into our home until the baby came and she was able to move to the Bay Area where she had friends. The last I heard of the case the man had returned long enough to father another child before again leaving for parts unknown.

Baum: What did the Veteran Bureau do?

Packard: I don't know. Red Cross paid hospital expenses for the baby. She remained with us until the baby was two months old.

There was another case where an Army nurse from Texas had written saying that she wanted a ten-acre block for poultry. She wanted to go into the poultry business. I wrote to her, after she told me something about her experience and what her assets were. I recommended that she not come. I said, "I don't think this is the place for you." But one morning she showed up. "I'm Miss Smith, from Texas." (Laughter) I said, "I thought I told you that you wouldn't fit in here too well." She said, "Oh, but I want to. This is just exactly what I want. And I've got my mother with me." Her mother was in her eighties and in a very short time went completely blind. The two women, however, got this ten-acre farm and wanted to start in with chickens

Packard: right away. She wanted a poultry house, which was prepared and put on the property. Max Cook induced her to be satisfied with one small unit of her proposed poultry house. But she wanted a thousand baby chicks to start. I said, "Miss Smith, I don't think you should start with a thousand chicks. Start with a hundred and see how you get along." And so we gave her all the help we could on the theory of chicken raising. But about a week later I drove by her place and I called out, "How are the chicks coming along?" And she said, "They're all dead." (Laughter) I said, "They're all dead, why what's the matter?" She said, "I fed them hen food instead of chick food and they're all dead." She then thought she'd go into strawberries. (Laughter) And one day I got a special delivery letter from her mailed at the post office which was located within a hundred feet of my office--but it was a special delivery letter to me--to go out and help her with the strawberries. She said she was having difficulty. This sort of thing went on for a while longer until it became evident to her that her plan wouldn't work. I remember one sight that was quite pathetic. During the latter part of the time that she was there, I went to her place and saw her old mother, who was blind by that time, sitting in a chair out on the front porch of her little house picking out the seeds from sunflowers that they'd grown on the place. The seeds were to go into the feed mixture for the chickens.

Packard: The mother finally died, and there was a funeral service in Merced for her. Miss Smith gave a beautiful eulogy to her mother. And then shortly after that she decided that she couldn't go on any longer and wanted to sell out. I was able to sell her property to another settler for enough money to pay her for everything that she had put into it. So she left the colony with as much money as she had when she came there. One of the county welfare officers wanted to put her in an institution as a person unable to care for herself. But I refused to go along and Miss Smith left Delhi. About ten years later I met her in Portland where she was an active and paid member of a Seventh Day Adventist group, exuding the same enthusiasm that she had exhibited at Delhi.

In another case I managed to escape what might have been a disaster. A socialist labor leader who was running a small paper in San Francisco appeared one morning saying that he had about decided to take out an allotment. He said that he had never wielded a shovel but that he had wielded a pen and thought he might like to be a part of this cooperative community. After a very short conference I was sure that we did not need a pen wielder working with some of our discontents. (Laughter) My persistence in urging his reconsideration of his plan made him a little suspicious. Besides that I think he had been talking to a disgruntled settler and was about to resort to the use of his pen.

Packard: He left and I never heard from him again.

Baum: Now these veteran trainees, did they get special assistance--more than the other settlers?

Packard: Yes. They received monthly checks for disabilities they may have had. So they came in with an income already established, which enabled them to get in under the \$1,500.00 limitation rather easily. Because where you have an income, that's even better than having a cash sum at the beginning. So some of the veterans were let in without the \$1,500.00 cash requirement because they had income.

Baum: Did they have any other assistance, other than this little amount of money? Was there anyone there to teach them things?

Packard: No. They got no other help from the Veterans' Bureau. They got the same help as everybody else did from the colony, but nothing special.

Baum: Was there a Major Grant who was the leader of the critical movement?

Packard: Yes.

Baum: Was he a settler?

Packard: Oh, no. Major Grant was employed in the Veterans' office in San Francisco. And he was supervisor of the trainee program.

Baum: Did he feel this was the wrong kind of work for the veterans?

Packard: Oh, no. He favored the kind of work for the veterans but he felt that the veterans in the colony were not making

Packard: good and that they would not be able to succeed. That was his judgment.

Baum: But they were the wrong veterans for that job, for those positions.

Packard: They were either the wrong ones or they weren't capable of succeeding in the colony. That was his judgment.

Baum: Well then, that was no fault of the colony, was it? Or did he feel that was the fault of the colony?

Packard: Well, he felt that we had probably taken on some veterans who shouldn't have been accepted. But he recommended that some settlers sell out and then go to other properties and pay more for land than they were paying here.

Baum: I see. So in that instance he did think that the colony was not a good place for them. He thought they were suitable men to do farming.

Packard: Well, I don't know what his judgment on that was. He never talked to me.

Settlers Organize to Demand More Aid from the State

Packard: The inevitable finally happened. A Welfare League was organized by some of the settlers who were delinquent and could see no way out unless the State made concessions-- reduced the price of land, extended the time for initial payments and the like. This protest was entirely understandable but as superintendent I felt that time would resolve most of the problems if the Board would support the policies

Packard: which I was following; that is, doing all that I could to help those who had a chance of succeeding and helping the failures to get out with minimum losses.

A former preacher who was a settler was president of the Delhi Settlers Welfare League, an organization of hundred seventy-one of the two hundred eighty holders of allotments in the colony. Without mincing words, he emphatically declared conditions in the colony were becoming unbearable, and stated:

" 'We can't get by under present conditions. If we don't get by, we're going broke.' The thing is an economic problem and he called for solution on an economic basis. Said he, 'Conditions in the colony have gone from bad to worse. For months the settlers have been coming to my home evenings in twos and threes and sometimes as many as a dozen at a time. We decided to organize a league at first, we called the Delhi Settlers Defense League. Rather than have the name create an antipathy on the part of the administration, we changed to Delhi Settlers Welfare League. Almost all the settlers are behind in their payments. The contract with the state calls for the forfeiture of all improvements in case the State Land Settlement Board decides to cancel our delinquency and the improvements are taken as rental.'"

Of course, any bank would have done this. But we didn't. None of that was done.

" 'The price we were forced to pay for land was too high. The average has been more than two hundred dollars for raw land. One piece of land, leveled for alfalfa, just north is for sale for one hundred dollars an acre. The two-hundred-acre Drew Ranch with all improvements is offered for two hundred dollars an acre. This is some of the best land of the Delhi district. It wasn't the land that brought us here. It was the allurement of low rates of interest and long term payments. We were told we could come here with the \$1,500.00 with which to make an initial payment on our farms, bring the farms to production, and support families with

Packard: loans made by the state. Now we are told the state is without funds for further loans and we can't get money. At the last election a two million dollar bond issue for further development of Delhi and for new settlement projects was voted down and hence there is no money. The failure of settlers to be able to meet their payments has cut off the administration from funds it expected to receive. What we need here is more money from which we may obtain loans at no interest on deferred payments for a period of five years, thus enabling us to tide ourselves over until our farms begin to yield.'

Another settler who declined to permit the use of his name said, 'I put \$9,000.00 into my allotment and I'm broke. I've been here three years and have got two years more to go before the sale of production from my farm will meet the expenses and keep my family. The land here is impoverished from seventy years of grain farming. All of the humus has been taken out and nothing put back in, making it impossible to produce sweet potatoes and vegetables on a commercial basis. To put me over the top would require the state giving me a new price on my land of \$150.00 an acre, instead of \$250.00, and to give me a new contract requiring no interest on deferred payments for five years.'

Discussing the situation from another angle the settler asked, 'Can the state of California afford to have this colony go to the wall with commissions from all over the world coming here to inspect this colony and with all of the alluring stories that have been published in periodicals? Can you imagine the damage that it will do to California if the Delhi Colony fell flat? There isn't any way out of it but for the state to take a loss here. It has got to do something to assist the settlers.' "

Mrs. : " 'The Delhi Colony is not the failure some of the Welfare Leagues represent it to be,' is the statement of Dr. C. C. Crampton who is purchasing a sixty-acre tract and building a modern home. Dr. Crampton is president of the Delhi Cooperative League."

At this late date (May 18, 1967) I am unsure of the Crampton facts. They did build a big home. At first, they were cooperative--later joined the dissenters.

Actually, when too many settlers were threatened with

Mrs. : loss and failure (as they were for many causes) it was
Packard natural to band together to try for "redress of grievances."

Packard: In my later judgment, there was the wrong psychology about a State enterprise--"I'm secure--the state can't or won't let me fail."--"It's the state's bad judgment if this doesn't work." The biggest percentage of settlers worked hard and tried to do their part and felt the state wouldn't let them down.

The atmosphere surrounding the work of the Welfare League is well-illustrated by some notes which Emma made at the time. They involved the community church and the work of a missionary who had been sent to Delhi. He was vigorously opposed to sin but what Emma did not like was that I was considered to be the major sinner.

I won't read the notes, but the point of all this was that Brother Gunn was a missionary from the Presbyterian Church who was sent to organize this church, which was organized as a community church, but under the sponsorship of the Presbyterian denomination.

Baum: This was the only church there?

Packard: Yes. Naturally the church was open to all who conformed to baptism and a belief in Christ as the Son of God. Mr. Gunn was sent as the field organizer and had been working with a canvass of the community.

The point was that as part of the sermon, which was very orthodox, fundamentalist, Brother Gunn proceeded to

Packard: tell that it was a slave girl who guided her master to the Lord and then explained that slavery didn't hold so much in those days but while people were held in debt and mortgaged to the limit of their resources it was virtual slavery.

This is from Emma's notes:

"So this was the kind of sermons they listened to on Sundays! Some of them were already disgruntled. It didn't take a very subtle person to see that his sympathies were already with the Welfare League. That was the one that was organized to take up the settlers' cudgels as against the administration. So they were organized."

This tells about the Welfare League:

"And presently he may be a Moses leading the children of Delhi out of bondage, but what a start for a community church! The inference through the sermon was quite plain. That most of the residents were sinners, except present company. Again, maybe it was only my egotism that was hurt, but this time the inferences were decidedly not complimentary to my husband, who, of course, was the 'state.' He carries out these dastardly acts of taking a poor man's money from him. The fact that it's never been done yet doesn't seem to matter. But now I am in the position of having said I will support financially any church the people would organize. And in supporting it I will apparently be supporting one more force to tear down and destroy the faith of the community in the land settlement work that was designed to help them."

Baum: This was when things were really hot, huh?

Packard: Yes.

Baum: Near the end of the trail.

Packard: Yes, so far as I was concerned. Several things happened as a result of the developing circumstances.

The Land Settlement Board held a meeting in Delhi to hear complaints from the Welfare League members and to

Packard: make up their own minds as to what the real conditions were. I was completely satisfied with the results of this hearing.

A hearing was held in Delhi by representatives of the Veterans' Administration. One of the trainees who had been completely noncooperative was assigned the task of bringing disgruntled settlers in to testify. Every care was taken to keep me from knowing who testified. I presume they feared I would act against them. In any case, the record of this hearing, which was sent to Governor Richardson, was sent to me for comment. The following is a condensation of the points raised and my replies:

(a) The price of the land was excessive as compared to similar land in the vicinity.

(ans.) The price of the land was set after a careful investigation of 300 farms in the area by the University of California.

(b) The cost of leveling and installing laterals was more than the printed estimates called for.

(ans.) This is a positive statement with no evidence to substantiate it. No printed estimate of the cost of individual leveling and piping were ever made.

(c) Efficient and competent advice and instruction was not furnished by the state to the degree which might be expected from the language of the Act and the literature published by the state.

(ans.) The wording of the Act is as follows: "to demonstrate the value of adequate capital and direction in subdividing and preparing land for settlement." The Act also says, "The Board shall appoint such experts, technical and clerical assistance, as may prove necessary." I then enumerated the long list

Packard:

of services provided by the state. I ended by saying, "In addition to the services above outlined, two men were employed full-time to do nothing but give instruction and help to the trainees. These men were in almost daily contact with the Veterans' Bureau representatives, who never intimated to the state that the training was not satisfactory."

(d) "That in many cases beneficiaries of the Bureau lost at least a year's time because of the unsatisfactory work and incompetent development instruction."

(ans.) "Six out of eighteen trainees have not been in Delhi a year and have experienced no losses. Nine others made no claim of loss. Three reported a loss of trees--which were replaced in each case free of charge."

(e) "That the record of quick returns from intercrops or yearly corps does not substantiate the predictions made in the literature advertising the Delhi project."

(ans.) "No prediction has been made in any literature regarding intercrops which is misleading.--No testimony was given to prove this other than opinion."

(f) "The Delhi Cooperative Association has been of little practical assistance to the beneficiaries of the Bureau."

(ans.) "The Cooperative Association has been fostered by the state in every way possible. The activities have been subsidized by the state, and the officers of the administration have given time and money to promote the organization." I then supported this statement with figures and facts.

(g) Concerns charges of discrimination against ex-service men, which I denied.

(h) Concerns the charge that there has not been the degree of harmony between ex-service men, other settlers, and the state that there should have been.

(i) Charges that the system of loans to trainees was somewhat uncertain and variable.

Packard: (j) "That it is doubtful that some of the trainees should remain in view of the records so far made." To which I agreed.

(k) "That there is a very earnest desire on the part of the majority of trainees that their enterprise shall succeed." I agreed.

The nature of the recommendations is well-summarized by the following:

"That immediate surveys be made of each beneficiary in order to determine his present situation, and a conference held with the state official in order to ascertain what his future power may be in order to determine whether the individual trainee shall be continued or transferred to some other character of training."

My general reply to this was as follows:

"I feel that the survey proposed by the Veterans' Bureau might be desirable, although the condition of trainees has already been surveyed several times, as many as five distinct budgets having been made for trainees by representatives of the Veterans' Bureau. I feel that enough is known about them now to make definite recommendations. Assurance of loans can be granted provided conditions warrant them, but that is as far as the state can go."

On charges of incompetence I made the following statement:

"The fact that the Delhi project is solvent and shows a clear surplus of over \$250,000.00 is at least evidence that the state's business has been protected. The following record of the prices charged by the state, and the prices recommended by the Concrete Pipe Manufacturers' Association of California shows that the pipe made by the state which totals more than 140 miles, has been made at a great saving to the state.

<u>Diameter</u>	<u>State price</u>	<u>Assoc. price</u>
30	\$1.40	\$2.26
24	1.00	1.50
20	.80	1.02
18	.65	.86
16	.40	.69
14	.35	.55
12	.30	.42
10	.20	.34
6	.15	.27

Packard:

The amount charged by the state includes an ample margin of safety above the cost.

"We invite the closest analysis of our cost accounts of pipe manufacture, pipe laying and other engineering work. The leveling has cost considerably less than the leveling of adjoining farms due to the fact that the pipe line is made at the lowest cost possible. The irrigation system is as complete as any in the State of California and has given excellent satisfaction. The total cost of irrigation, including the charge of the Turlock Irrigation District, runs around \$4.00 an acre which is a low charge as compared with charges in other districts of the state. A complete drainage system is working in connection with the irrigation system. The results of drainage have been somewhat spectacular and have been the cause of considerable interest on the part of engineers interested in this problem.

"A saving of 20% in buildings has been secured as the service has been paid for by the settlers, and this can be proved from the figures in our files. Our building service has been outstanding in its efficiency. The desire of the state has been to put a minimum amount of money in buildings and many thousands of dollars have been saved settlers through this advice.

"The agricultural advice has been sound and the development of the project so far has been based on this advice. Over 1,800 acres have been planted to alfalfa and the yields have been remarkably good. The varieties of trees and vines have been actually purchased through state effort. One of the dairy herds on the settlement had the highest average of any dairy herd in California in April of this year. In August this same herd included the highest producing individual according to the records of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The sweet potatoes produced in the settlement have been of unusual quality and this has been recognized by the shippers. Last year's return from potatoes was not satisfactory on account of market conditions and lack of shipment. Over three cars of fertilizer have been handled through the state and as a result the production of alfalfa has more than doubled.

"In the testimony of Major Bates, in answering this question--'You haven't received the instruction or assistance you thought you would receive?', he uses the following language, 'Absolutely not.' Taking his case as an illustration, the state gave him the

Packard: engineering service in the leveling of his land, designing and supervising the construction of his buildings, purchased the trees that were put out on his place and made a hundred replacements of those that died the first year, due to no fault of the state's. This replacement was secured through the nursery. The vines have been cared for, pruned and trellised according to state advice. At least three demonstrations have been conducted on his vineyard. The state has had experts from the University help him in pruning his trees and vines and in addition to this personal service and these demonstrations, he has been given written instruction in practically all the operations that he has followed. The state conducted a campaign against army worms which infested his vineyard during his absence from the settlement. I am unable to think of any development on his place in which assistance has not been granted.

"In several cases mistakes have been acknowledged and in most of these cases these mistakes have been made by settlers who have been employed by the state in accordance with the provisions of the act. In fact some of the settlers who testified to many mistakes made by the state were themselves the cause of these very mistakes. In spite of the fact the state has endeavored to employ settlers wherever possible, the mistakes that have been made have certainly not been in excess of the normal errors that occur in any development plan.

"The handling of the unusual conditions incident to the light character of the soil and the heavy winds has been the cause of much favorable comment. The progress that has been made has been far in excess of the progress made by any of the old residents of this district and the losses that have occurred in the handling of the elements have been no greater than the losses due to natural conditions in other places. For example, as much alfalfa has been lost in the Durham settlement due to the character of their heavy soil as has been lost in Delhi due to the action of the wind."

Packard Resigns as Superintendent of Delhi

Baum: What happened next? You seemed to be running into trouble.

Packard: Several things happened. The whole structure seemed to be falling on my head. I don't recall the exact sequence of events, but I will continue the enumeration of events which I started with. The Veterans' Bureau recommended that all eighteen trainees withdraw from the colony.

Baum: Why? Where could they get a better chance?

Packard: Well, not all of the trainees left. Several remained and made good. I agreed that the majority might not succeed and should leave. But I certainly did not agree that all should leave.

Dr. Mead left on a trip to Australia, leaving Kreutzer in charge of the administrative duties which he had been handling.

The financial situation was becoming critical. The money in the original appropriation had been used up, so Kreutzer and I had to go to Sacramento to negotiate a loan of \$10,000.00 from the State Controller. The loan was to meet certain payments which would be due before income would enable us to pay. This emergency was met and the loan repaid.

Baum: What did you do next when your money ran out?

Packard: We had to go to the Federal Land Bank and make arrangements with the Land Bank to make loans directly to settlers,

Packard: where we had already loaned money. Upon receiving the new loans the settlers would pay the loans from the state. The settlers would then owe the Land Bank instead of the state. And the state would have money to loan to other settlers to keep the thing going.

When Mead returned from Australia he immediately sent his resignation to the Governor, saying that he was not available for reappointment to the Board because he had accepted a position as Commissioner of Reclamation in Washington.

Baum: So he didn't get you out of a mess like you were hoping.

Packard: No, he didn't. Governor Richardson, who had never been a Mead supporter, appointed Mr. Wooster, an old-time real estate promoter, to the chairmanship of the Land Settlement Board. His policy, as expressed to me was "root, hog, or die." Strangely enough, Mr. Wooster wanted me to stay and sent me a handwritten letter on Pacific Union Club stationery expressing his confidence in me. I was, however, completely opposed to Wooster's policies.

Articles for and against Delhi began to appear, the most notable being one written by the venerable Edward F. Adams, father of Frank Adams and founder of the Commonwealth Club, entitled "The Truth about Delhi."

In view of all this I decided that I could do nothing in trying to carry out the policies of the original

- Packard: Board and sent in my resignation, which was accepted.
- Baum: Before you tell about your next job, I have a few more questions to ask you about Delhi. I wonder if you'd like to read this clipping into the record and then I'll ask you a few questions.
- Packard: After the hearing the committee reported to the legislature that funds should be appropriated to make necessary adjustments.
- Baum: Adjustments mean reducing the amount they'd have to pay?
- Packard: Yes, as indicated by the following account. This is April 15, 1925.
- "Three bills designed to bring relief to settlers of the Delhi Land Settlement Colony passed the assembly today. One measure appropriates \$250,000.00 to pay existing obligations and operating expenses, to be repaid to the state with interest. Another bill amends the Land Settlement Act authorizing a reduction in the price of unsold lands and a revision of existing contracts for settlers to meet present price conditions. The reduction amounts to approximately thirty per cent. The third measure eliminates interest charges for the next five years on the two million dollars loaned from the general fund of the Land Settlement Board for the development of the Delhi project, this being necessary to equalize the amount of reductions in payments proposed to the settlers during the next five years. Another bill which would appropriate \$350,000.00 for the Land Settlement Board with which to pay to the state its arrears, which is merely a method of balancing the books, was amended and probably will be voted on tomorrow."
- Baum: Did Dougherty remain on as superintendent there?
- Packard: Well, he remained for a while after I left, but finally sold his farm and left. Paul was very loyal to the Delhi colony, to Mead, and to me, as evidenced by the following statement which he made while criticism of the project

Packard: was at its height.

"Conditions are not as dark in the colony as some of the Welfare Leaguers seem to think. We think the colony is proving a success. The growth of trees and vines is better than we had anticipated. If a man comes here with \$2,500.00 cash and with a family, he's got to go out and get to work to tide him along. In the second year with alfalfa a man can do much better. It's much more in the man than in the amount of capital he has when he comes here. There have been few failures. We now have 85% of the original settlers. Those who left were not all failures as some of them left because of sales or because of other reasons, among them death in the family bringing them inheritances. I think the majority of these people are going to pull through. Some men fail with \$10,000.00, others made a success with a capital of but \$1,000.00 in land settlement. Some settlers who were making the best success came in with as little as \$1,500.00. The contention of representatives of the Delhi Settlers Welfare League that lands in the colony have been priced exorbitantly high is answered by Dougherty that the price paid averages \$225.00 an acre and that this represents the cost of the land to the state plus development and a safe margin. This development work, he points out, includes the installation of main pipe lines to the allotment boundary and whatever pumps are required as well as the water rights. Once the colony is developed, says Dougherty, the land will be of high productivity and value and adapted to permanent crops, such as peaches, grapes and the dairy industry."

This appraisal by Paul Dougherty more or less reflects my own opinion at the time. And it also reflects the intention of the state when the land settlement bill was first passed.

Baum: I think, considering the time, Mr. Dougherty's statement was optimistic.

Packard: Later on Dougherty told me that his Thompson seedless vineyard produced as much as sixteen tons to the acre, which was a record yield for the state.

Packard: I think the failure at Delhi, at that time, was simply the forerunner of the failure of tens of thousands of farms over the state of California that were foreclosed by the banks and taken over by the banks during the depression. As Oscar Shattuck said, much later, "If we'd begun the project in 1939, war prices would have put the thing over without anybody struggling at all. It was just the wrong decade."

Baum: They said that there were seventy-five farms still open. At the end of the second year there were seventy-five farms still available out of the total.

Packard: Yes, I think that was it. Altogether when I left, there were two hundred eighty five settlers in the colony.

My final act so far as the colony was concerned was testimony before a hearing that was held in Delhi after I had left. The hearing was held by a special committee appointed by the legislature to conduct an investigation of the colony and the status of the colony. At that time I was opposed by nearly everyone who attended the meeting. All the settlers were there and many of them were very antagonistic--people whom I had befriended and whom I thought were my friends had suddenly become very antagonistic in a very obvious way. If I went up to speak to them I could see that it was embarrassing, even though they might have wanted to talk to me, it was embarrassing for them to do it. So I sat through the hearing listening to the

Packard: charges that were being made, many of which were completely unfounded, and in the evening was asked to express my viewpoint. At that time I said that I realized that the situation was bad and that probably adjustments would have to be made in order to carry the thing through. But I still thought that if it was supported, it could be made a success.

Baum: What were these notes made for, Mrs. Packard?

Mrs. : Packard I had, for three years, been doing newspaper reporting for the Sacramento Bee and the Fresno Republican and the Stockton Record. So I had checked all these clippings and had quite a record and was used to tracking the facts of things that were going on. So I thought this was getting so hot and unpleasant that it would be just as well to have something down about it because we would forget. And, partly for the sake of the record, I'd have something to refer to. And, partly just for my own satisfaction to have it down.

Baum: So you just took these as kind of a public diary.

Packard: Well, yes.

Let me just say, we have a record of all the clippings that Mrs. Packard sent to the papers.* And just a few of the headings will show something of the type of thing that was going on: "Berkeley Bankers Will Visit Delhi", "Plan New Station at Delhi Settlement," "Delhi Veterans Initiate Recruits," "Farm Bureau Council Meets State Leaders,"

*Mrs. Packard's news clipping books have been deposited in the Bancroft Library in the Walter Packard Collection.

Packard: "Rabbits Menace Delhi, Settlers Plan New Drive," "Vice-President of the Peach Growers' Association Will Meet Fruit Growers at Delhi," and so forth. "Rules Issued at Delhi for Use of Water," "Four Southern Pacific Officials Visit Delhi," "Delhi Boys Form New Scout Group," "Delhi Peach Men Hear Tree Address," Old Settlers at Delhi Enjoy Annual Banquet," "Organize Orchestra in Delhi Section," "Demonstration Agent Assists Delhi Group," "Eleven Hundred Acres Alfalfa Planted at Delhi."

Baum: Community type things that went on.

Packard: Yes.

Baum: I've got some further questions for you now. I noticed that you had a lot of planning in your Delhi program, the settlers apparently would work with you before they would go ahead. And there was planning in the way the town was going to develop. How did the people react to that? Did they object to that planning?

Packard: Not at all. They thought it was fine. They were all very much for that. And that was one reason why they came to the colony in the first place because it was advertised as an area that was planned and where the University was working with the Land Settlement Board and where conditions would be, according to the theory, quite ideal. So they were all very much in favor of it.

Baum: So there had already been a selective factor in that those who decided to come approved of the plan and the idea.

Packard: Oh, yes. They wouldn't have come if they hadn't. They came there largely because of that.

Baum: Then I suppose we can't use that as an example of how any population would react to planning, since they were already selected by that factor.

Packard: From that particular angle I suppose that's true. I don't know though that people in general are against planning. They generally like things that are planned out.

Baum: I don't know. Every time you try to plan a city or anything, or one block, or zoning or anything, you have a lot of agitation. And some people object to the idea of planning.

Packard: They didn't have to come to Delhi. I think the objection to planning comes in an area that's already established and the planning may change things. I think here, in a new area, where you have a new settlement, they would expect to have it planned.

Baum: We always have this idea of farmers as being people who are each their own individual planners.

Packard: Yes, that's true. But the farmer is also a part of the community especially on irrigation projects where he must work in harmony with others.

* "An Economic Analysis of California Land Settlements at Durham and Delhi," Roy James Smith, 1937, 424 pp. (Unpublished Ph.D. thesis of Giannini Foundation)

A PERIOD OF BASIC ADJUSTMENT

A Try at Banking and Loan Work July 1924 - June 1926

Baum: After you left Delhi, what did you do next?

Packard: Anticipating my resignation as superintendent at Delhi, I had taken a civil service examination for a job with the Bureau of Reclamation. It was a job which dealt with the settlement of land on a reclamation project and I thought that my experience at Delhi would enable me to avoid mistakes and perhaps do a better job than someone else who had not had the experience that I'd had.

I passed the examination. I saw Dr. Mead, who had become Commissioner of Reclamation, about three months later when he was in Berkeley on Bureau of Reclamation matters. He told me at that time that I had passed the highest in the written examination, but that he thought that my experience was not the kind that would be of value to the Bureau. He said that Mr. Wooster had told him that I had approved loans to settlers that should never have been approved. And he said that there were other things where he felt that I was not competent. This in spite of the fact that every loan that was approved at Delhi was approved by him, not by me. I simply recommended loans and they were approved by him as chairman of the Board. But in any case that cut off this opportunity for continued public employment.

Packard: I couldn't go back to the University because by that time the Delhi Colony was getting pretty badly advertised all over the state and the University, quite logically, could not take me back. But this does not mean that I was abandoned by my friends in the University. Quite the contrary. They were always ready to help when I called on them. Frank Adams, Charles Shaw, Frederick Bioletti, Knowles Ryerson, Professor Etcheverry, and later Dr. Harry Wellman, each in his way, played his part in the shaping of my career after leaving Delhi.

But it was Howard Whipple, then president of the First National Bank of Turlock and later a Vice-President of the Bank of America, who provided my first job in the commercial world. He recommended me to the president of the Western State Life Insurance Company who was looking for someone to head the mortgage loan department.

The job required a great deal of traveling up and down the state examining properties on which the company had already made loans and examining property on which loans were being considered. In my review of what the company had done, I found that mistakes had been made in judgment that astonished me. Loans were made on land that I thought was so inferior that no bank would loan money on them at all. And I found one case where the appraisal for one loan was made on an entirely different farm--not the one on which the loan was granted. I also was very much opposed to the

Packard: attitude of some of the officials of the company who were in positions to reject or approve loans. In some cases farmers who had spent a great deal of money in developing their properties and had good going concerns but were temporarily in difficulty were closed out. Although they had thousands of dollars in equities, they were unable to meet their payments.

Having had the attitude that the success of the farmer was the important consideration, I was galled by what appeared to me to be a wrong attitude. I began to feel that I was in a position that I would not enjoy.

Baum: Was this a scheme to get the farms?

Packard: No. This was during the beginning of the agricultural depression when loans made on farm mortgages were beginning to be foreclosed all over the state. The Bank of America took over thousands of farms. All lending institutions did the same thing. I simply got in at the beginning of the great depression.

Baum: Well, I wondered if this Western States Life Insurance Company had that policy of trying to get the...

Packard: No, not an avowed policy. It was just business. If borrowers were delinquent, they were foreclosed, and that was that. The farmers may have been very fine people and making every effort in the world to succeed and with some prospect of success, but the company interest came first. This was in sharp contrast to the attitude that we had at Delhi

Packard: where we were interested in the success of the settlers. The insurance company was too, but its primary interest was in getting its interest on its loans. If a man didn't pay, that was that. He was foreclosed according to the contract.

In retrospect, I realize that I was facing a problem involving issues and relationships which neither I nor anyone else understood clearly.

In any case, Mr. Whipple recommended me for another job--which if I made good would be the vice presidency of the Bank of Palo Alto. I had an interview with Mr. Philip Landsdale, president of the bank, who offered me the job which, if I made good, would pay \$10,000.00 a year. I was naive enough to accept the job. The idea of living in Palo Alto on \$10,000.00 a year appealed to all of us, even though neither Emma nor I had ever thought of me as a banker. It did not take long to prove that such premonitions were correct. I simply was not a banker. (Laughter)

Owens Valley, Consultant for the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power

Packard: Mr. Landsdale had told me that, as vice president, I would be a sort of public relations man and that if I were called upon to do some public service it would be proper for me to do it. So, when I got a telephone call from the head of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power asking me if I could go to Owens Valley to study the situation

Packard: and formulate any suggestions as to how the Department might meet the opposition of the residents of the Valley to the City's program. I was inwardly delighted because it seemed to me to be the very kind of problem I would like to get into. I think Mr. Lansdale was pleased too, because, by that time, he was beginning to realize that I was not the man he needed. In any case, I accepted the assignment which was not to last long. But on the night train to Mohave I felt, again, that sense of insecurity that had engulfed me when I left Delhi.

I arrived in Independence during the peak of the crisis, when a large group of Owens Valley people were physically opposing the diversion of water by Los Angeles.

Baum: It seems that you went from one hot spot to another.

Packard: Yes, I certainly did. But, although I was getting back into a field which suited my temperament and training, I was not entirely happy. I remembered the fight that had occurred when the Project was first proposed. Job Harriman, the Socialist candidate for mayor of Los Angeles, had opposed the plan because Harry Chandler and other propertied interests in the San Fernando Valley which they owned and which was to be irrigated by Owens Valley water. Job, whom I knew and admired, had taken my brother John in as a partner in his law firm. But many years had passed since those earlier days and the newly created Los Angeles Department of Water and Power was headed by staunch liberals who believed in

Packard: public ownership of both water and power.

Thus, although I was representing a powerful corporation, the L.A. Department of Water and Power, against farmers and others in Owens Valley, I felt that the overall public good outweighed the interests of the relatively small number of people of the Valley, provided their interests were being properly cared for by the City. I found that the City was buying land at prices far above any that could be justified by income and much above the ordinary market price. I found, too, that production of wealth in the Valley was not very significant. I was convinced that what the City was doing would by no means end the life in the Valley. The recreational opportunities were superb and nothing could lessen the attractiveness of the wonderful mountain scenery. My appraisal of the opposition interests in the Valley was affected adversely by the corrupt actions of the president of the Owens Valley Irrigation District who was the leader of the fight against the City. He had embezzled thousands of dollars which he had used in promoting his extensive cattle business. When he was later sent to the penitentiary the opposition collapsed. At any rate I made a favorable report, and was later asked to present the City's case at a public meeting in Los Angeles.

Baum: What was your duty in Owens Valley exactly?

Packard: I was to survey the area and find out just what causing these settlers to object. The City was paying high prices

Packard: for the land. The officials in charge felt that the City was acting justly and that the interests of the growing population in Los Angeles far outweighed the interests of the small number of marginal farmers in the Valley. It was an old, old settlement. People had lived there for a couple of generations, and it was home to them. It was an isolated community before the days of automobiles; it was a little civilization all by itself. They were closely and emotionally tied to the area. It is a beautiful valley with the high Sierras to the west. Mount Whitney, the highest point in the country, was in contrast to Death Valley, the lowest point in the country, to the east. The pioneer people just didn't want to move. They got big money for their land, to be sure, but money didn't compensate. Many of the farmers had gotten in the hands of real estate promoters who sold them worthless land on which they could not make a living. We saw several of these people hanging around the town of Independence not knowing what to do next.

When I returned to Palo Alto, I realized that my tenure of office was coming to an end. Mr. Landsdale had a large cattle ranch bordering the Pacheco Pass in the Coast Range and suggested that I might spend part of my time helping him manage the property. But I had no interest in that field and was not inclined to want to try.

When my position with the Bank of Palo Alto was terminated I opened a consulting office in San Francisco. Although I

Packard: made my living as a consultant for many years later on, this first adventure ended within a period of two weeks or so, because I secured a consulting job with the National Irrigation Commission of Mexico, which lasted about four years. I was indebted to Prof. Charles Shaw of the Soil Department of the College of Agriculture for this assignment. The Mexican Commission had asked Prof. Shaw for a soils man to report on the suitability of the soils in the various projects the Commission was building and Prof. Shaw recommended me. This opened another exciting adventure for me and the family.

MEXICO, 1926 - 1929

Soils Survey Assignments in Guatimapé, Western Chihuahua,
Rio Salado, and Other Projects

Guatimapé

Packard: My employment by the Comisión Nacional de Irrigation of Mexico began in 1926 on a temporary basis. The Commission had become deeply involved in an irrigation project in the state of Durango and wanted a soil survey made of the area to be irrigated. There was some question regarding its suitability. I left home believing that I would be gone three or four months. But as things turned out, I remained in Mexico until the latter part of 1929.

I reported to the Commission in July 1926. The office was in a picturesque old stone building called Casa Del Lago, located in the center of Chapultepec Park. Mr. J. Sanchez Mejorada, chairman of the Commission, became a lifelong friend. He was an unusually large man, well-proportioned, an excellent engineer, linguist, and acutely conscious of the social problems facing Mexico. I was given a desk for my headquarters and presented with maps and data on the Guatimapé project in the state of Durango and was told to leave just as soon as I felt I was ready. I rented a room in a Mexican home with the full intention of learning Spanish

Packard: without delay--a task which I neglected shamefully because the young Mexican men who were assigned to me wanted to speak English. As I remember it, I never occupied the room because I left for the field almost immediately.

I was met in Durango by an American engineer, Fred Hardy, representing the J.G. White Co. of New York. He was an old Mexican hand, who had a Mexican wife and could, of course, speak perfect Spanish. We drove the sixty-odd miles to Guatimapé in a model-T Ford, stopping for lunch in a small adobe town where I had my first acquaintance with a typical toilet in a small Mexican town. The seats were raised three or four feet above the floor as a precautionary measure. The throne, as these seats were called, was located over a yard where pigs had free play. I found this arrangement much better than others that I encountered where you entered the pig yard, picked up a stick provided for the purpose, and then picked your location with your back to the adobe wall, while the stick kept the pigs at bay!

In any case, we finally reached Guatimapé, which is a stop on the railroad running north from Durango which was designed to serve the interests of Hacienda Guatimapé, one of the famous old Spanish holdings devoted to cattle raising. The fighting bulls sent from Guatimapé to the bull ring in Mexico City were famous. Juan Lasoya, the owner of the hacienda had but recently returned from exile in Canada where he had gone during the Pancho Villa days. He and his

Packard: frail wife were very lovable characters. Some years later I was a guest in their home for a month or so.

I was housed, with several others, in one of several high-ceilinged rooms surrounding a court, fifty or sixty feet square. It was the original hacienda building, made of adobe, with thick walls. The peon workers lived in long rows of adobe houses clustered around the main buildings reminding me of medieval estates I had seen in Europe. The Guatimapé River, which was to supply the irrigation water for the project, ran through the hacienda dividing the building area into two parts. The proposed project contained about 50,000 acres. The land formed the basin of a laguna (lake) which had no outlet. A tunnel was to be driven through the hills to provide drainage. But I found the soils to be impossible. The content of salts, particularly sodium carbonate (black alkali) was far above any possible tolerance. I therefore had to submit an adverse report.

I found that the land had been sold to the government by four army generals, one of whom was living on the hacienda while I was there. I decided to tell the general what I thought of the project before leaving for Mexico City to file my report. He said he thought I had a lot of nerve to talk to him as I did but added that it made no difference to him because the land had been paid for. He added, too, that he knew the land was no good. In any case three of

Packard: these four generals were shot before I left Mexico--two during an attempted revolution, the other in a brawl. (Laughter) In contrast the Mexican technicians who were working with me were delighted that I would report against a project that had been approved by an important American engineering company. The Commission was understandably concerned over my report and sent two chemists to Guatimapé to check my findings. They reported a higher concentration of salts that I had found and the project was abandoned.

The work, however, was not without its comical side. Two of my assistants, who were supposed to be soils men, had a difficult time getting adjusted to the primitive conditions at Guatimapé. At one time I had to go to Mexico City and left instructions for considerable field work to be done while I was gone. When I returned I found that neither of the men had left the hacienda buildings and had used the small amount of alcohol we had planned to use in testing for black alkali, for alcohol rubs.

Baum: What was your relationship with the J.G. White Co.? Why did the Commission hire you?

Packard: I was employed directly by the Commission and had no relationship with the White Co., except as an independent technician whose duty was to check up on the soils and agricultural aspects of the projects the company was working on. The Commission wanted a completely independent study of the agricultural and economic features of the project which the

Packard: J.G. White Co. had approved from an engineering standpoint. The rightness of this judgment was confirmed in the case of the Guatimapé project which had been approved for construction by the White Co. before I made my report.

Western Chihuahua

Packard: A somewhat similar situation developed on the second project I was asked to examine. It was on the Papigochic River in Western Chihuahua, a tributary of the Yaqui. The chief engineer on the project was a dam expert. His book of dam construction was a standard text. He had found a wonderful place to build a dam and was very anxious to go ahead. But the soil and topography were very unfavorable. The mesa land to be irrigated was underlaid with an iron-like hard-pan, often exposed on the surface and generally too close to the surface for successful crop production.

As it happened, Mr. Frank Weymouth, one-time chief engineer for the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, had been hired by the White Co., and was visiting the project for the first time while I was there. He sought me out and expressed his fear that the project would not be successful. He supported my adverse report. He became the chief engineer for the company, a fact which gave me a good deal of encouragement, because, by this time, the over-all manager of the White Co. was ready to "boil me in oil," as he jocularly told Emma at an Embassy reception. (Laughter)

Baum: I should think so. (Laughter)

Packard: There was one incident that was rather interesting. On the way going out to the project I had hired a car and a driver in Chihuahua to make this trip, which would take more than a day. We camped out that night in the patio of a rancho, consisting of adobe buildings on three sides and open on the fourth. I was awakened by something tugging at my pants which I used as a pillow. I raised up on an elbow to face a Mexican, crouched by my head. He obviously wanted my pocket-book. He was apparently as frightened as I, because he ran back into one of the buildings. The whole group of Mexicans stood around as we cooked our supper and breakfast on an open fire but nothing was said about the night's incident.

My third assignment was also in Chihuahua. The headquarters were at Meoqui on the Conchos River in the central part of the state. The project had been rejected by the J.G. White Company, perhaps because it involved no large dam. (Laughter) After spending some time going over the area to be irrigated, I recommended that the project be built. As a result, the engineering features of the project were re-examined and the project was approved and is now in successful operation.

The Rio Salado Project

Packard: My fourth assignment was on the Don Martin project on the Rio Salado in the state of Nuevo León in northeastern Mexico, not far from the Texas border. In this case the project involved the building of a dam to store water for the irrigation of a rather large area on both sides of the river. The American engineer in charge was Andy Weiss, an old Bureau of Reclamation man. On examination we found that much of the land was underlaid with layers of solid gypsum, which made the project questionable. By that time Mr. A. Kocher, a veteran soil survey man from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, had been added to my staff. By making a reconnaissance survey of the soil conditions on both sides of the river lower down, we were able to select an alternate area of excellent brown loam soils, well adapted for irrigation. In facing this discovery the engineers found that they could get water on the lower land at an estimated saving of half a million pesos. The project was approved and is in successful operation.

Chief of the Department of Agronomy of the National Irrigation Commission

Baum: Let's see, you had four temporary assignments?

Packard: No. After my report on the Guatimapé project, the Commission

Packard: appointed me as head of the soils department of the Commission. My title was "Jefe De Departamento Agronomico del Comision Nacional de Irrigacion," and I was placed on a salary of \$10,000.00 per year. This was engineered, in part, by Professor Charles Shaw who had recommended me in the first place. He had spent a month of his summer vacation in reporting on a project in Central Mexico and consequently had an opportunity to confer with the Commission regarding my work.

Baum: Were you paid in dollars?

Packard: No. I was paid in gold pesos which had a stable value. Sometimes I would be paid by check and sometimes in fifty-peso gold coins, which was quite a thrill. Silver pesos, however, were what we used to pay bills. On trips I would have to carry sacks of silver pesos. When my official appointment was made, the Department of Agronomy of the Commission became the official soil survey agency of the government. A laboratory was established in Mexico City where all soil analyses were made thereafter.

Baum: What kind of work was done in the field?

Packard: Soil surveys were made with the use of plane tables. Boundaries of different soil types were recorded as accurately as possible. A new method was used in studying the soil profiles. Typical soil areas would be selected and holes dug to a depth of four feet or more as conditions dictated. The holes were large enough to permit one man to enter and

Packard: study the soil stratification as a means of determining its relative suitability for irrigation. Labor was cheap and the method was useful because it avoided guesswork. The various types of soil, based upon these rather careful field studies would be classified, given a name and mapped in color, following the techniques employed by the Soil Survey Department of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Where possible the soil maps were transferred to topographical maps on which the distribution system would be laid out and the land subdivided into farms of varying sizes depending upon the character of both the soil and the topography.

Problems of Land Holding

Baum: Was your department in charge of land settlement too?

Packard: No, it was not. But your question raises an interesting issue. The Irrigation Commission was responsible for developing much needed water supplies. Rainfall in Mexico is seasonal. Without storage the runoff during the rainy season left the land dry during the dry months. Only by storing this runoff could the land be made really productive. Under irrigation almost anything could be grown and in some cases two or three crops a year could be secured. It was my responsibility to see that water was developed for the best land available.

The settlement of the land was the responsibility of

Packard: those in charge of the land reform program. My contact with this group, unfortunately for me, was very slight. One reason for this was an understandable disinclination on the part of the Mexican agrarian leaders to want advice from the outside.

The land problem in Mexico had its roots in the pre-Spanish Aztec days when Indian villages had their ejidos, or common lands, capable of meeting the communal needs of the people. These ejidos were recognized, at first, by the Spanish conquerors. But as time went on the village lands or ejidos were incorporated into large estates by various means. This anti-social action reached a climax under Porfirio Diaz whose arbitrary action brought on the Madera Revolution of 1910, a portion of which I encountered when we lived in Imperial Valley, as previously recorded.

The first land reform laws were passed in 1915 and later incorporated in the famous Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917, which provided for the breaking up of large land holdings to be distributed to individual landless families. This alone left the little fellow at the mercy of loan sharks and others who could exploit their ignorance, their lack of capital, and their inability to act collectively in their own individual interests. Many considered the small holdings to be subsistence homesteads which would relieve the hacienda owner from a traditional responsibility for their welfare while still providing him with a cheap

Packard: unorganized labor supply. This was the status of the land reform program when I entered Mexico. But a great forward step was made in 1926 through the establishment of a National Land Bank, in a position to give credit to ejidos in nine states to start with. Agricultural Credit Societies, subsidiary to the Bank, were established throughout the country.

Baum: Were you involved in any of this new movement?

Packard: No. I was interested in what was being done but I had no responsibility in that field. Although I made planned subdivisions on one or two projects, I was never involved in actual settlement.

The problems facing the Mexican people are the same as the problem facing people everywhere. The population explosion and the inadequacy of the means of production exert an inexorable influence. When I went to Mexico in 1926 the population was a little over fifteen million. It is now about forty million and still increasing. The land problem itself was not different basically from the land problem faced by the Resettlement Administration in the United States or the land problem faced by Russia following the Revolution of 1917. The question is this, "How can the economies and efficiency of industrial production be attained in agriculture without losing the social values associated, traditionally, with the family farm?"

Although I was not involved in the settlement program I became interested in housing on farms. With the consent

Packard: of the Commission I employed a young architect, named Arturo Albuto, to work on the housing problem. He was a graduate of the Architecture School in Mexico City but was the son of a peon and had been raised under the primitive conditions of the Mexican rural villages and consequently understood village life. My purpose was to adapt modern ideas of convenience, sanitation, and the like but using adobe as the building materials and using thatched roofs where conditions made this practical. Some of these designs are included in the material being submitted with this report.

Baum: They look like very simple houses to me. But I suppose they were quite an improvement over what they had.

Packard: Yes, they were simple. They had to be to come within the financial resources of these very low income people. They did represent a very decided improvement. This effort was a beginning which I understand had an effect on building programs in later years.

An incident will illustrate what I mean. One of my assistants and I had to spend a night in a typical adobe house belonging to a sheep herder. The gas in our car contained water and we had to leave the car and look for some place to stay. We were picked up by this sheep man who was riding in a two-wheeled cart pulled by a burro. He invited us to stay overnight. For supper we had goat's milk and corn bread cooked in an iron skillet on an open

Packard: fire in one corner of the room. We slept on the floor in a room with no door, and I had to rescue my leather boots from a sow and her pigs who wandered in during the night.

After a breakfast of more corn meal bread and goat's milk, we started to walk to camp about twenty miles away when we were picked up by some friends who had started a search for us when we failed to show up for breakfast.

Baum: Then you were responsible for the physical and economic feasibility of the irrigation projects only.

Packard: Yes. I had no official connection with the ejido movement. This does not mean that I was disinterested in the problem. I conferred with local officials of the agricultural banks, particularly in the Laguna area of the state of Coahuila-- a rich cotton producing area where a special effort was made to make the ejido system work. I attended a meeting in one of the ejido settlements, where plans for the coming year were discussed. I was impressed by the difficulties presented in trying to implement a producer-type cooperative.

Baum: Did you think it was a successful system?

Packard: I was unable to make any satisfactory judgement. My friend, Clarence Senior, whom I worked with in Puerto Rico some years later, made a study of the ejido system and published his findings in a book entitled Land Reform in Democracy in which he extols the system. His analysis, however, does not convince me that the ejido system provides a final answer to the agrarian problem.

Packard: I came in contact with two Mennonite settlements, one in the state of Chihuahua and the other in northern Durango. They lived in adobe houses with dirt floors. But they were often in two-story houses and were always white-washed inside and kept very clean. The houses were located in villages on the European plan. The farms were large enough to support a family rather well. A forty-acre farm was perhaps the average. This was much larger than an ejido allotment. The Mennonites used tractors and had threshing machines and the like. As a result of their superior husbandry their yields were much above the yields on neighboring Mexican farms. They were tolerated by the Mexican Government but there was little contact between the Mennonites and their Mexican neighbors, at least while I was there.

After finishing the Don Martin project survey I was assigned to various other projects. Most of the work however consisted of reconnaissance studies of general areas where the Commission thought projects might be established.

Mexican Co-Workers

An important part of my responsibility was to train Mexican technicians to carry on the work when I might leave. The "Departamento de Agronomo" became a permanent institution with responsibility for all soil survey work in Mexico. A well-equipped soils laboratory was established

Packard: in Mexico City as headquarters for the soils department.

There was a very good feeling among the members of the group. I amused them by my expression, "All right, let's vamonos," as I did many years later in Greece by constantly saying "endoxie pame" (All right, let's go.) The young men who joined me in Guatimapé stayed with me during the duration of my stay in Mexico. I recall Guillermo Liera with greatest affection. He was a graduate from the Agricultural College in Juarez across the river from El Paso and could, quite understandably speak excellent English. I often played tennis with the very charming Durango girl who later became his wife. I was also honored by being the godfather of their children. Liera became governor of the state of Sinaloa and later became Secretary of the Interior in Mexico City.².

Antonio Rodriguez was another of my assistants who became a close friend. He had been educated in Texas as an engineer but chose to switch to soils while working on the Guatimapé project.

One of these men, Mr. Salorzano, was the husband of President Calles' niece. He showed up one morning saying that he had been assigned to me. I sized him up immediately as a man who probably would not fit into the organization at all. He was obviously a politician. But the commission wanted me to carry on with him in any case, which proved

2. See the book on Sinaloa and the letter from Liera in 1940, in the Packard Papers in the Bancroft Library.

Packard: to be a little difficult. He wouldn't show up until ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, if at all, and never was able to do anything that was constructive.

After a trip to the Meoqui project where we were to hold a summer school on soil surveying. Prof. Charles Shaw was to come down from the University of California to conduct this summer school and all of the employees of my department were to be there for special training. Salorzano was among them. When we got back, and his expense account came across my desk I found that he was charging fourteen pesos for a room I knew cost him two pesos. I saw other items which were exaggerated in the same way. So I said, "Well, I can't approve this expense account. You're making more money on your room than some of these other boys who graduated from the same school you did are getting as salary. I can't approve this." He was obviously vexed. He grabbed the account off my desk very irritably and said, "All right, I'll change it." On examining the new account the next morning I found the room rent was two pesos. But the total of the bill was exactly the same as it was the day before. So I said, "It's the total that's got to be reduced to a reasonable amount or I will not approve it." This time he was not just vexed. He was mad and said he'd get it through the Controller anyway. He didn't have to have my approval. (Laughter) And so he sailed out of the office and I called the head of the Commission, Mr. Sanchez

Packard: Mejorada, and told him what had happened. He said that that was precisely why the Commission sent Salorzano to me. They knew he would pad expense accounts and thought that I would catch it. I was told that the Commission would back me up and the bill would not be paid.

But three days later I went on another assignment to the Yaqui Valley in the state of Sonora. I was there for about a month when I saw in the paper that the commission had been discharged by the new president, President Portes, and that a new commission had been appointed. So I thought, now is the time for me to get back to Mexico City, which I did. On entering the office of the new commission I encountered my old friend Salorzano sitting in the seat of power. He was the executive secretary of the new board. So, without any discussion at all I said, "Well, Mr. Salorzano, how much time will you give me?" And he said, "Can you finish things up in a month, Mr. Packard?" And I said, "Yes, I can." So that was the end of my job in Mexico. (Laughter)

Personal Experiences, Violence and Anti-Government Forces

Baum: Well, what was Mrs. Packard doing when you were in Mexico?

Packard: She remained in California for a little more than a year and then joined me. This simple statement, though, does not present the full facts. When I left for Mexico, Clara was in her senior year in high school in Palo Alto and

Packard: Emmy Lou was not at all well. My appointment was on a temporary basis at first and Mexico was still in a revolutionary period. In view of all of these factors it seemed wise to have Emma and the two girls remain in Palo Alto, at least until Clara finished high school.

My mother died in the summer of 1927 and I returned to Pasadena for the funeral and to be with my bereaved father for as long a time as I could spare. I took advantage of the leave to return to Palo Alto with Emma to decide what to do about Emmy Lou's illness which had been diagnosed by Dr. Russell Lee of Palo Alto as diabetes. On the doctor's advice I took Emmy Lou to the Sansum Clinic in Santa Barbara where she remained for two months. She was one of several young persons to be put on insulin. Both she and Emma became thoroughly familiar with all aspects of her case and with the use of insulin so it was possible for her to make the trip to Mexico City when the time came.

But this took time and we decided to have Clara join me on the Meoqui project following her graduation. I met Clara at El Paso and took her to Meoqui where we settled in an adobe house with dirt floors and a big luscious fig tree in the patio. When my work was finished we went to Mexico City taking rooms in the Hotel Geneve.

Baum: When did Mrs. Packard and Emmy Lou join you two?

Packard: It was some months later and therein lies a story which Emma can tell better than I.

September 24, 1926

SEES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR MEXICO

**Walter E. Packard, Chief
of Irrigation Projects
Tells of Work**

**HUGE HACIENDAS
BEING SPLIT UP**

**Says President Calles Is
Honest, Capable and
Far Seeing**

Walter E. Packard, chief of the division of agriculture of the National Irrigation Commission of Mexico, called to Pasadena from his work in the southern republic by the death of his mother, Mrs. Clara A. Packard, finds that Mexico, rich in resources but comparatively poor in ready funds, has a bright future under the fairest and most intelligent president it has ever had. Far from being "bolshevistic," the government of Mexico is proceeding to develop the country on a sound economic basis for the good of the people of the republic, he says.

Mr. Packard, chosen among agriculturists of the United States to lead in the development of the vast resources in land and water of the republic of Mexico, has just got well started towards a survey of numerous irrigation and farming projects throughout most of the states of Mexico, those in the arid or semi-arid regions about and north of the City of Mexico. He left his work in the state of Durango to come to Pasadena, and will go back immediately to take up the important work again. Mr. Packard's friends state that no one is better qualified to serve the Mexican government in this vital work than he, his background being over ten years in investigational and experimental work in California, two years as traveling instructor for the University of California, College of Agriculture, and two years study of agricultural economics at Harvard University, besides being chief aid to Elwood Mead, national director of reclamation, for two years.

Pleased With Work

"Jefe el Departamento Economico Nationale Comision de Irrigacion" is the title on the main entrance of Mr. Packard's office suite in Mexico City. His work is said to have greatly pleased President Calles, and it is believed that he will be kept in Mexico for several years to see that the projects he recommends are properly carried out. While in California he will secure a competent engineer to take charge of the soil surveys in the irrigation projects he is now working on.

Contrary to expectations, the climate in Mexico is delightful at this time of the year, being similar to the California spring. Mr. Packard says. He has experienced more warm days during the past week in Pasadena than he has felt during his three months' stay in Mexico. The chief drawback to life in Mexico is the poor food and poorer roads in the country districts. These he must endure in helping to build up the agricultural industry of the republic. Frijoles and tortillas three times a day is his fare if he can get them, and the roads are frightful.

Huge Sum Available

Some time ago, the Mexican government organized the National Commission of Irrigation, which is similar to the American Reclamation Service, and a revolving fund of 60,000,000 pesos was voted to grease the wheels which were to liquidate for the benefit of settlers the great latent agricultural and water resources of the republic. Mr. Packard was secured as chief of the division of agriculture in this commission, and J. D. White, noted New York engineer, was hired to take charge of the construction of dams and waterways. The first work to be done was to survey the projects, find out what the systems would cost, and report to the commission. This work is being done by Mr. Packard with a large force of American and Mexican engineers.

Some very high and costly dams have already been authorized and will be constructed under the new system. One project in Michoacan has already been passed by the commission, and the report on the Durango projects will be ready soon.

Under Feudal System

Mexico is just now emerging from a feudal system similar to that in vogue in Europe some years ago. The large landed estates or haciendas were and are held by families who leased small farms averaging about seven hectares to individual Mexicans. These farmers raised just about enough to keep body and soul together. They had no surplus to trade for clothing, books, dairy products, implements or house furnishings.

Under President Calles' new system, these huge haciendas are to be subdivided into ranches of forty hectares, or about ninety acres, and leased or sold to the people on easy terms. With larger ranches, the Mexican farmer can raise a surplus which can be sold, thus securing funds for necessities and some luxuries, and bettering the economic condition of the country.

Are Co-operating

In almost every case the own-

SEES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR MEXICO

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

ers of these large estates are co-operating with the government in splitting up of the huge haciendas for sale to the people. In some cases the government buys out the owners, paying cash; in others the government puts up half the money, and in a few the hacienda owners furnish all the capital to develop the water system and place the farms on sale.

"Water is a national asset in Mexico, and should be here," says Mr. Packard. "We go to the owners of haciendas where there is a water supply, and first try and induce him to subdivide his land, and construct and finance the irrigation projects. We impress upon him the necessity of conserving the water for irrigation as a national resource. This is the beginning of an attempt to work out the agrarian problems of Mexico.

"Most of the crops of Northern Mexico, chiefly Mexican June corn, red beans or 'frijoles,' chiles and potatoes, are raised without irrigation. The rainfall is sufficient for the full development of these crops about three years in five. In the other two years the farmer loses his crops, and privation is the result. We are trying to make farming a safe economic project with the aid of these irrigation projects. These water projects will be established under the farm adviser system, and livestock will be introduced to supplement field and orchard crops. A great national system of highways is also being built.

Americans Safe

"The feeling is very friendly towards Americans in Mexico now, and I am as safe in the interior of the country now as I am in Pas-

Heads Important Work in Mexico



WALTER E. PACKARD
Agricultural Expert Here Tells
What Republic Is Doing

dena. The malcontents are being disarmed as are all the people except government officials. Mexico is very well policed, and President Calles is a sincere, honest and capable official.

"As regards construction of Boulder Dam, my belief is that the Mexican government will request some sort of treaty setting forth the exact amount of water which will accrue to Mexican lands before this great project is commenced. This amount of water, probably, will be based on that used at the time of treaty for Mexican lands south of the Imperial Valley in Lower California."

Mrs. : Walter had arranged for me to meet him in Mexico City
Packard in the fall of 1927. He assured me that everything was
safe in spite of occasional train derailments and the like.
So Emmy Lou and I went to Pasadena for a few days visit
before leaving for Mexico. But when I emerged from the
ticket office where I had just purchased the two tickets,
a special extra paper was on the stand, carrying the news
that a bridge had been blown up on the line I was to take
and that travel was unsafe. (Laughter) I cancelled the
tickets and went back to Father Packard's house to await
developments. In answer to my urgent telegram, Walter
again assured me that I would be safe, especially if I
took the shorter line from Laredo to Mexico City, in part,
because no trouble had occurred on that line.

But as luck would have it, I picked a train that was
blown up. I can tell the story best by reading from a
letter I sent to my mother at the time.

October 25, 1917

Dear Mother:

We have been in Mexico City a week today and have
only been held up once and that was on the way down.
We left Laredo about 11 p.m. last Monday, expecting
to be in Mexico City at 8 p.m. Tuesday. I woke about
sun-up Tuesday and looked out to see a wild country much
like Arizona or Texas though with more vegetation--
huge cactus and mesquite trees with mountains or foot-
hills in the background. I decided to get up and dress
about 7 o'clock. Everyone else on the train seemed
to be asleep. I had just about finished dressing and
was nearly ready to go back to the berth when "Bang"
went a fairly heavy explosion followed by the crack
of rifle shots. I had just been mentally congratulating
myself that now it was daylight we would likely not
be held up. But I immediately recognized the rifle

Mrs. :
Packard

fire and the smell of burned powder and knew we were in for something. I wasn't frightened for some reason but thought of Emmy Lou and crawled on my hands and knees to the berth. I pulled her onto the floor. She was laughing, and skeptical that it was a holdup. But then the other passengers began to appear in their pajamas. It was funny to see them lying along the aisle. However, the firing stopped and the conductor came into the car and told us to get dressed and to keep away from the windows and that we were safe, they might go through the car and take our money but would not hurt us. Some of the men passengers were simply quaking from fright or nervousness, especially two government officials. The porter came through and gave everyone a stiff glass of cognac. I peeped out the crack in the curtain and right below my window were three of the revolutionaries, or bandits--whatever they were. They were exactly like a Hollywood movie outfit--bright serapes and mounted on mustangs. All carried rifles. Of course the train had stopped at the first bang and there we stood a good four hour ride from the nearest town.

A strapping American engineer came in from the coach ahead and said he had had a close call, as he was in front of the car next to where the blast struck. They had put a charge of dynamite on the tracks to blow up the engine or the baggage car to get a big shipment of gold they thought was being shipped from Monterey to the Bank of Mexico in Mexico City. The blast hit the second class coach instead. Mr. Scott, the engineer, was working with a telephone company and said as soon as it was safe to venture outside he would tap the wires that were near the track and call for help.

In the meantime we watched the bandits, of whom we counted about forty or fifty, take the strong boxes out of the express car and drag them about a hundred yards away and blow them up. They then crowded about and took whatever there was. In about half an hour they were all through and rode away through the brush. Everyone in the car was jabbering in English and Spanish. The conductor came in and gave us a speech in Spanish--which was not translated to me. But I found that it was a polite assurance from the bandits that they had no intention of bothering the passengers. All they were interested in was the big loot.

Mr. Scott came in soon after the bandits left and asked if any of the American women could do first aid.

Mrs. :
Packard

Up to that time I had no idea that anyone was hurt. We went three cars ahead and I never hope to see a worse sight. The peons' car was simply in shambles. The blast had torn out most of the floor in the middle of the car and six or eight desperately wounded were lying around groaning. They had already moved some of the lesser wounded to the other coach. The men found a first aid kit in the Pullman car and as there was not a single doctor or nurse aboard we simply had to do the best we could. I was the only one who knew how to give a hypodermic, thanks to my insulin training, so I went at that while the men put tourniquets on terribly wounded legs. We could find only five shots of morphine, which was not nearly enough. I gave them to the ones who seemed the worst--and it was hard to say who needed it the most. One poor chap who had lost a foot had to go without morphine so I ransacked my own kit and found enough sleeping tablets to put him under. Later we found a woman in the other car who needed relief badly, but all I could find for her was the last of a little cough medicine, containing codeine, but it was not enough to do her any good. I had to laugh, almost, when I found myself about to pour some Williams shaving lotion down her throat, which was in a bottle similar to the one containing the cough medicine. We put splints on ever so many broken legs and then went around with hot water, cotton and iodine, and sterilized and dressed as many of the cuts as we could. After an hour and a half, we had done as much as we could, so escaped to the diner to get some coffee, as it was nine-thirty and we had had no breakfast.

The relief train did not come for four hours. Finally the Mexican Red Cross took the wounded to San Luis Potosi and we finally went on our way after seven hours delay.

Emmy Lou did not see any of the bad part so she thought it was quite a lark and thought that we had something more in the way of experience than Walter or Clara, who have not been held up once. She had a lot of fun counting bandits through the crack in the curtain. She has been drawing them ever since.

I forgot to say we had an armed car attached to the train but the soldiers were outnumbered three to one and ran from the train to hide in the brush until the bandits left which was the best thing for us because there was no more shooting.

Packard: About a month later Clara and I were in a day coach attached to a freight train with an armored car full of

Packard: soldiers forming the caboose. The train slowed down at an isolated spot and the soldiers began firing at horsemen riding around the train. They had put some ties in the track to stop the train at a point which seemed favorable for a holdup. We and the others in the car dropped to the floor, built up barricades with our suitcases, and waited for the shooting to stop. I was, of course, frightened because I had heard enough stories of violence to be cautious. But Clara was excited and called to me saying, "Now Emmy Lou can't say she is the only one that has been held up." In our case the soldiers got out of the car and formed a skirmish line lying down flat between occasional advances. Finally the bandits went down into a ravine out of range and we proceeded on our way after the conductor and the brakeman removed the ties from the track.

Baum: Were these just bandits?

Packard: They may have been in this case but most of the trouble of this kind was the work of the Christeros--armed groups fighting for the Church. Their objective was to embarrass the government.

There was no question about the identity of the attackers on another occasion when I was on the main train on the El Paso-Mexico City line. My train, carrying two armored cars, was preceded by an engine and caboose to serve as a pilot in case the track had been tampered with. In this case, the outside rails on a sharp turn had been loosened

Packard: by drawing out the spikes. When the pilot engine hit the curve it ran off the track and turned over on its side. Our train stopped and switched one of the armored cars off the train and carried the soldiers down where they could fight. As I gathered the facts, about 150 Chisteros had attacked the small group on the pilot engine and caboose. They were carrying banners reading, "Vive Cristo rey," the usual Chistero slogan. Just what happened I do not know, except that when our train was pulled up and we had to walk around the wreck, the soldiers were carrying dead Chisteros from the brush-covered hill and burying them in a trench dug along the right of way. The engineer and fireman had been badly burned by escaping steam and were carried to Aguascalientes in our car.

Baum: Was it common for track to be taken up?

Packard: Yes, it was. It was because of this that the device of the pilot train of engine and caboose was adopted. That the trouble encountered was instigated by the Church was well authenticated by the Church itself.

One time our criada in Mexico City brought us a little pamphlet published by the Church and circulated surreptitiously by the people. It listed the things that the Church had done during the past month--the haciendas they'd burned, the trains they'd destroyed, and the bridges blown up.

The fight between the Church and the government started shortly after I arrived. The Calles regime had confiscated

Packard: large Church-owned properties as part of the revolutionary land reform program. I was in the city of Chihuahua on the Sunday on which the churches were closed. I was awakened by the unusual silence. I had become accustomed to the din of church bells in the morning. I got dressed and walked over to the main cathedral about two blocks from the hotel where I found soldiers guarding the church entrance and groups of people standing around wondering what to do. Although violence was anticipated there was none, at least where I was. The Church fight continued as long as I was in Mexico. Every train I traveled on had one or two armored cars attached.

The attitude of the conservative supporters of the Church was revealed to me one evening during the Hoover-Al Smith Presidential campaign. Mr. Gomez Palacio, a Cornell-trained engineer whom I got to know intimately, expressed his opinion that if Al Smith should win, the fight against the Church in Mexico would be stopped. During the conversation he said that he contributed regularly to the Church's attacks on trains, etc. The motive, he said, was to embarrass the government. When I told him that all of the Americans I had talked to were mad at the Church rather than the government when a hacienda was burned or a train derailed, he was nonplussed but unconvinced.

Baum: Was all of this trouble a part of the Church fight? What about the bandit stories we hear about?

Packard: Of course, not all of the troubles involved the Church. There was one case in Durango, for example, where a bandit named Galindo almost dominated the area around Guatimapé. Nobody ever dared go out very far alone because they were afraid of being caught by Galindo and held for ransom. He considered himself to be a kind of Robin Hood. He called himself General Galindo. One time when the engineers were examining a possible dam site not far from Guatimapé in came a cavalcade of horses and the men, with Galindo at the head. The group rode into camp. Galindo dismounted and, on seeing the wife of one of the engineers standing by the entrance to her tent, advanced and introduced himself. He said he wanted the Chinese cook to prepare a meal for all his men. They were hungry and wanted something to eat. When Mr. Hardy, the project manager appeared, he complied with Galindo's demand. But to be on the safe side, Galindo had the Chinese cook sample everything before he would let his men eat or drink.

While waiting for the meal to be prepared Galindo visited with Mrs. Gosset, whose small daughter was with her. He took the girl's cup and tied it on his saddle and gave her his cup in exchange, saying that she should remember this as a gift from General Galindo. Mrs. Gosset then said that she would like a memento, too. So Galindo pulled one of his pistols out of its holster and gave her a bullet saying that she was the only person who had ever

Packard: received a bullet from Galindo's gun and still lived.

(Laughter)

After lunch he made a talk to his men telling them that what the Americans were doing was good for his country and that nothing should be done to interfere with the work. Following this talk he had a conference with Mr. Hardy, demanding 15,000 pesos as protection money. I never knew whether or not this protection money was ever paid, but I presume it was.

Baum: Was this the old protection shakedown?

Packard: Yes, it was. But it had a romantic Mexican touch not associated with gangland in the states.

Baum: How did it all end, or don't you know?

Packard: The government decided to put a stop to it. One technique was to have some one of Galindo's family on every train going in or out of Durango. Mrs. Galindo usually was carried on the Guatimapé run which penetrated Galindo territory. Finally things got so hot that Galindo agreed to surrender at an hacienda near Guatimapé that was owned by a graduate from the College of Agriculture of the University of California. But Galindo sensed a plot and in place of surrendering, he left Mexico. The last I heard of him was a rumor that he was working as a laborer on the Southern Pacific tracks in California.

Near the end of Galindo's career a group of soldiers known as the Black Battalion came into Guatimapé hacienda,

Packard: carrying a black flag. The leader boasted that he was out to get Galindo. He did his best but he, rather than Galindo, met his death. His body was found in a ravine some days later.

Perhaps these stories are not significant enough to be included in this account.

Baum: Oh, yes they are. They illustrate a phase of the Mexican problem which should be understood.

Packard: Well, in that case there are two or three other incidents which I might tell about.

One time when I was returning from Guatimapé to Durango by car at night we saw the central part of town all lighted up. It was midnight when the town was usually dark. When we reached the hotel we found all of our friends in the lobby talking about an attack that was expected at almost any time. A large Christero force was advancing toward the town from the south. A cavalry unit had been sent out to stop them, but no word had been received from them. Anxiety ended when the government force returned with the body of the Indian leader with a bullet hole in his forehead. His body was placed on exhibition in the center of the town square.

There was plenty of precedent for this sort of thing. I have a vivid recollection of the postcard pictures of Pancho Villa's bullet-ridden body when he was ambushed coming into Durango from the hacienda where he was living.

Baum: This didn't occur while you were there, did it?

Packard: Oh no. Villa was killed some years before that.

During part of the time I was in Durango the government forces were commanded by a general whom I consider to be a rather despicable character. His headquarters were in the hotel where I stayed part of the time. He had two police dogs to protect him from surprise attack. He often sat at the dining room table with his chair reversed straddling the chair as he would a horse. He was feared by everyone because he had despotic powers. I do not know how many people were shot while I was there, but rumor set the figure rather high. One story concerned a peon who had been brought in by the soldiers charged with holding up a railway station. The general was reported to have said, "Shoot him tonight, I'll hear the evidence in the morning."

This was no stranger than the incident reported in one of the Mexico City newspapers during an attempted revolution in the state of Vera Cruz. The headline reported the President as ordering that a captured general should receive a fair trial and that his body should then be shipped to Mexico City for burial. (Laughter)

A psychological type of torture was illustrated by the way the major domo on a ranch, once a part of the Guatimapé Hacienda owned by Dr. Gray, was treated. He was arrested at the order of the general because he was an ardent Catholic and was supposed to be backing the Church

Packard: in the current fight with the government. He was held in jail for several weeks and was told at intervals that he was to be shot that night. Finally he was taken out at night to the adobe wall where the executions took place, lined up against the wall, and then told to go home which he did without argument.

While I was in Guatimapé one of the railroad bridges was blown up by the Christeros. A peon suspected of having a part in the dynamiting was caught and hung on a telephone pole which I had to pass when I went back and forth. The hanging body was supposed to be a warning. It was still there when I left.

Baum: It doesn't sound like an entirely safe place to work.

Packard: I was, of course, always in danger of being captured and held for ransom. But there was nothing else to do. I was there and I seldom felt any fear myself. I didn't think that anything would happen to me. But I did come pretty close to danger at different times. One time in a state in central Mexico, I was making a reconnaissance survey of quite an area. I was in a car and was driving on byroads and sometimes just paths going through the brush. I knew that in that general territory there was a threat of a battle between the Christeros and the government forces. I was warned not to go, but again, I didn't think there was any danger. But when I was going down a narrow road lined by maguey plants on both sides I was suddenly

Packard: faced by a group of about twenty armed men all on horseback with cartridge belts across their chests, in good Mexican style. I had about ten rifles pointed at me and I was ordered to stop. And I stopped. (Laughter) I found that they were agaristas who were friendly to the government. They thought I was a spy and that I was a very suspicious character. They intended to arrest me. But the Mexican engineers who were with me convinced them that it was all right, that we were working for the government. We had government papers to prove it. And so they rather reluctantly let us go.

Another time when I was traveling with the head of the commission, Mr. Sanchez Mejorada, when we were stopped by a mob in a village. They carried stones, muzzle-loading guns, and knives and were very belligerent. I never knew just why they were suspicious of us, but they were very threatening. Mr. Mejorada got out of the car and walked right into the center of the group. He stood shoulders above the people around him. He met the mayor of the town and convinced him that we were all right. And so they let us on through. But that was a time when I was really quite frightened.

Two more incidents, both involving Clara, stand out in my memory. The first occurred when we attempted to make a short cut by driving down a creek bed. When trying to cross a sand bar, the car suddenly sank to the running

Packard: board in quicksand. The driving wheel just churned up wet sand. As we surveyed the situation, Indian faces began to appear through the brush lining the stream. We motioned for help but not for quite a while did the Indians consent to help by getting logs and stones to build a solid foundation on which we could back out. We paid them well and convinced them that we were friends.

The other incident occurred when we drove into the town of Ixmiquilpan in the state of Hidalgo. I parked the car in the inside patio of the hotel. Clara was wearing khaki riding pants and boots. I noticed that the little daughter of the proprietor looked rather puzzled. Clara went to her room and changed her clothes. When she came out the little girl ran to her mother saying, "Señorita, señorita." (Laughter) Later on the patio was filled, crowded with people watching and betting on a series of cock fights where the cocks were armed with razor sharp steel spurs fastened to their legs. Such fights were often fatal to both birds. The next afternoon I could not find Clara anywhere around the patio until I entered the bar room. There she was sitting at a table with three haviendados in full Mexican regalia including pistols. They were playing a simple game of matching cards where the money was in candy pesos which they had purchased for Clara.

There was one incident that illustrated the attitude of the Spanish-Mexicans toward the Indians. There was a

Packard: big New Year's Eve party given by the American engineers at Guatimapé who were living in one of the very large hacienda buildings with rooms surrounding a great court. We invited everyone to come to the party including the peons on the property. Many of them came. But the Spanish-Mexicans stayed away because of the peons attending this party. We danced with all the Indian girls. We made no distinctions at all. The next day, in talking to our Spanish-Mexican friends, we found that they were quite shocked by our behavior.

Baum: Yes, it doesn't sound like the snobbery was American snobbery but upper class Mexican snobbery.

Packard: Yes, exactly. There were two other illustrations of the same thing at Guatimapé. There were two Texans that operated a large ranch in the mountains about thirty miles north of Guatimapé. They invited three American engineers and myself to spend Christman at their hacienda. It was a troubled time and it was rather dangerous to make the trip. The Mexican driver of our car--we had two cars--was very frightened. We drove to a pre-arranged point where the two Texans met us with horses.

Baum: Were the Mexican car drivers afraid of being captured by bandits or by revolutionaries?

Packard: By bandits. We got to the hacienda after a two hour ride and attended a party that night. The peons came in on horseback and on foot, all carrying rifles and side arms.

Packard: They tied their horses outside and came in, generally wearing their very large sombreros and started dancing in the dining room that had been cleared for the purpose. I was very particular to dance with every Indian girl, so there would be no prejudice shown. (Laughter) These guns looked pretty impressive. I didn't want to get involved in anything. (Laughter) But I left the party about one o'clock in the morning and went back to my room. In the morning when it was time for breakfast. I found the dancing still going on. So when they left they went out to where they had their rifles stacked up, took the guns and went away. That night we listened to the radio and heard the mounties who were snowed in, in British Columbia, sending messages to their friends in Eastern Canada.

Still another incident illustrates another phase of the Mexican problem as I saw it. I was a guest of the Irsokis whose hacienda joined Guatimapé. They had re-occupied the Casa Grande which had been used by the peons during the Pancho Villa days. He was rather ruthless, I thought, in keeping peons away from the vicinity of the house. He would angrily say, "Eso es mi casa." We drove around the fields to inspect some special plantings of wheat, which occupied land almost immediately adjacent to the long rows of the peons' abode houses. Irsoki saw some stray pigs in the wheat patch and got very angry. He drove back to the casa grande and got his shotgun. He intended

Packard: to shoot as many of the pigs as he could, I was invited to go along but declined. I heard some shooting but chose not to ask questions.

Social Life in Mexico: Influence of Ambassador and Mrs. Dwight Morrow

Baum: We haven't covered the diplomatic scene in Mexico City.

Packard: No, we haven't. But it is a very interesting subject because Dwight Morrow brought a great change in the American's attitude toward the Mexicans.

Baum: You were there before Morrow came down, is that right?

Mrs. : Walter was. I came down the same month, I think.

Packard

Baum: Could you notice the change in the atmosphere?

Packard: Oh yes, quite definitely. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morrow were very sincerely interested in the Mexican people. They began by breaking down any social barriers between the Americans and the Mexicans. One subtle thing they did was to invite Charles Lindbergh to come to Mexico City during the height of his popularity. The attitude of the people toward him was illustrated by the action of an old Mexican who went to his church to ring the bells when Lindbergh had just flown over. When asked why he was ringing the bells he said, with tears in his eyes, "I'm ringing them for that young American who is going to bring peace to my country." Lindbergh was advertised to arrive, I think, about nine or ten o'clock one morning, but nobody knew

Packard: exactly when. Radio communication hadn't been developed to the point it has now. President Calles had a box seat in bleachers built in a pasture that was the airport. He came out early in the morning and sat for hours waiting for Lindbergh to come. We drove out in a taxi and got into the crowd. There were thousands upon thousands of people, waiting, and waiting. I think they waited about two or three hours. Finally they began looking into the sky saying, "Eso es! Eso es!" (That is he!) And he finally landed.

Mrs. :
Packard The next time I saw Lindy was at the American embassy that day. And Anne Morrow was there. I remember seeing her standing by the punch bowl talking to Lindy. Prohibition was on in America at that time, so the embassy never officially served anything intoxicating. So the punch conformed to the laws at home. (Laughter) So Lindy stayed for several days and there were big festivities, and parades in the street, and dances.

Another thing Mrs. Morrow promoted was the Mexican dancers. The women from Jalisco had a particularly spectacular costume which was perfectly beautiful. Very long, with a great white headdress and starched skirts, white and then purple over the white. I don't remember the details of it now, but they brought those to the football stadium in Mexico City--hundreds of them--and each area had its own particular typical dance in costume. It was

Mrs. : very distinctive and beautiful. Then they had big athletic Packard drills.

It seemed to us that the arrival of Lindbergh sort of sparked a new attitude on the part of the Mexican people. There was a new spirit that the Morrows were trying to develop. Lindy did more than anything else to spark it all. Then, a little later the Morrows invited Will Rogers down who was, again, another man who could understand the Mexican people. And when he arrived at the station in Mexico City President Calles was there to meet him. Will Rogers said, "Remember, I'm not a candidate for the presidency." And Calles laughed and said, "That's lucky because we shoot them before breakfast down here." Well, that was simply a reflection of the unstable conditions at the time. The candidate for the presidency, General Obregon had been shot. No, he was elected president and he was assassinated after he was elected. But several of the candidates for the presidency were shot.^{3.}

Will Rogers went out with the President on a special presidential train and was, again, a man who created a lot of friendship.

Packard: One time, to show the conditions, we were leaving for Chihuahua on the El Paso train. And General Obregon had a private car on the back of the train. As soon as the

3. Mrs. Packard's letters describing this period are included in the Walter and Emma Packard papers in the Bancroft Library.

Packard: train pulled out he and his aides all came up into the pullman car because they were afraid the private car would be spotted by dynamiters and blown up. We went very slowly because of the danger of being derailed. We had armored cars on the train, in case of any hold up.

Baum: Was this loosening of social relations favored by the upper class Mexicans, too, or was that mainly an appeal to the middle classes and the lower classes?

Mrs. : Packard I think it was largely to the upper class because the Morrows had great wealth and social prestige. Wealth is respected everywhere. If Mrs. Morrow did it, nobody else dared do less, so to speak. In their case I think it was largely the association with government people-- Mexican people in the government. Of course, the old Diaz crowd were the "outs." Diaz had been defeated long before, but that element was more or less on the "outs" now. The new spirit and the new people were coming in and it was a terribly mixed period. The generals were politicians, of course, as they are in a good many Latin American countries. Calles was a general and he was supposed, at the time, to be one of the better of the generals. He did promote this land division and yet it was the custom there, understood, that the President was supposed to have two percent of the government contracts. At least, we were told that. Anyway, Calles had plenty of money.

Baum: More than his presidential salary? (Laughter) Well, I

Baum: think that's a Latin American custom.

Packard: In any case the people that we met, the Mexicans, were in general very high class people. One of the comments I made at the time shows how I felt. This is a letter to Professor Elliot Mears of Stanford, professor of geography.

I have been very much impressed with the integrity and ability of the men in charge of affairs in Mexico. Their efforts seem to be dominated by a sincere desire to build up a social order suited to the needs of the Mexican people. Many of the leaders are idealists. But the program which has been adopted for the development of Mexico seems to be founded on a sound basis. The agrarian reform is being followed up by the establishment of a sound banking system, including a land bank established on the principle of the Rural Credit Institutions of Germany. Extensive programs of highway development, irrigation development, and school extension are being carried out. It will be years before the results of the work being done are felt by the mass of rural dwellers. So that there will be little change in the emigration situation. It is probable that Mexico will furnish agricultural labor for seasonal demand indefinitely.

Baum: What is the date on that letter?

Packard: It's not dated, but that would be in the spring of 1927.

At that time I gathered some statistical material on the population of Mexico. There was a large German population. This, of course, was after the First World War. German capital has always gone into Latin America. Germans are especially influential in Argentina and Brazil. Of course, there are ex-Nazis among them. German men tended to marry daughters of propertied Mexicans.

The Chinese were very important in Mexico. I think

Packard: there were more Chinese than any other single foreign group.

I wrote a report at that time, just a tentative report for Dr. Mears, and this is it.

Baum: A report on race relations in Mexico. That sounds very interesting.

Daughter Emmy Lou Packard and Diego Rivera

Baum: I'd like to hear about Emmy Lou's experience with Diego Rivera.

Mrs. : Our first meeting with him was in Mexico City where Packard Emmy Lou and I went to join Walter and Clara in the fall of 1927. Emmy Lou had been encouraged toward art in the Peninsula School and we had heard much about the Mexican Open Air Art Schools for the Mexican children, encouraged and promoted by the artists and the government of President Calles. Miss Bertha Heise, an artist cousin of Walter's, told me a great deal about this movement before we went to Mexico. So I enquired down there about Diego Rivera who was said to be very much interested in the art work of children. There were no classes available so I made bold and went to see Diego, who was working at the time on a big mural in the Secretariat of Education. He came down from the scaffold and was very responsive and courteous about it all and after looking at her work, he asked her to come back in another week to show him more work. So

Mrs. : we continued doing that at intervals. He was very careful
Packard not to criticize or discourage her. He would make suggestions
about improvement and ask her to come back again to see
him. Under this stimulus, she did a great deal of painting
during the four years we were in Mexico.

Baum: What kind of a person was he?

Mrs. : The first impression was of his being a huge man. He weighed
Packard about three hundred pounds and moved slowly--ponderously,
but gracefully. He was six feet tall but I remember his
hands were small. He looked very Mexican--black hair and
swarthy skin. He seemed gentle and affable, good-natured
and responsive. He understood some English and we understood
a little Spanish so we could communicate fairly well.

Baum: Was this your only meeting with him?

Mrs. : No. We had three other contacts with him here in California
Packard and another in Mexico. We left Mexico in 1930 and lived
again in Palo Alto where Emmy Lou re-entered the Peninsula
School after she finished jr. high in Pasadena--her first
year of high school. At that time--about 1931--Diego was
invited to do a mural in the San Francisco Stock Exchange
and he and his wife, Frida Kahlo, were living in the studio
of Ralph Stackpole on Montgomery Street. We went to see
them and invited them down to visit the Peninsula School
and see what that school was doing with children's art.
They came down and made the visit to the school and spent
the night with us at our home, "Casa Contenta," on Menlo

Mrs. : Oaks Drive. Emmy Lou had a Mexican "mural" on the school
Packard wall--actually done with poster paints on paper--and one
of children and dogs, he liked the Mexican one as he said
it was good memory work, but disapproved of the other one
for not being a "memory" one. He seemed to think she had
the "feeling" and spirit of Mexico in her work.

When we were driving them back to the city, Diego was
nauseated by the "slaughter house" smell of the Pacific
Bone Coal Factory on El Camino Real. Frida was much amused
by the Fuller Paint sign along the highway near Third and
Bayshore where a life-sized man swept a paint brush across
the sign--"El hombre que pinta!" she exclaimed with
delight. I was recently reminded by Clara that we all went
to Rivera's studio for the unveiling of a portrait he had
done of Helen Wills, then at the height of her tennis
career. He had painted a scene in the transom above the
studio entry door of a Mexican mother sitting on the side-
walk curbing while her small boy relieved himself toward
the heads of the entering guests! I wonder where that
picture is now? It was not "dirty"--just very natural and
true to life in Mexico--at least at that period.

Baum: When was the next time you saw Rivera?

Mrs. : That was in the summer of 1940 when the Treasure Island
Packard Fair was organized by San Francisco. Since our visit with
Diego in 1931, Emmy Lou had finished high school at the
Sequoia Union High School in Redwood City and had entered

Mrs. : the University of California at Berkeley. In 1933, Walter Packard took on a job with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the family moved to Berkeley where we lived for a year on Rock Lane. While doing Community Theater work in Palo Alto, Emmy Lou had met Burton Cairns who had just graduated, cum laude in architecture from U.C., and a romance developed which ended in an elopement to Reno in the summer of 1934. She remained in college until the next fall when their son, Donald, was born on September 27, 1935. She had been urged to take the editorship of The Pelican as she had been working as Art Editor of the Daily Californian. However, when the man who had been chosen as editor dropped out of college, she returned to U.C. at the January semester in 1936 and became the first woman editor of The Pelican.

Baum: Did she finish college?

Mrs. : Yes, in 1936. In the meantime, Walter had been asked by Packard Rex Tugwell to take charge of the office of Region 9 of the Resettlement Administration then being organized to meet some of the problems of the great depression. An architectural division was organized in this, to take over plans for low cost housing in rural areas and several of the recent graduates of U.C. architectural school were hired in this division. Among them were Burton Cairns, Vernon DeMars, Francis Violich, and Corwin Mocine, as well as Garrett Eckbo. All of these men are now on the faculty of U.C. at this writing, except Burton. Tragedy struck the family

Mrs. : when he was killed in an auto accident while on a tour of Packard inspection of housing projects in Oregon. While driving with Garrett Eckbo in a rainstorm, his car slipped off the narrow highway on a curve and was struck by an oncoming bus. He was killed instantly and Garrett was in the hospital for many months with a crushed leg and other injuries. Donald was just past four years old. Burton was just thirty and by this time was head of the Division of Architecture for Region 9. (See clipping, San Francisco News, December 21, 1939).

Baum: What a tragedy! What did Emmy Lou do after that?

Mrs. : After closing up her apartment in San Francisco, she Packard and Donald came to Berkeley to live with us for awhile. She enrolled in the California School of Fine Arts for one semester to study fresco painting with Moya del Piño and sculpture with Ralph Stackpole. Then she went to New York to stay with Frances Adams, a long-time friend, hoping she could get work in New York. While she was there the Art-in-Action section of the Treasure Island Fair was opened. Timothy Pfleuger, one of the leading architects in San Francisco, was on the Fair Board and he induced Diego to come to the Fair in 1940 and paint a big fresco mural, which was designed by Mr. Pfleuger to be installed later in the Library of San Francisco Junior College (now San Francisco State College.)

There was much difficulty in getting Diego into the

Mrs. : country because of his avowed Communist sympathies. He
Packard came for painter's wages. His helpers were paid by W.P.A.,
except for a few non-W.P.A. volunteers, like Emmy Lou.
He paid her a small salary out of his own funds.

Baum: You mean house painter's wages?

Mrs. : Yes. It seems to me that the mural cost \$4,000.00 for
Packard 1,650 square feet. I am told that it is now insured for
\$100,000.00 where it is installed in the foyer of the
Little Theater of San Francisco City College. Incidentally,
it was designed for a much bigger space and the view of
it is from too close up for the best effect.

Baum: You said Emmy Lou was in New York. Did she come back on
a chance she might work on the mural?

Mrs. : Not exactly. I had heard that Diego was looking for assistants.
Packard So I went over to see him at the fair (by this time he spoke
quite good English) and told him of Emmy Lou's situation
and that she had just completed a course in fresco painting.
So I asked him if he had any job for her. He said, "Yes,
I can use her." So I telegraphed her and she came back
and worked on the mural for the rest of the summer.

Baum: What kind of work did she do?

Mrs. : She and others did what they call underpainting, which is
Packard putting on the gray and black undercoat on the wet plaster.
After that Diego drew in the design and painted it in color
on top of the grays and blacks. Diego's chief assistant,
Arthur Niendorf, was often given such technical jobs as

Mrs. : painting in the Shell Building where accuracy of detail
Packard was required. Emmy Lou was allowed to paint in color, too. She painted most of the blue Bay and such details as the barbed wire in the Charlie Chaplin panel. He gave her a corner one day of a Mexican village and said, "Let's see if you remember your Mexican villages." He stressed the importance of memory for a fresco painter. She put on the color as well as the detail in this area and he was satisfied with it. The mural was designed for the Library of the San Francisco Junior College (now San Francisco City College) which had been designed by Tim Pfleuger. Tim Pfleuger died in the 40's and the library was not built for a long time. Tim's brother Milton and the firm continued to construct the buildings, but decided to place the mural in the theater instead of the Library.

Baum: The mural was finished in 1940, but was not installed until 1961--why was that?

Mrs. : In the first place, the buildings were not yet ready for Packard it. So the mural was stored in sections. Then about that time, when World War II was brewing in Europe there was a great furor over communism and people got very excited about Diego since he was a professed communist and it seemed wise to play down the mural and it was stored until 1961. You may remember that his mural was in the Stock Exchange-- which is headquarters of capitalism, shall we say? (Laughter)

Baum: Was that when Trotsky was murdered?

Mrs. : Yes, Trotsky was assassinated. In fact, Diego at that time
Packard called himself a trotskyite. He changed. He was a variable
person in his ideology. His ideas were based more on emotion
than reason, probably. He was for the Indian, the Mexican-
Indian, the mestizo--he was "for the people." When Trotsky
was banished from Russia he went to Mexico and Diego gave
him asylum for a time. Later, they quarreled and Trotsky
moved to another apartment. He was assassinated while
Diego was here working on the mural at the Fair. Frida,
Diego's wife, got word to Diego as quickly as possible.
He was very much frightened as he always had been much
afraid, himself, of being assassinated.

Baum: Did he seem to have an abnormal fear of assassination?

Mrs. : Yes, though I think it would be rather normal in view of
Packard the things that he had been doing. People were being
assassinated who were working on revolutionary activities
and he had been active in promoting the Mexican Revolution.
He had led communist parades in Mexico City and exposed
himself to dangers of that kind.

Baum: What did he do about this situation?

Mrs. : Because of this fear, he had always refused to ride in
Packard taxis, so one of Emmy Lou's duties was to drive him back and
forth from his studio to the Fair. Now, he was afraid to
sleep in his apartment on Telegraph Hill, so she drove him
back to Berkeley and he slept in Walter's garden studio
for the next two weeks and had his breakfast with us.

Mrs. : But he went back to work on the mural everyday, coming
Packard back here at night. The mural was under heavy guard but
nothing happened so he finally went back to his own quarters.

Baum: What about his wife, Frida? Did she come up, too.

Mrs. : Yes, she was here part of the time during his stay--they had
Packard broken up the marriage and he was emotionally upset some
of the time because of that. Frida, herself, was a striking
sight in her Jalisco costume. She had long black hair,
into which she braided strands of bright colored yarn and
would wind this around her head. She often had flowers
arranged in the yarn as well. With this she wore native
Mexican costumes--purples and Mexican pinks, with a full
white ruffle around the bottom of the long skirt. When
she walked down Market Street, she practically stopped traffic!
She was "little, but Oh My!" and a very good artist herself.
They were remarried in a simple ceremony in San Francisco
while she was up here.

Baum: What did all this emotional conflict do to the mural?

Mrs. : It had its effect, all right. Diego was temperamental by
Packard nature and this did not help any. We especially remember
one dramatic day because we were involved in it until
2 a.m. the next morning. It happened that he did some work
on the mural which did not suit him at all. He was frus-
trated all that day and none of his helpers could do anything

Mrs. : right. Finally, with his work on the wet plaster still Packard unfinished, he threw a temper tantrum, broke his brushes in two and gouged out the work he had done. Then he said, "get me out of here." So Emmy Lou got the car and they drove on the highway toward Palo Alto. He went sound asleep and slept and slept and slept. And she drove on and on and on.

Finally they came to Dinah's Shack near Palo Alto and Diego woke up and they went to the restaurant. It was past closing time but the waiters recognized Diego so asked him in and gave him a feast. After that, they drove back to the city where he got off at his apartment and she arrived home in Berkeley about 2 a.m.

Baum: Did you know what was happening?

Mrs. : No, but we were becoming very worried because she did not Packard come home, as she usually phoned us if she would be late. The first hint we had of something unusual was a phone call from the two plasterers who followed orders to prepare the wet plaster for the next day's work. They asked, "Do you know where Diego is?" I said, "No." "Then do you know where Emmy Lou is?" Still we had no work^d when they called again at 11 p.m. Diego usually left orders about the space to be filled by the plasterers which must be exactly right or the work next day could not proceed. Diego was very exacting about his technique and if the plaster was not right, he could throw a fit about it and

Mrs. : most of the crew were afraid of him, though Emmy Lou never
Packard was and probably he liked her the better for that. He was
a very powerful personality and with his huge bulk could
look very menacing. I don't suppose he would have hurt a
fly, but he'd make such a show of it that he scared them.

Baum: How did this end?

Mrs. : Emmy Lou arrived at our home at 2 a.m. and told us the story.
Packard I don't remember what happened to the mural the next day!!
But it was finally finished and the quote from Diego below
is from a San Francisco paper, with a photo called "Last
Touches," showing him and his assistant, Emmy Lou Packard
working on the mural: "Of the 74 feet x 22 feet mural he
said, in part: 'I have never painted a better thing, whether
in plastic qualities, composition, or coloring...it is
a result of all my previous experiences as a painter:
because it is a synthesis of seventeen years of work.' "

Baum: Then what?

Mrs. : The mural was put in storage because the building was not
Packard ready for it and Diego finally went back to Mexico.

Baum: Does Emmy Lou think that he influenced her painting?

Mrs. : I can't quite answer that myself. But I can quote a little
Packard from the art critics who judged her exhibit of Mexican
paintings after she spent the next year in Mexico, living
in the home of Diego and Frida, where she assisted him in
his gallery during 1941. Alfred Frankenstein, critic for
the San Francisco Chronicle, said, (Nov. 23, 1953) : "Emmy

Mrs. : Lou Packard, at Gump's, works a switch on the customary
Packard Mexican formula, for she reflects the American scene in
a style clearly beholden to Diego Rivera. This is true,
at least, in her numerous color woodcuts....her best achievement,
however, is in the water colors. Here Miss Packard
uses a palette as pungent as Gaugin's....these water colors
are big stuff. They will inevitably take command of any
room in which they are hung, for a brilliant and positive
personality stands behind them..."

I believe that phase of her work is past since much of
the likeness to Diego lay in the fact that they were both
painting scenes of Mexico. But she has the skill of expressing
much with a few lines, as does Diego and no doubt there was
some unconscious imitation, in method as well as subject
matter.

Baum: Did this end your association with Diego Rivera?

Packard: No. After the Fair was over, Emmy Lou and I drove him
to Brownsville, Texas, where he took a plane for Mexico
City. We drove her car on to Mexico City and she spent
about a year there where she lived with Frida and Diego
in their house in Coyoacan and studio in San Angel. She
did secretarial work, letters and typing for Diego and helped
measure the top floor of the National Palace for the frescoes
he was to paint there. She also prepared canvasses for
painting. She also painted many oils and water colors
which she exhibited at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San

Packard: Francisco on her return home, as cited above.

There was one personal incident that was rather funny.

Emmy Lou and I were having lunch with Sanchez Mejorada.

He was the Chief of the National Irrigation Commission with whom I had worked in the late 1920's and a man of very high standing. And he didn't know that Diego was going to call for us in the afternoon with his car to take us somewhere. And so when he showed up and a mozo (a manservant) came in to announce very excitedly, "Diego Rivera is outside, he's calling for you." And Sanchez Mejorada looked at Emmy Lou and at me and said, "Is that so?" And I said, "Why yes, but he was to come much later than this. But since he's here I'd like to have you meet him." So we all went out. And Diego got out of his car and was very gracious and all. Sanchez Mejorada detested Diego, and was taken aback by his calling for us, his good friends.

And then when he was getting into his car he was so heavy and fat that he had difficulty getting both of his pistols into the front seat. He'd cram one pistol in and then get his behind in and then cram the other pistol in. (Laughter)

Baum: He wore two pistols?

Packard: Yes. And then we all got in the back seat and we drove off.

(Laughter) And Sanchez Mejorada was standing with his mouth open, wondering what had happened to Packard. (Laughter)

Mrs. : One other incident deserves mention in connection with the
Packard visit Diego made to see the Telesis exhibit our architecture

Mrs. : crew put on at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Packard

Baum: What is Telesis?

Mrs. : I can answer that best by quoting from a letter to the San

Francisco Chronicle of May 30, 1966, written by Garrett

Eckbo, now chairman, College of Environmental Design, University of California.

Twenty-six years ago a group of young professional planners and designers, calling itself Telesis, Environmental Research Group, put on an exhibit called "Space for Living" at the San Francisco Museum of Art. This exhibit attempted to deal comprehensively with the spaces in which we live, work and play and with the services which they require.

The group of young men mentioned previously as being now on the faculty were among the members of this group.

Recently I found a letter that I had written to Emmy Lou while she was in New York and I quote as follows:

The Telesis boys wanted to get Diego to see their exhibit, so I arranged for him to go over there this morning. I drove over to Stackpole's house and got him about 10 a.m. and took him over to Clay Street where the boys are fixing the exhibit. Vernon (DeMars), Joseph McCarthy, Garrett Eckbo and two or three others were there. Diego was very much interested in it-- really was--and spent nearly two hours with them. The upshot was that he is going to draw a design for one pannel for them--and make a statement to be used in the prospectus they are getting out. He is also interested in the migrant camps and is going to make a trip to Yuba City with us and Vernon some time next week...

Baum: Does this finish Emmy Lou's association with Diego Rivera?

Mrs. : I do not remember that she ever saw him after she came back from Mexico. But there was another incident connected with the mural. Due to an accident while in storage, a hole was punched in it, about a foot in diameter. Diego was asked

Mrs. : to come back and repair it. He refused to come but he
Packard commissioned Emmy Lou to do the work. She has the contract
and correspondence concerning this in her files. The work
was not done until years after Diego died and the mural
was to be installed at City College in 1961. Emmy Lou
finally did the work of repairing the damage, as well as
the finishing work around the edges and frames of the mural.
She obtained color photographs from Life magazine files and
copied them as exactly as possible. for color. I believe
this covers the whole Rivera association with Emmy Lou.

Two Mistakes and A Lesson

Packard: The mistake I made in buying land in Imperial Valley
when I was superintendent of the Imperial Valley Experiment
Farm was duplicated on a larger scale when I was in Mexico.
While staying in Durango I met Dr. Harry Gray, an eye
specialist who was also interested in land. He came to
Mexico at the invitation of Juan Lasoya, whom he met in
Canada where Gray owned a large wheat ranch. When things
settled down after Villa's retirement, Mr. Lasoya returned
to his Guatimapé Hacienda to resume operations. He sold
a tract of 7,000 acres of "temporal" land, that is, rainfall
farming land, to Dr. Gray, and together they got a Mennonite
colony started some miles north of Guatimapé. Although
Dr. Gray had an office in Durango and was known throughout

Packard: the area as an eye doctor, he spent much of his time in operating his ranch. At planting time in June he would arrange to have forty or more mules driven overland from the Laguna district near Torreon to Guatimapé when the mules were no longer needed in the large cotton fields. When the corn and oats were planted the mules were driven back again.

All of this rather fascinated me and I was induced to loan Gray some money for operating costs. One thing led to another until I found I had to exchange my loan to a part interest in the property. In retrospect, I can't imagine why I made this move, especially in view of my interest in the land reform program. But I did, and there was no objection voiced by the Commission when I informed them of my partnership. In any event, this part of Mexico proved to be part of the Dust Bowl. The crop which came up with the first rain looked very promising. But it just didn't rain again and we hardly got our seed back. I traded what equity I had left to some Mennonites who, so far as I know, are still there. Unfortunately the equity was not enough to pay my debts, so when I returned to California at the height of the great stock market crash I was a true dust-bowler. (Laughter)

This highly educational experience, however, was not the only one. On a trip from Monterey to Mexico City during the month which Mr. Salorzano gave me to finish

Packard: my work, I met three men who introduced themselves as prospective investors in Mexico. They had a compilation of endorsements about two inches thick. I recognized many of the names of nationally known people, including a brother of the Secretary of the Navy, Denby. I was impressed by their seeming interest in the development of Mexico through the investment of American capital and know-how. Dr. Gray had a dozen large haciendas listed for sale at what seemed to be ridiculously low prices per acre. This list included some forest properties in Durango belonging to a Mr. Hartmann, a German resident of Mexico City, who also owned or controlled some rather extensive hardwood timber lands in the tropical lowlands. These properties seemed to be just what the Hoovers wanted.

Baum: The Hoovers you say. Were they related to Herbert Hoover? I heard that you had reported unfavorably on a land development project being promoted by Herbert Hoover's brother in Palo Alto.

Packard: No, there was no relationship whatever between H. T. and Bruce Hoover, the brothers who were the prime operators in the Mexican venture, and Herbert Hoover. I did advise against a proposed land development plan on the West Side of the San Joaquin Valley but that had nothing to do with the Mexican Hoovers who proved to be completely unscrupulous. One thing led to another. Through Hartmann's interests, the manager of the Mexico City branch of the Bank of Canada

Packard: became involved. Having been dismissed from my position with the Comision Nacional de Irrigacion, as previously recorded, I agreed to accept a job with the Hoovers as their Mexican representatives at a promised salary of \$15,000.00 per year. I say promised because they only paid me \$600.00 per month for the few weeks I worked for them. I collected a long list of options on properties offered by Dr. Gray and Hartmann and then proceeded to Chicago, purportedly to meet the board of directors of what I thought was a corporation. I had become suspicious of the Hoovers who I found were not interested in my analyses of the properties. All they wanted to know was the price and the acreage which, when combined, seemed to provide a basis for profits in resale rather than in operational profits.

When I got to Chicago, I found that the Hoovers and their associates were selling "units of interest" in an enterprise that was to take the properties over for exploitation. The "units of interest" said, in fine print, that the Hoovers would turn the properties over at cost and would not make any profit until the properties were in operation and that then their profits would be confined to 2 percent of the profits. But I knew this to be completely false. The options I had gathered from Gray and Hartmann were being turned over to the syndicate for about fifteen times the option price. When I confronted the Hoovers with this,

Packard: I was told that I would be taken into the inner circle and would make half a million dollars or more if I went along. I was not surprised but floored. What kind of a gang was I dealing with? I laid the matter before the syndicate attorney whom I soon found to be the legal architect of the whole deceitful scheme. I collected what money I could and resigned, not, however, until I had a chance to get the Better Business Bureau of Chicago to make a photostatic copy of one of the units of interest, copies of which I was not supposed to have access to.

I returned to Mexico and exposed the syndicate to the American Embassy and to the American Chamber of Commerce, and, of course, to my Mexican friends. A year or so later I was given a subpoena by a federal marshall in San Francicso to appear before the Grand Jury in Chicago on the Hoover case. I told my story and on two subsequent occasions I appeared as a government witness in two trials in Chicago. The first trial ended with eleven votes for conviction on every count. The twelfth juror had obviously been bribed by the Hoovers. The second trial before a judge failed to convict. I was told by the district attorney for whom I testified that the judge was hand in glove with the crooked syndicate attorney.

In any case, I had some satisfaction during the first trial. I was the first government witness and faced a battery of seven Chicago lawyers, headed by a man who had

Packard: been chief justice of the Supreme Court in Illinois. I was able to get a statement in, re the "units of interest." What followed was interesting. It went like this. Defense attorney: "Do you have one of those units of interest you speak about?" Answer: "No, I do not." The defense attorney then turned to the jury and said dramatically, "This witness is trying to convince you that these so-called units exist when, in fact, they do not and never have." I interrupted to say that his statement was not true. Defense attorney again: "What proof have you got?" I then told of having had the Better Business Bureau make a photostatic copy of one of the "units of interest." I said, "I have that copy in my pocket. Would you like to see it?" The defense attorney said, "No.", and gathered up his papers to return to his desk for a conference with his six associates while the jury laughed. (Laughter)

I wish it were possible to delete this part of my Mexican experience because I am ashamed of having been taken in by these two ventures, the partnership with Gray and the association with the Chicago syndicate. In retrospect I would say that three factors were perhaps involved. 1. A desire for big profits and income at the very height of the post-war boom. 2. My need of a job when my employment with the Mexican government ended. (I had lost all contact with any job opportunities in California and didn't know where to turn). 3. A peculiar

Packard: nostalgic love of a childish Mexican illusion, rooted, perhaps, in the Henty stories of the eighteen-year-old rider on a black mustang headed for the rim-rock country and adventure.

I was influenced to a degree by the success which an American had made of a cattle ranch between Durango and Torreon. Mr. Bell was representing the Cudahy Packing Company and seemed to me to demonstrate what could be done with adequate capital and know-how. His living quarters were very attractive including a large well-cared-for garden and fruit orchard. Whatever the factors were that influenced me, I came out of the Mexican experience a more mature and much wiser man.



Walter Packard, Emma Packard, Burton Cairns holding Donald, age 3.
Berkeley - 1938.



Walter Packard, Army Educa-
tional Corps, A.E.F., France
1918.



Diego Rivera 1927 Emma Lou

neg. avail



